

Dec. 23, 1985

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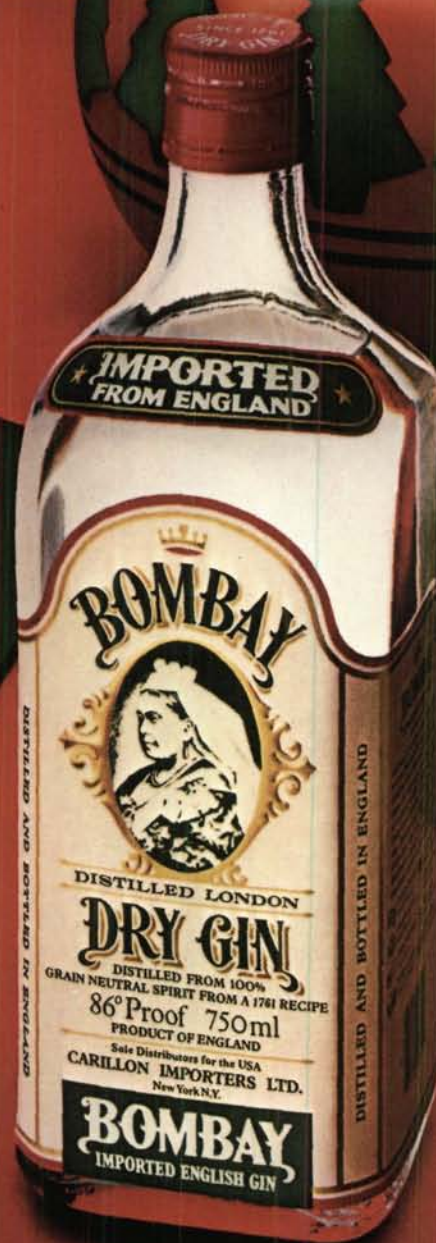
NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AND THEY DANCE REAL SLOW IN JACKSON—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

AS IS—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

AUNT DAN & LEMON—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author, Wallace Shawn, plays three roles to great comic effect; other members of the superb cast are Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Lynsey Baxter, and Linda Bassett. The admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. No performances Friday, Dec. 20, through Friday, Dec. 27.)

BENEFACTORS—Sam Waterston, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in Michael Frayn's four-character play, imported from London. Staged by Michael Blakemore. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 21. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 22, at 6:45 (Brooks Atkinson, 250 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Monday, Dec. 23, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

BIG RIVER—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

BILOXI BLUES—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 23, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

BLOOD KNOT—After a quarter of a century, Athol Fugard's play about the anguish of black life in South Africa has become a classic. This production, starring Fugard and Zakes Mokae and directed by Fugard, is unlikely ever to be surpassed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Monday, Dec. 23, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

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CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by Nancy Donohue, **THE BEACH HOUSE**, with Swoosie Kurtz, George Grizzard, and Robert Leonard, is the third in this season's series. Melvin Bernhardt is the director. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 19, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 26. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

CURSE OF THE STARVING CLASS—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 18-20, at 8; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8; Sundays at 3 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8; and Friday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

DAMES AT SEA—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, except

Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

DOUBLES—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Lillian Hellman's 1946 drama, **ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST**, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FESTIVAL OF ONE-ACT COMEDIES—The Manhattan Punch Line presentation of two programs of five one-act plays each, running in repertory. Program A: Wednesday, Dec. 18, and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 3. . . . Program B: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 3; and Sunday and Mon-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Dec. 22-23, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

THE GOLDEN LAND—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

HAY FEVER—It is hard to imagine a more delightful production of Noël Coward's youthful comedy about a flirtatious actress in her middle years and the family with which she has more or less absent-mindedly surrounded herself. Rosemary Harris heads a superlative cast, directed by Brian Murray. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 23, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

I HAVE A DREAM—A new production of the Josh Greenfield play, adapted from the writings of Martin Luther King, Jr. With music. Opens Thursday, Dec. 19. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I'M NOT RAPPAPORT—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. With Dina Merrill. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8; Thursdays and Friday, Dec. 20, at 8; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8; Sundays at 3; and Friday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8.)

IN THE BOOM BOOM ROOM—A newly rewritten version of David Rabe's 1973 play, with Liz McDonald. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

IN THE HOUSE OF THE BLUES—A musical with a book by David Charles and a score made up of classic blues songs by Fats Waller, Eubie Blake, Hoagy Carmichael, and others. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 29.)

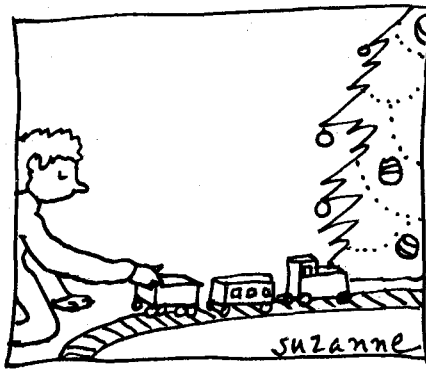
JERRY'S GIRLS—A musical revue of show tunes written by Jerry Herman, with Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. Staged by Larry Alford. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 18. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

JONIN'—A play by Gerard Brown. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 3; Monday, Dec. 23, at 8; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8; and Friday, Dec. 27, at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

LEMON SKY—A fine revival of Lanford Wilson's play about a man's recollections of the summer he spent, at the age of seventeen, with his father's family in California. Jeff Daniels and Jill Eikenberry (as stepmother) do very well in the leading roles. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

A LIE OF THE MIND—Sam Shepard has devised a



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masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer, Geraldine Page, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Special performance Monday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3:30 and 8; and Sundays at 3:30. Special performances Monday, Dec. 23, at 3:30 and 8, and Friday, Dec. 27, at 3:30.)

MAYOR—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leigh. (Laurel Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 and 6; Monday, Dec. 23, at 8; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2 and 8.)

MIRROR REPERTORY COMPANY—Mason Adams and Tovah Feldshuh in William Saroyan's **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE**. The first in a series of three revivals performed in alternating repertory opens Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 6:30. ... **THE SECOND PRODUCTION**, Maxim Gorky's **CHILDREN OF THE SUN**, with Michael Moriarty and Elizabeth Franz, will begin previews on Friday, Dec. 20, and will open officially on Thursday, Dec. 26, at 6:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION—Uta Hagen gives a stunning performance, in Shaw's brilliant play, as a woman of lowly origins who has made a fortune from a string of brothels. There is distinguished acting, as well, by Pamela Reed, as her daughter, and Harris Yulin, as her business partner. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except Christmas—Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 26.)

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Monday, Dec. 23, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—The American of **YES OF THE AMERICAN** is a C.I.A. man who comes to a newly independent island in the West In-

dies. The role is portrayed by the stalwart Graham Brown, who also doubles as a dictator; the other actors—just as good—are Eugene Lee and Seret Scott. The play, by Samm-Art Williams, is always absorbing but not always clear. (11/11/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

THE NORMAL HEART—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NUNSENSE—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ODD COUPLE—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

ORPHANS—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 18-20, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 3 and 7; Monday, Dec. 23, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8; and Friday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8.)

PENN & TELLER—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 18-20, at 8; Sundays at 3 and 7; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 27, at 7 and 10; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 3, 7, and 10.)

PERSONALS—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Friday, Dec. 20, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 3 and 7; and Friday, Dec. 27, at 7 and 10.)

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Monday, Dec. 23, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

SONG AND DANCE—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are in vain—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays



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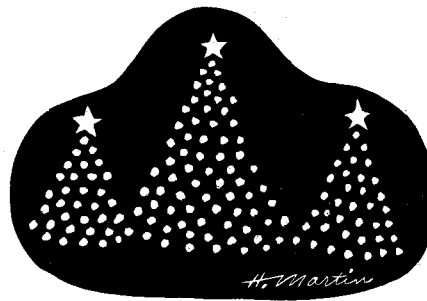
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU...DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Garmann. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

WIND IN THE WILLOWS—A musical based on Kenneth Grahame's classic. The book is by Jane Iredale, the score by William Perry, and the lyrics by Roger McGough and Mr. Perry. The director is Edward Berkeley. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 19, at 6:30. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS**: Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)... **CATS**: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICS**: 10,672 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FOREIGNER**: A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 23, at 8.)... **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3.)... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Monday, Dec. 23, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUITA!**: A collection of short sketches that



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purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays and Friday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 19, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays, Monday, Dec. 23, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 11 A.M.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, and Monday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 12:30 and 4; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 25-28, at 12:30 and 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first three of eleven performances of *IO LANTHE*. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 769-1000. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, at 6; Friday, Dec. 20, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1 and 5; Monday, Dec. 23, at 6; Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 6; Friday, Dec. 27, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Memoria." "For Bird with Love," and "Speeds."... Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," "Night Shade," and "How to Walk an Elephant."... Friday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Isba," "Cry," "Night Shade," and "The Stack-Up."... Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," "Divining," and "Memoria."... Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Treading," "Portrait of Billie," and "Speeds."... Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Speeds," "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations."... Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Suite Otis."... Friday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Night Creature," "Portrait of Billie," "Lament," and "Concerto in F."... Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2: "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," "Night Shade," and "How to Walk an Elephant."... Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Memoria," "Divining," and "The Stack-Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 29.)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger

Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP—Programs of contemporary dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 and 8.)

BILL T. JONES / ARNIE ZANE & Co.—Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7:30: A program of solo works by Bill T. Jones. ... Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8: "Secret Pastures."... Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8: "Shared Distance," "Fever Swamp," "Black Room," "Rotary Action," "The Lotus Eaters," and "Continuous Replay."... Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Freedom of Information." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY—A program of new and repertory works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 19-21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2.)

BALLETFORE—Performances of "The Nutcracker." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Friday, Dec. 27, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 7; and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing singer and a worldly-wise or vulnerable (whichever is called for) interpreter, concentrates on the music of Kurt Weill right now. She performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, saxophonist John Richmond's quartet; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, pianist **DUKE JORDAN**, with Lodi Carr; Sunday, Dec. 22, Reiji Satoh and Neverland; Monday, Dec. 23, Greg Bobulinski's Energy Field quartet; Thursday, Dec. 26, guitarist Steve Berger; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, the **ANDY LAVERNE** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Closed Christmas.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Outside, the Village streets teem with unbridled youth; inside, this dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. **TANIA MARIA**, a vivacious Brazilian pop-jazz singer and pianist, will perform through Sunday, Dec. 22; on Monday, Dec. 23, the Mark Morganelli All-Stars, featuring **KENNY BARRON**, **AL FOSTER**, and **GEORGE MRAZ**, will appear; and on Wednesday, Dec. 25, singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will take over. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session every night but Monday after the last set until about (yawn) four in the morning. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 18, **TOM PAXTON** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, comic Soupy Sales; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 22-23, the Caroling Carolers; Tuesday, Dec. 24, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN** & his Klezmer Orchestra; and Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 27-31, the Turtles, with Flo & Eddie. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas and Thursday, Dec. 26.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually

the case) of first-rate piano-bass duos. **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **RED MITCHELL** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 21, and **KIRK LIGHTSEY** plays with Mr. Mitchell beginning on Monday, Dec. 23. Sundays are given over to **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and Mr. Mitchell. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlye is an elegant little room. It's where **BOBBY SHORT** can be heard, and where tuxedos are worn by some of the patrons as well as by Mr. Short, his bassist (**BEVERLY PEER**), his drummer (**ROBBIE SCOTT**), and the headwaiter. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will be present through Sunday, Dec. 22; on Tuesday, Dec. 24, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will arrive with his combo. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining. Closed Christmas.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Dec. 18, the **DB'S**, *Dreams So Real*, and *Yo La Tengo*; Friday, Dec. 20, *Ronee Blakley*; and Saturday, Dec. 21, *MELANIE*. Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 28, are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays Kitt Moran sings with Mike Moran and John Arbo; Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS**; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant where **JUDY CARMICHAEL**, who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride player, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Closed Christmas.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** are here through Saturday, Dec. 21, and on Tuesday, Dec. 24, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, Dec. 18, **NRBQ**; Thursday, Dec. 19, **BUDDY GUY** and **JOHNNY COPELAND**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, **JACO PASTORIUS**; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 22-23, **RICK DANKO & RICHARD MANUEL** and the **BEN VAUGHN** combo; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 25-26, **ROBERT GORDON**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, *La Bamba* & the Hubcaps and *Mindy J. & the Cyclone Rangers*. Music after nine nightly. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK**, who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano, is on the podium at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. Wednesday, Dec. 18, **BRUCE PURSE** & the Pocketbook Orchestra; Thursday, Dec. 19, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD'S** combo; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, the **MICHEL CAMILO** sextet; Monday, Dec. 23, **JUMP STREET**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, singer **CISSY HOUSTON**. Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Christmas.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-

9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible, uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Dec. 19, *Midge Ure*; Friday, Dec. 20, *Oingo Boingo*; Saturday, Dec. 21, *Motorhead* and *Wendy O. Williams*; Sunday, Dec. 22, *Steve Morse*; and Saturday, Dec. 28, *Circle Jerks*. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18-19, the *Leni Stern* band; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, the **DON GROLNICK** band, featuring **MICHAEL BRECKER**; Sunday, Dec. 22, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**; Thursday, Dec. 26, **KELVYNATOR**, with guitarist **KELVYN BELL**; and Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 27-31, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** and bassist **JACO PASTORIUS**. Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Christmas.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Wednesday, Dec. 18, **GIL SCOTT-HERON**; Thursday, Dec. 19, *choros* music from Brazil; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, **LOREMIL MACHADO**; Thursday, Dec. 26, **BABA OLATUNJI & DRUMS OF PASSION**; and Saturday, Dec. 28, **MIKATA**. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 22-25.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY** and his sextet perform through Sunday, Dec. 22; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 23-26, the **GIL EVANS** orchestra will be on the stand; and on Friday, Dec. 27, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will move in. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A blues and rock club. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 18, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Thursday, Dec. 19, *Skip Castro's* band; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, **BUSTER POINDEXTER**; Sunday, Dec. 22, *Lew Willie & the Snapdragons*; Monday, Dec. 23, the *Ned Sublette* band; and Tuesday, Dec. 24, the *Delancey Street Hawaiians*. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** and company will provide swing and jitterbug-able music on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, and **TITO PUENTE** and **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will alternate on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28. Shows at nine and eleven. . . . Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **JAKI BYARD** teams up with bassist *Ralph Hamperian* every night but Monday. Music after nine-thirty. Closed Christmas Eve.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** leads his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 22; on Tuesday, Dec. 24, tenor saxophonists **FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS** will bring in a quintet. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND Blast-Off** Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A fixture for years on upper Broadway where Columbia University students go to ponder the meaning of life. Alto saxophon-

ist **LOU DONALDSON** heads a foursome through Sunday, Dec. 22; on Wednesday, Dec. 25, drummer *Ronnie Cole's* quartet will be present; and starting Thursday, Dec. 26, tenor saxophonist *Percy France* will preside over a jam session nightly, with visits by singer **IRENE REID** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and sometimes guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. **JOHN HICKS** works with **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Dec. 21; **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** will take over on Tuesday, Dec. 24. Mondays belong to *Jim Roberts* and *Brian Torff*. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BOYS OF THE LOUGH and **THE IRISH TRADITION**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.

ROCHES—Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8 and 11.

MOSQUITOS and **THE BEN VAUGHN COMBO**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 9.

POOGY-CAVERET—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:30.

ROBERT KLEIN—A sixteen-day engagement, with *Kenny Rankin*. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 25-27, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 7 and 10. Through Saturday, Jan. 4.)

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8.

WYNTON MARSALIS QUARTET—An eleven-day engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8 and 11:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed on other days during the holidays, and some are likely to close early on Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LUIS BENEDIT—Paintings and objects in which crudely executed figures are engaged in such activities as knife-fighting or lovemaking. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1985)—Abstractions in miniature, usually applied with egg-and-oil tempera. Through Jan. 4. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for eleven days.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Constructions using brass mannequins, antique play blocks, and so forth; also, paper collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Prints. Through Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24. A retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Line drawings on canvas and paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Watercolors and prints. Through Jan. 31. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

GLENN GOLDBERG—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Colorful new metal sculptures, many with movable parts. Through Jan. 8. (Knodler, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—Paintings and drawings from the early part of the artist's career. Through Feb. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Eighteen drawings and a handful of paintings spanning the twenties to the fifties. Through Jan. 11. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

HUNT SLONEM—Two shows. Paintings of lush jungle scenes crowded with jaguars, parrots,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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monkeys, fish, turtles, and an occasional furtive human. Through Jan. 15. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for eleven days.) ... Paintings incorporating Incan imagery. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947)—Drawings made on cardboard scraps by an Alabama naïf. (Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Jan. 11. Closes at noon on Saturday, Dec. 21; closed Tuesday, Dec. 24. ... Ross, 162 W. 56th St. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

WILLIAM WILKINS—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings by a British artist. Through Jan. 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ELENA BORSTEIN—Cityscapes of the Bronx, by an artist better known for her paintings of Greece. Through Jan. 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

JOAN BRADY—Watercolors of still-lives in interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

GARY BROTMAYER—Small collages made with old portrait photographs, which are altered subtly with, say, a wisp of human hair or radically, as with part of a doll's face. Through Jan. 18. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES CLOUGH—Swirls of enamel painted on canvas with large artificial fingers the artist made when he found his own too small for his intentions. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

DOUGLAS COOPER—Large-scale charcoal perspective drawings of imaginary interiors. Through Jan. 18. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Bronzes from the past twenty years and drawings done in the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

MICHAEL GRAVES—A two-gallery show of works by an architect. Drawings and models. Through Jan. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) ... Drawings and models, including works made in collaboration with Raymond Kaskey and Edward Schmidt. Through Feb. 1. (Nichols, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the founder of Atelier 17 in Paris. Through Jan. 15. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.) ... Cole, 101 W. 57th St., has a show of prints. (Through Saturday, Dec. 28.)

DAVID HOCKNEY / MICHAEL STEINER—A twenty-foot painting, large-scale drawings, and prints—all recent work. / Abstract bronzes. Through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 4. (Davis & Langdale, which has moved to 231 E. 60th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

MARJORIE PORTNOW / KENNETH POLINSKIE—Landscape paintings of Maine, New York, Virginia, New Mexico, and California by an artist who travels a lot. / Paper-pulp depictions of figures and flowers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALLEN RUPPERSBERG—Preparatory works, as it were, for fictitious publications, including mechanicals that consist of pictures from calendars and titles carved into wood logs. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

ANNE RYAN (1889-1954)—Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (At both Washburn galleries, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

DAVID SAUNDERS—Still-lives and landscapes painted on a double thickness of canvas, with incised figures visible in the top layer. Through

Saturday, Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806)—Etchings. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Recent work, including painted cutout-aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24. Another exhibition is at the Whitney Museum.)

DONALD SULTAN / JOSÉ MARÍA SICILIA—Small still-lives—pears, eggs, lemons—painted with tar and acrylics on linoleum tiles. Some of the lemons are black. / Abstract paintings on panels, characterized by expanses of very strong colors, thickly applied. Through Jan. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966)—Oils the artist did prior to abandoning painting for sculpture, plus sculptures that include his very first piece—a wood bas-relief dated 1917. Through Jan. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AMERICAN STONE CARVERS—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century pieces, the latter by Lachaise, Nadelman, Bourgeois, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the LIGHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Halley's comet is the inspiration for works by thirty-three artists: a can of Comet cleanser chiselled from Carrara marble by Jud Nelson, for instance. Through Jan. 11. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 26.) ... MARLBOROUGH, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Altoon Sultan, sculptures by Lynn Chadwick, and photographs by Bill Brandt. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) ... MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Through Jan. 18. (Closed Thursday, Dec. 26.) ... PEARL, 38 E. 57th St.: "The Severe and the Romantic" is the title given to a selection of more than twenty abstract geometric paintings by American artists, including Fritz Glarner, Jeanne Miles, Max Coles, and Budd Hopkins. Through Jan. 4.

SCULPTURE—Sondra Beal, Mark di Suvero, and David Weinrib are among the seven artists represented in this show of abstract works from the early sixties in steel, wood, and plastic. Through Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CONRAD ATKINSON / DOUGLAS DAVIS—Didactic paintings blasting consumerism in all its forms. / Works that use photographic material, some of it seen inside six walk-in booths. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

DONALD BAECHLER—New paintings. Through Jan. 4. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

JEAN MICHEL BASQUIAT—Paintings from 1982, the year of the artist's first one-man show. Through Jan. 8. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

LINDA BASTIAN—Gardens of tropical flowers and plants, mostly, on paper, canvas, and silk. Through Jan. 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

BERND AND HILLA BECHER—Photographs of stark, Gothic-looking industrial landscapes—grain elevators, water towers, blast furnaces. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

DON CELENDER / CARL GLASSMAN—Results of two new surveys asking well-known individuals why they paint and which artist they would care to spend the rest of their life with; the letters of reply are displayed on the wall. / Photographs of people in SoHo. Through Jan. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for eleven days.)

FRED ESCHER—Landscape paintings replete with tents, fires, rifles, and barbed-wire and chain-link fences. Through Jan. 4. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

JEREMY GILBERT-ROLFE—Nonobjective paintings and large-scale prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

TOM HOLLAND / JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE—Wall-mounted paper sculptures covered with pastel scribbles. / French women photographed in the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

RAY LEITH—Paintings and drawings of cups decorated with human figures in relief. In one work, the figures are in the cup rather than on it. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN / GIANFRANCO GORGONI—Large landscapes marked by swipes of raw color and his more characteristic Benday shading. / Photographs of art-world figures, including Mr. Lichtenstein and dozens of others—artists and dealers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ANN MCCOY—Processions of bronze animals, supernatural figures, and boats, groupings more often seen in ancient reliefs and seals. Through Jan. 2. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

MARIO MERZ—An installation and other works at 142 Greene Street: downstairs, at Castelli, and upstairs, at Sperone Westwater. Through Saturday, Dec. 21.

THOMAS SCHLIESSER—Large, sombre landscapes, some with a superimposed figure outlined in black acrylic, and one traversed by a strand of barbed wire. The artist is German. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

ANDREAS SCHULZE / LUCIO FONTANA—Paintings of abstract surrealist forms, occasionally enlivened with surrealist touches—furry, clawed feet emerging from beneath an otherwise inanimate object, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. / Paintings. Through Jan. 11. (Gladstone, in a new location at 99 Greene St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for two weeks.)

JONATHAN SCOVILLE—Paintings by an artist who specializes in unusual cloud formations. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

DON VAN VLIET—Figurative and nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

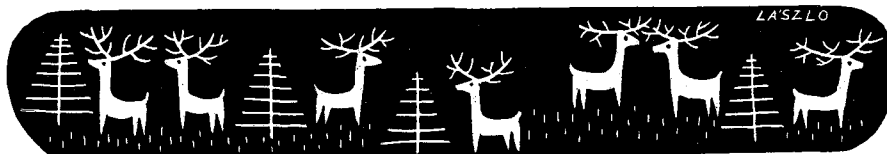
ANTHONY ZYCH—A two-gallery show of landscape paintings that have components of the landscape itself—dirt, tar, pebbles—bound to the canvas with resin. Through Jan. 4. (Viafora, 568 Broadway. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24. ... Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for eleven days.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the KNOWLTON, 153 Mercer St.: More or less traditional representational landscapes by thirteen painters (James Winn, Carol Anthony, Ellen Lanyon) and a group of extratraditional landscapes (many of them three-dimensional) by Howardena Pindell, Michael Lucero, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.) ... PLUMB, 81 Greene St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Carl Apfelschnitt, Tom Bills, John Chamberlain, Christopher Lucas, James Nares, and Christopher Wool. Through Saturday, Dec. 21.

OTHER GALLERIES

DIX 10—Two artists from France who sign their works "Dix 10" have temporarily installed a New York-style boutique where once a mere gallery operated. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Jus de Pomme, 338 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesday through Sundays.)

PETER KOGLER—Paintings of heads made up of computer symbols, plus large paper sculpture.



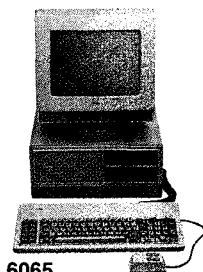


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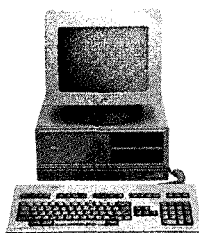


"I could go for something Gordon's"

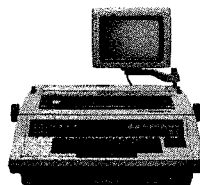
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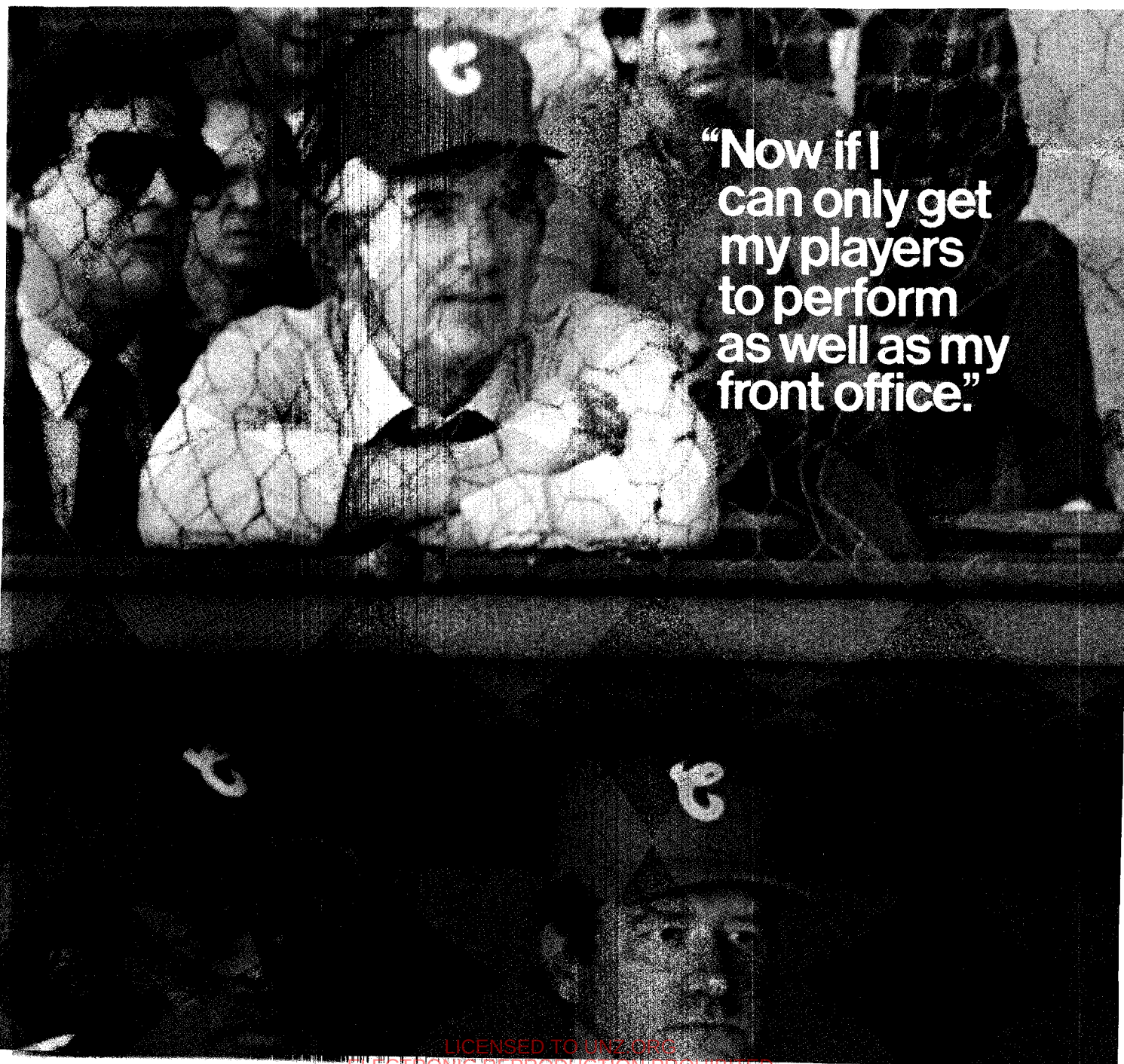
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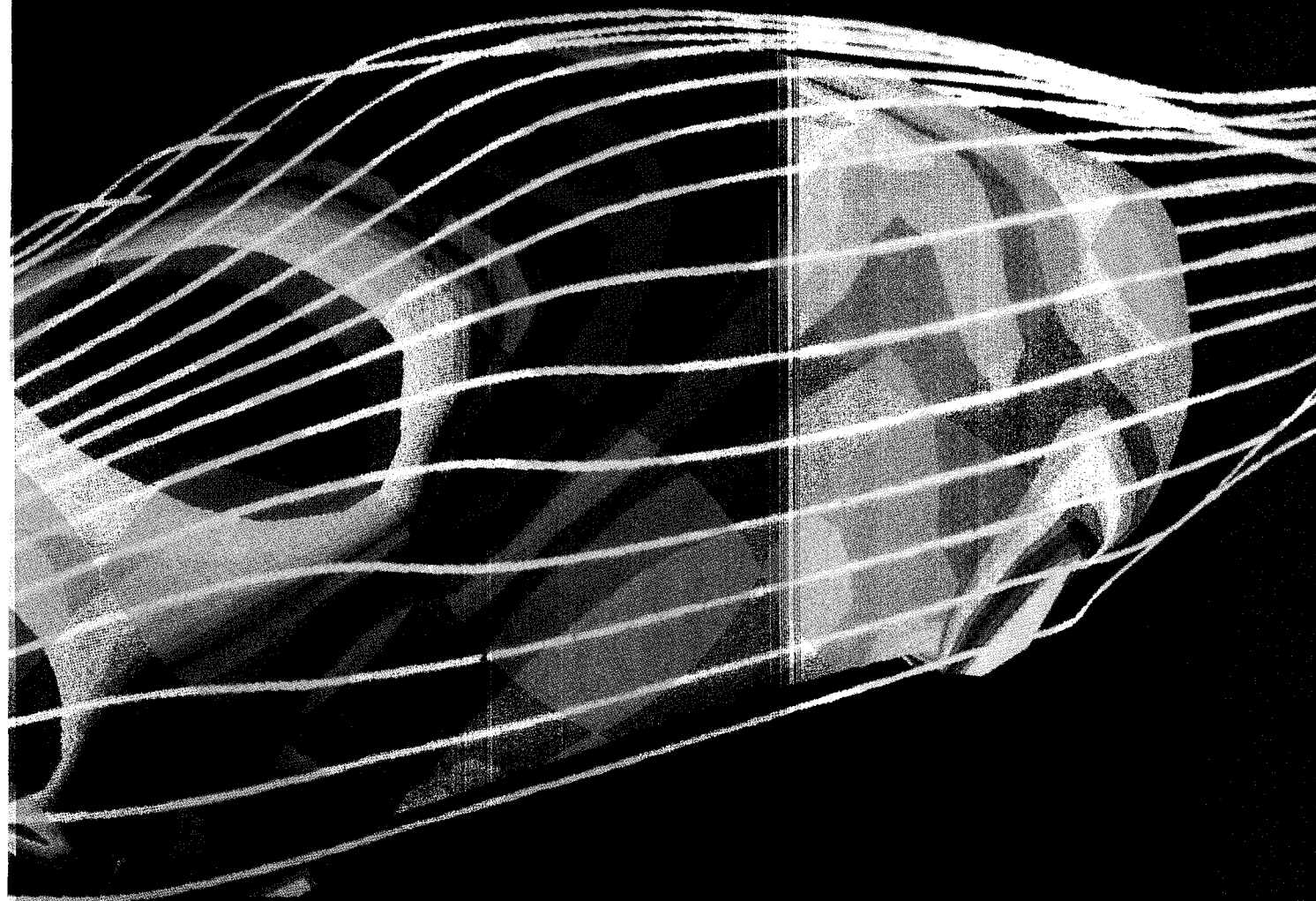
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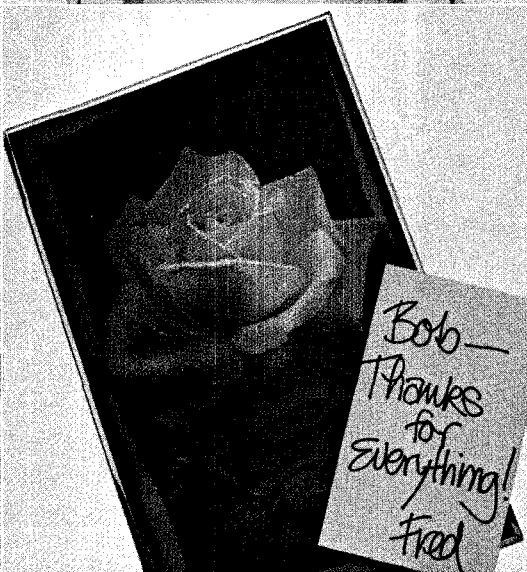
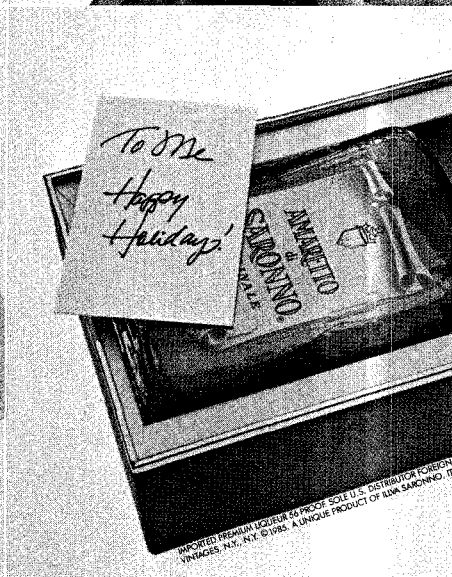
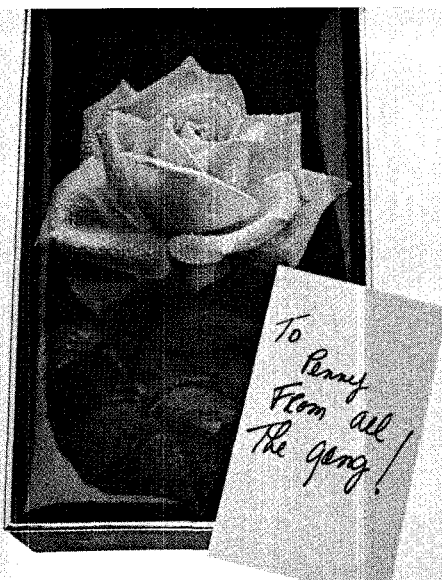
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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was restored by her in a print made in the sixties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

tures inspired by the machines. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1.)

JEFFREY PLATE—Abstract sculptures in assorted mediums, plus drawings. Through Jan. 4. (Newburg, 44 White St. Opens at 1 Wednesday through Saturdays. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for ten days.)

RICK PROL—Death and destruction in the slums, painted in disarming colors that tend to dilute the gloom. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon.)

PETER SCHUYFF—Paintings of luminous abstract images that seem to well up from the canvas. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1.)

JULIE WACHTEL—Oil paintings of characters who belong in a comic book and studies of Incan and Easter Island figures. The primitives come off best. Through Dec. 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesday through Sundays. Closed Thursday, Dec. 26.) ... **BROWN GALLERY**, 100 Greene St., also has a show of paintings. (Through Jan. 11. Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 24, for a week.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the 50 WEST GALLERY, 554 W. 50th St.: Fourteen works made entirely (or almost entirely) of paper, a selection made by Robert Kushner in a national competition that had more than a hundred entries. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 4; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) ... **WYATT**, 202 E. 10th St.: Part One of a two-part show of painters who have been associated with Rutgers University. The six this time include Mike Howard, Rena Segal, and Joan Snyder. Through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Opens Sundays at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RICHARD AYEDON—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs from his portrait series documenting common laborers which is entitled "In the American West, 1979-1984." Through Jan. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.) ... **PACE-MACGILL**, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

EVELYN HOFER—Dye transfers of European gardens and villas. Through Jan. 25. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

HIROJI KUBOTA—Prints of China (a few enlarged to mural size) by a Japanese photojournalist. Through Jan. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

JOEL MEYEROWITZ—Fifty prints of Cape Cod. Through Jan. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for a week. The Brooklyn Museum has a complementary exhibit.)

RICHARD PRINCE AND DAVID ROBBINS—Recycled photographs, as in publicity stills or *National Geographic*; Mr. Prince's works deal with new entertainers and girlfriend gangs; Mr. Robbins' with the Loch Ness monster. Through Jan. 4. (303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Opens at 1. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ARTISTS SPACE**, 223 West Broadway: A show of prints chosen by Robert Mapplethorpe and Laurie Simmons. Through Jan. 18. (Closes after Saturday, Dec. 21, for eleven days.) ... **CASTELLI GRAPHICS**, 4 E. 77th St.: Photographs by Eve Arnold, Anthony Crickmay, and Terry O'Neill taken in Finland during the filming of "White Nights." Through Saturday, Dec. 21. ... **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Large-scale contemporary portraits, by Marina Abramović, Ulay, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Jan. 18. ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of black-and-white prints, called "Variants," brings together works that, to simplify, demonstrate the choices a photographer makes either behind the camera or in the darkroom. For instance, a farmer cropped from Dorothea Lange's 1937 "Five Tenant Farmers Without Farms"

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also, saris, accessories, furnishings, and portraits. Starts Friday, Dec. 20. ... **A** seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. ... **A** gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Prints by André Kertész. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. ... **The Riklis** collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: A selection of prints by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 11 to 5.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. ... **A** Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective of paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at Hirsch & Adler Galleries, 21 E. 70th St. ... **Twelve** abstract painted-wood sculptures by George Sugarman, completed between 1961 and 1966. Through Feb. 9. A show of current work is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 1 to 5; Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retro-



spective of Jennifer Bartlett's work includes large-scale paintings, sculptures of objects seen in the paintings, and drawings. Through Jan. 6. ... **Sixty** sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Prints by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Jan. 13. Daniel Wolf, 30 W. 57th St., has a complementary show. (The museum is open daily except Tuesdays and Christmas. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to document either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional costumes and jewelry are two. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as its focal point, the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Dec. 24, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, and Sonia Delaunay are among them. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900," an exhibit of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, except Dec. 24, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Tuesday, Dec. 24, from 10:30 to 1.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Frederick Remington's impressions (paintings and sketches) of northern New York State, where he was born, done at the same time as the Western illustrations that earned him his reputation. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Ten Centuries of Spanish Books," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, first editions and manuscripts, maps, and prints, including an eleventh-century Book of Hours belonging to King Ferdinand I, a first edition of "Don Quixote," and poems in the hand of García Lorca. On loan from Spanish libraries. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Black American folk art as well as art and artifacts from Africa and the Caribbean. All the works—more than forty paintings and sculptures and nearly two hundred gold weights—are on loan from private collectors.

Paintings by Candida Alvarez and Charles Burwell and a sculptural installation by Maren Hassinger. Both shows through Jan. 19. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077—Harry Whittaker Sheppard (dance), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 11.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Jessie Allen (performance), Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

"CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS"—An oratorio by Al Carmine. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

"AMAH! AND THE NIGHT VISITORS"—Laurence Gilgore directing Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera in performances of the Menotti opera, with members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 5:30 and 7 [a benefit performance], and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 3:30.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Amy Kaiser directing. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

WELLS COLLEGE CHOIR AND CHAMBER SINGERS—Crawford R. Thoburn directing. (Church of the Epiphany, York Ave. at 74th St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC GRANDE BANDE—Frederick Renz conducting, with the Boyquire. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Nan Nall and Joy Hague, sopranos; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and William Metcalf, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

METROPOLITAN SINGERS/THE GREEK CHORAL SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost directing a candlelight concert, with the Little Orchestra Society. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

NEW YORK TRUMPET ENSEMBLE—Music from the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century courts of Germany and Moravia. The second in a series of three concerts. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND AND POMERIUM MUSICS—A joint concert. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL: Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by nineteen choral conductors. Peggy Pruett, soprano; Erika Van Wyke, alto; Dennis Petersen, tenor; and Sherrill Milnes, bass, will appear as the soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK: Lyndon Woodside directing, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and James Courtney, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC: Lukas Foss directing, with Gail Dobish, soprano; Kate Butler, mezzo-soprano; Gershon Silins, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; John D. Anthony, bass-baritone; and the Riverside Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30

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Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Michael May, harpsichord continuo; and others. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 6:30.)

Avery Fisher Hall, Friday, Dec. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and John Cheek; conducted by James Levine. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Allan Monk; James Levine. Friday, Dec. 20, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Jorma Hynninen, and John Cheek; James Levine. Monday, Dec. 23, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kaaren Erickson, Diane Kesling, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Peggy Bouveret, Allan Glassman, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Roberta Peters, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kaaren Erickson, Diane Kesling, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Roberta Peters, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works.

VINEYARD OPERA SHOP—James Kurtz conducting Donizetti's "Gianni di Parigi." Staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Charles Dutoit conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 19-21, at 8.) After a brief vacation, the

orchestra will resume its concerts on Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting—Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3: With Shura Cherkassky, piano, and André Emelianoff, cello. Thursday, Dec. 26, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3; and Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8: Performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Raymond Leppard conducting, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting a Handel-Vivaldi-Bach program, with Stephanie Brown, Cecile Licad, Yefim Bronfman, and Claude Frank, all piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

RECITALS

JAMES JETER AND BENTON HESS—Bassoon and piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

ALEXANDER STRING QUARTET—A program that includes the premiere of a work by Aaron Copland. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

JOSÉ CARRERAS—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

PAUL WINTER CONSORT—With vocalist Susan Osborn. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8.)

ANI KAVAFIAN AND ELAINE COMPARONE—Violin and harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON—Violin, with Whitney Tustin, oboe, and David Garvey, piano, in an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—Works by Vivaldi, Steve Reich, Petr Kotik, and ensemble member Ben Neill. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Monday, Dec. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Dec. 19, at 7:30. Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 7:30. Knicks vs. Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 3:30. Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Dec. 28, at 7:30.

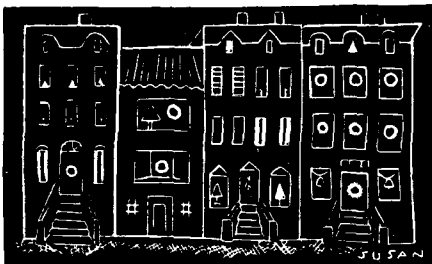
BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Dec. 18. Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Dec. 20. Nets vs. Cleveland, Monday, Dec. 23. Nets vs. Detroit, Thursday, Dec. 26. Nets vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 28. (Games begin at 7:30.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 12:30. Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 18. Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Dec. 20. Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Monday, Dec. 23. NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 7:05. Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7:35. Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Dec. 27, at 7:35.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily, except Tuesdays and Christmas, at 12:30. The Roamer Handicap, Sunday, Dec. 22, and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 28. MEADOWLANDS: Thursdays through Saturdays at 8; last day Tuesday, Dec. 31.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Monday, Jan. 6.



The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53 Street, New York

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The Clowness at the Moulin Rouge. 1897. Lithograph. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, 1946

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Through Dec. 26: "Only Emptiness Remains" (1984; directed by Rodolfo Kuhn), a documentary.

From Dec. 27: "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; Chantal Akerman; in French).

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Theatre 3: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Dec. 19: "Jagged Edge" (†).

From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Dec. 19: "Back to the Future" (†).

From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Dec. 19: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.

From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Fool for Love" (Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Spies Like Us." From Dec. 20: To be announced.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "White Nights" (†).

Theatre 2: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

CINEMA 1 AND 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Eleni" (†). From Dec. 20: "Ran" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani. From Dec. 20: "The Trip to Bountiful" (Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page and John Heard.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. From Dec. 25: "Revolution" (Hugh Hudson), with Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland, and Nastassja Kinski.

Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 19: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 2: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Horse of Pride" (1980; directed by Claude Chabrol; in French).

Theatre 2: "After Hours" (†).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Theatre 2: To be announced.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Gringo" (Lech Kowalski). From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Mixed Blood"

(Paul Morrissey). From Dec. 20: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

Theatre 2: "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 19: "Colonel Red" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer. From Dec. 20: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "Jagged Edge" (†). From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 3: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending B).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Dec. 19: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"White Nights" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Jagged Edge" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"The Gig" (Frank Gilroy), with Wayne Rogers and Cleavon Little.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown daily.

Theatre 2: "Shoah." Part Two will be shown daily.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Jagged Edge" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian). From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

Theatre 3: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

Theatre 4: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 5: "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 19: "After Hours" (†). From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jean-not Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
 Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (directed by Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 20: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 19: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe. From Dec. 20: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
 Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
 Theatre 5: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
 Theatre 6: Through Dec. 19: "Target" (†). From Dec. 20: "Back to the Future" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Dec. 19: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.
 From Dec. 20: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A).

Theatre 3: "Clue" (ending B).
 Theatre 4: "Clue" (ending C).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

LOEWS STATE I AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
 Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
 Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (Sydney Pollack), with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 Through Dec. 19: "Back to the Future" (†).
 From Dec. 20: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through Dec. 19: "Jagged Edge" (†).
 From Dec. 20: (matinées only) "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton; and (evenings only) "Jagged Edge" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain. From Dec. 25: "Revolution" (Hugh Hudson), with Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland, and Nastassja Kinski.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
 Theatre 2: "The Jewel of the Nile."

U. A. TWIN I AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
 Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jean-not Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "Guardians of Hell." From Dec. 20: "Sword of Heaven."

REVIVAL HOUSES

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Dec. 26: "Rasputin" (1985; directed by Elem Klimov; in Russian).
 From Dec. 27: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 19: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Dec. 20-21: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
 Dec. 22: "The Leopard" (†).

Dec. 23-24: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Dec. 25-26: "Planet of the Apes" (1968; Franklin Schaffner), with Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter, and Roddy McDowall; and "2001: A Space Odyssey" (†).

Dec. 27-28: A program of Looney Tunes cartoons.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 18: "Equinox Flower" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "The Sounds of the Mountains" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese).

Dec. 19: "Onimasa" (1985; Hideo Goshia; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Stray Dog" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 20-21: "Goyokin" (1969; Hideo Goshia; in Japanese); and "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 22-23: "The Lower Depths" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Street of Shame" (1956; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.

Dec. 24: "The Ceremony" (1971; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "An Actor's Revenge" (1963; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

From Dec. 25: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 18: "David Copperfield" (1935; George Cukor), with W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Freddie Bartholomew, Edna May Oliver, and Basil Rathbone.

Dec. 19-20: "Scrooge" (1970; Ronald Neame), with Albert Finney and Alec Guinness; and "Come to the Stable" (1949; Henry Koster), with Loretta Young and Celeste Holm.

Dec. 21-23: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood; and "White Christmas" (1954; Michael Curtiz), with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen, and Dean Jagger.

Dec. 24-25: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "The Bishop's Wife" (1947; Henry Koster), with Loretta Young, Cary Grant, and David Niven.

Dec. 26-28: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "To Catch a Thief" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 18: "King Lear" (1971) and "Hamlet" (1966), both films in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev.

Dec. 19: "The Sheep Has Five Legs" (1955; Henri Verneuil; in French), with Fernandel; and "Topaze" (1952; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.

Dec. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, and Ben Cooper.

Dec. 21: "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

Dec. 22: A program of two Charlie Chaplin films.

Dec. 23: "The Three Sisters" (1965; Paul Bogart), with Sandy Dennis, Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, and Shelley Winters; and "Marriage" (1945; Isidor Annensky; in Russian).

Dec. 24: "Made for Each Other" (1939 †) and "Our Town" (†).

Dec. 25: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

Dec. 26: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†) and "The Band Wagon" (†).

Dec. 27: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Apartment" (†).

Dec. 28: "Entre Nous" (1984; Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou; and "Le Beau Mariage" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand, Arielle Dombasle, and André Dussollier.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Dec. 18: "The Doctors" (1956; Ralph Habib; in French), with Raymond Pellegrin and Jeanne Moreau; and "Dédé" (1949; Yves Allégret; in French), with Simone Signoret.

Dec. 19: "The Nutty Professor" (1963; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis, Stella Stevens, and Del Moore; and "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis.

Dec. 20: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Little Murders" (1971; Alan Arkin), with Elliott Gould.

Dec. 21: "Wizards" (1977; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film; and "Animal Farm" (1954), a full-length animated cartoon.

Dec. 22: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Dec. 23: "Rain" (1932; Lewis Milestone), with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

Dec. 24: "Panique" (†); and "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais.

Dec. 25: "Santa Claus Conquers the Martians" (1964), with John Call; and "Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory" (†).

Dec. 26: "A Letter to Three Wives" (†); and "Dragonwyck" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan.

Dec. 27: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan.

Dec. 28: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961;



Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 18: "Eyes in the Night" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Ann Harding, Edward Arnold, and Donna Reed; and "Kid Glove Killer" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Marsha Hunt and Van Heflin.

Dec. 19: "The Power and the Glory" (1933; William K. Howard), with Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, Ralph Morgan, and Helen Vinson; and "Dante's Inferno" (1935; Harry Lachman), with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor.

Dec. 20-21: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Dec. 22: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Dec. 23: "Vampyr" (†) and "Day of Wrath" (†).

Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25: "It Happened One Night" (†); and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

Dec. 26: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet" (1936 †).

Dec. 27-28: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence

Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Dec. 19 at 2:30 and 6: "St. Louis Blues" (1928; directed by Dudley Murphy) and "Hearts in Dixie" (1929; Paul Sloane). ... Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Sally in Our Alley" (1931; Maurice Elvey) and "Sing as We Go" (1934; Basil Dean), both films with Gracie Fields. ... Dec. 20 at 6: "Champagne" (1928; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Betty Balfour. ... Dec. 21 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. ... Dec. 21 at 2: "Goodnight Vienna" (1932; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Jack Buchanan. ... Dec. 21 at 5: "Wedding Rehearsal" (1932; Alexander Korda), with Roland Young, John Loder, and Maurice Evans. ... Dec. 22 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. ... Dec. 22 at 2: "Chu-Chin-Chow" (1934; Walter Forde), with Anna May Wong and Fritz Kortner. ... Dec. 22 at 5: "Harmony Heaven" (1930; Thomas Bentley); and "Raise the Roof" (1930; Walter Summers), with Betty Balfour and Maurice Evans. ... Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Champagne." ... Dec. 23 at 6: "Sally in Our Alley" and "Sing as We Go." ... Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Wedding Rehearsal." ... Dec. 24 at 6: "Goodnight Vienna." ... Dec. 26 at 2:30 and 6: "Applause" (1929; Rouben Mamoulian). ... Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Harmony Heaven" and "Raise the Roof." ... Dec. 27 at 6: "Chu-Chin-Chow." ... Dec. 28 at 12:30:

Another program of Warner Brothers cartoons. ... Dec. 28 at 2: "The Only Girl" (1933; Friedrich Hollander), with Lilian Harvey, Charles Boyer, Mady Christians, Ernest Thesiger, and Maurice Evans. ... Dec. 28 at 5: "Elstree Calling" (1930; Adrian Brunel, Alfred Hitchcock, Andre Charlot, Jack Hulbert, and Paul Murray).

THEATRE 2: Dec. 19 at 3 and 6:30: "One Man's Fight for Life" (1984; Michael Scott and Robert Niemas), a documentary. ... Dec. 20 at 3: "Death Jumper" (1984; Benno Trautmann; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 20 at 6:30: "Grünstein's Clever Move" (1984; Bernhard Wicki; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Death Jumper." ... Dec. 21 at 5:30: "Origins of the Night" (1978; Lothar Baumgarten). ... Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Wodzeck" (1984; Oliver Herbrich; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 22 at 5:30: "Super" (1984; Adolf Winkelmann; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 23 at 3: "Drama in Blonde" (1984; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 23 at 6:30: "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (1985; Elfi Mikesch and Monika Treut; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden and Carroll Baker. ... Dec. 26 at 3 and 6:30: "The Good Fight: The Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War" (1984; Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills), a documentary. ... Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Danger Ahead" (1984; Dominik Graf; in German, with English subtitles). ... Dec. 27 at 5:30: "Drama in Blonde." ... Dec. 28 at 2:30: "China—The Arts, The Everyday" (1985; Ulrike Ottinger), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AFTER HOURS—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (Film Forum. ... Dec. 19.)

THE APARTMENT (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Thalia; Dec. 27.)

BACK TO THE FUTURE—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Olympia Quad. ... Eastside Cinema, and Movieland; through Dec. 19. ... Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 20.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The

plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which include "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction. With Oscar Levant and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Thalia; Dec. 26.)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (1934)—The war-horse of the stage-matinée trade tells the story of how the invalid Elizabeth Barrett escaped from her domineering father by miraculously getting up and eloping with the dashing Robert Browning. In this overproduced, unleavened version, Norma Shearer is the tremulous, bedridden poet, and Fredric March comes to the rescue. The glowering Poppa is Charles Laughton. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Katherine Alexander, Ian Wolfe, and Leo G. Carroll. Sidney Franklin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 26.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it, after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. With Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) as a receptionist. Directed by Norman Taurog. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly. (Thalia; Dec. 26.)

DAY OF WRATH (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son; when she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be, and as she is

trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, the viewer's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic tensions of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 23.)

ELENI—This epic-scaled film, based on the Nicholas Gage book and directed by Peter Yates, tells the story of how Nick, who left Greece as a child in 1948, went back thirty-odd years later to track down the men who had killed his mother. A peasant in a remote mountain village, she was executed by the Communist guerrilla army. The disastrous script, by Steve Tesich, turns the story into a piece of anti-Communist, pro-motherhood poster art. With Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich, Oliver Cotton, Ronald Pickup, and Linda Hunt. (12/2/85) (Cinema I; through Dec. 19.)

101 DALMATIANS (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Dec. 20.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. It has a special American Depression-era, on-the-road humor and an open, episodic form, with oddball mashers and crooks turning up. The two stars interact with easy, on-the-button timing; Gable has a gift for seeming virile even at his most foolish, and when things go

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wrong Colbert manages to look starry-eyed and blankly depressed at the same time. Frank Capra directed. With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 25.)

JAGGED EDGE—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Festival, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad. . . .) **NEW** Embassy 49th Street. Dec. 20-28, evening performances only. . . . **NEW** 34th St. East, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 19.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentin (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentin and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

THE LEOPARD (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. With Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale, Paolo Stoppa, and Rina Morelli. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (Cinema Village; Dec. 22.)

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards for Best Screenplay and Best Director for this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 26.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, written by Jo Swerling and directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when the couple's baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. With Charles Coburn, Lucile Watson, Harry Davenport, Eddie Quillan, Esther Dale, and Louise Beavers. (Thalia; Dec. 24.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—this movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the

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beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed. (Thalia; Dec. 24.)

PANIQUE (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who frame him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 24.)

RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 20.)

ROMEO AND JULIET (1936)—Expensively devotional, in the literal-minded and heavily overproduced Irving Thalberg manner, but the readings are often clear and sensible, and there is an audacious, controversial, florid performance by John Barrymore as Mercutio. Leslie Howard is an anemic, overage Romeo, while Norma Shearer, never much of an actress, makes a valiant effort at Juliet but never rises above conventional adequacy. With Basil Rathbone (Tybalt), Edna May Oliver (the Nurse), C. Aubrey Smith (Capulet), Ralph Forbes (Paris), Violet Kemble-Cooper (Lady Capulet), Reginald Denny (Benvolio), Katherine De Mille (Rosaline). Directed by George Cukor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 26.)

TARGET—Gene Hackman plays a quiet fellow who runs a lumberyard; his son (Matt Dillon), who doesn't get along with the old man, thinks he's a fud. It's not until the boy's mother (Gayle Hunnicutt) is kidnapped while she's on a Paris vacation and the father and son are in Europe looking for her that the boy discovers his father is a tough former C.I.A. agent. By that time the picture is all spies, shootings, corpses, and stupidly spectacular car chases. The whole idea is pretty bad, and Arthur Penn, who directed, keeps

going off key. With Victoria Fyodorova, Josef Sommer, Ilona Grubel, Herbert Berghof, and Guy Boyd. The screenplay is by Howard Berk and Don Petersen. (12/2/85) (Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 19.)

TO CATCH A THIEF (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she actually looks animated, and she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. (Regency; Dec. 26-28.)

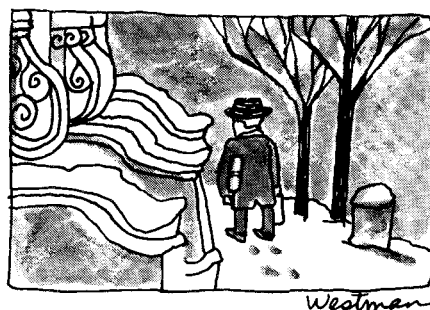
TWICE IN A LIFETIME—This miracle of psychobanal presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian Dennehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Gemini, and Lincoln Plaza.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's slow, precise yet dreamy sci-fi epic. It says that man is just a tiny nothing on the stairway to paradise; something better (i.e., non-human) is coming, and it's all out of your hands, anyway. Kubrick's story line—which accounts for evolution by an extraterrestrial intelligence—is probably the most gloriously redundant plot of all time. The sulky, peevish voice of Hal, the computer—the only amusing character, he suggests a rejected homosexual lover—was supplied by Douglas Rain; the soft-spoken cast includes Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood, Margaret Tyzack, and Leonard Rossiter. The script is by Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke. (Cinema Village; Dec. 25-26.)

VAMPIRE (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears. Dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. Death hovers over everyone. The cast is headed by Julian West, with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 23.)

WHITE NIGHTS—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

WILLY WONKA & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (1971)—A fantasy with music for children which never finds an appropriate style; it's stilted and frenetic, like Prussians at play. With Gene Wilder, Jack Albertson, and Roy Kinnear; directed by Mel Stuart; adapted by Roald Dahl, from his own story; songs by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 25.)



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NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

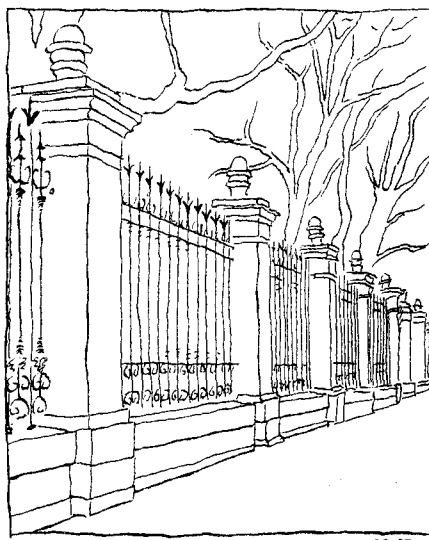
IT is the season of peace on earth, good will toward men. In our day, however, the people in power have come up with a new name for peace—stability. Stability is something like peace, yet it is different. Peace is indivisible from other objects of human striving—truth, justice, liberty, mercy, love—but stability stands in isolation from all these, or sometimes even in opposition to them. Peace is in motion, creative, alive; stability is static, repressive, frozen. Peace is human, and has no source other than the human heart; stability is technical, and depends on a standoff, or stalemate, of mechanical forces. It is peace on earth without good will toward men. Yet there is a lot to be said for stability. “Strategic” stability—namely, a deployment of American and Soviet nuclear forces such that neither side is tempted to initiate their use—is one of the few things that, at least for the present, stand between us and our total undoing. Military and political stability in the broader sense is a safeguard against war of a less catastrophic sort. Furthermore, stability is more readily achieved than peace—more easily arrived at and preserved by the limited and flawed political instruments that at this moment lie at our disposal in the international sphere. (That is why statesmen talk about peace when they give public speeches, but when they sit down at the negotiating table with their adversaries are more likely to talk about stability.) For these reasons and others, no one should dismiss stability as an unworthy goal. Yet what strikes the eye as one glances about the world this year’s end is how discontented people are with mere stability, whether in their own societies or in the world at large, and how much they long for

the social ideals that are ignored in the search for stability but are the foundation stones of peace. Especially notable is the craving for justice—a craving that has somehow survived both the crushing force of our century’s monstrously overgrown governments and the siren call of all its ideologies, and now bubbles up afresh all over the globe. In Argentina, a democratic regime, rejecting the social “stability” that was promised by past regimes as the reward for enduring a government-run campaign of terror, has just convicted some of the authors of that terror, including two former Presidents, of their crimes, and has given them long prison sentences. In the Philippines, in events whose mingling of personal tragedy and political turmoil remind one of ancient Greek drama, the widow of a murdered opposition leader is running for President against a dictator who she believes ordered the murder. In Poland—whose oppressed people are often admonished not to disturb the stability of Europe with their protests—Willy Brandt’s

meeting recently with Party Secretary Wojciech Jaruzelski but declining to meet with the Solidarity leader Lech Walesa has been protested by Solidarity activists and others, and their protest has been echoed by people outside Poland. In Oslo, where the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to a group called International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, the occasion was disrupted by protesters when it came to light that the Soviet co-president of the group, Dr. Yevgeny I. Chazov, had once signed a letter denouncing the behavior of the Soviet physicist and human-rights activist Andrei Sakharov as “a discredit to the honor and dignity of a Soviet scientist.” Certainly those in high places who, acting on our behalf, seek to preserve the world’s stability deserve our support and gratitude. But, as Christmas draws near, other voices around the globe speak up to remind us that now, as always, peace is the dream.

Ladakh

“THAT is a yak,” Helena Norberg-Hodge said as she showed a slide of a beast—a hippie beast, a beast with hair down to here. “Yaks are famous, but they are often quite temperamental,” she continued. “They don’t like to go much below sixteen thousand feet, because it gets too warm. So the people of Ladakh have bred yaks with cows, and this is the result—a dzo.” She showed a slide of a beast that was merely shag-carpeted. Ms. Norberg-Hodge, who may be the only living Westerner to speak the Ladakhi language fluently, was in the city recently to talk to several groups about her efforts to simultaneously protect and develop Ladakh, the moun-





"I wish you'd stop saying that! You're not my opposite number. You're my husband."

tainous corner of India's state of Jammu and Kashmir.

Every slide showed, in the background, the Himalaya. Great peaks rise all around Ladakh, cutting it off from the world. "When I first went there, ten years ago, I was supposed to do a film," Ms. Norberg-Hodge said. "The only reference I could find to the country was in an old German encyclopedia. It said that the people were ugly, and that the only resource was borax. When I got there, I found a country that should by rights have been barren—it is essentially a desert twelve thousand feet up—but wasn't, because every bit of glacial melt-water was being used for agriculture. Using what were really Stone Age technologies, the people were managing to meet all their basic needs in the four months of the year in between winters. Around fifty thousand people, living in almost a thousand villages—they were Gandhian models, all of them self-reliant in respect to food and clothing and fuel. They had problems—their homes

were cold in winter, and such heat as there was came from smoky fires that caused some illness—but everyone seemed profoundly happy. For several years, I found it incredible that people could be so happy, so free from stress and tension, as these people appeared to be. After a few years, though, I realized that their joy did in fact go to the core. And what helped me realize it was seeing that joy begin to disappear."

About a decade ago, Ms. Norberg-Hodge said, German and French tourists discovered Ladakh—its Buddhist festivals, its vistas, its simple people. "Imagine what it would be like to be living in New York when Martians landed and began to spend a hundred thousand dollars a day apiece," she said. "Two *completely distinct* economies met each other. And to the young people of Ladakh the message was 'If you're modern, you're made of money and you never have to work.' It led kids to say, 'My parents are idiots.' Kids will do anything for a pair of bluejeans, for sunglasses. And not because bluejeans are more com-

fortable—they're not. They're symbols." Schools went up across the region, and in them students began to read Hindi translations of the Iliad instead of learning their own national epic, the Gesar. "People had said, 'Why isn't this ten-year-old boy in school?' But he had been in school. He had been learning to farm, to play music, to build adobe houses. What little the children learn about agriculture in the new schools comes from books written by people who have never set foot in India, much less in Ladakh—books that don't have much to say about barley ripening a few days earlier at eleven thousand feet than it does at eleven thousand five hundred." The Ladakhis, who had never smoked, have learned how. And one of Ms. Norberg-Hodge's slides showed an advertisement for the Jammu-Kashmir Bank:

"FOR GROWING YOUR MONEY QUICK!"

Ms. Norberg-Hodge's response to all this includes an adobe wall painted black and covered with glass: the wall absorbs sunlight, heating chilly Ladakhi homes. Her response also includes the solar oven and the gravity pump and other examples of "appropriate technology." With a number of natives, she has founded the Ladakh Ecological Development Group. Its message is that the most modern ideas in the West are not about cement houses and polyester clothes but about living with the land and about natural materials. "We have a play that we produce in the villages about a man who has returned from college in the West," Ms. Norberg-Hodge said. "And what does he report? That people will pay twice the price for stone-ground wheat bread." The group has installed about a hundred solar panels. Its best publicity, however, probably comes from a restaurant it operates in the capital city of Leh. "Tourists come to eat, and they admire the solar

ovens," she explained. "This proves to the Ladakhis that such things are modern. Something the tourists like must be O.K."

Stairway

JAMES STIRLING—of the London architectural firm James Stirling Michael Wilford Associates—who designed the Arthur M. Sackler Museum, which opened a few weeks ago at Harvard University, has said he hopes that visitors to his new museum "will experience a succession of minor shocks or jolts." We stopped by the Sackler the other morning during a visit to Cambridge, and we suspect that one of Stirling's minor jolts has to do with the museum's main stairway, which we will describe in a moment. The Sackler, which is on the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway—just across Broadway from the Fogg Art Museum—has sixty thousand square feet of floor space, about eleven thousand of which is devoted to exhibitions, the rest being given over to such things as offices, classrooms, an auditorium, and a library. In its brief existence, the Sackler has drawn some excellent reviews. (The architect Philip Johnson has called it "the clearest, simplest, and to my mind the best museum I have seen to date.") Its exterior has some startling touches—horizontal stripes of orange and bluish-purple brick, and bright-green ventilators on top of a pair of concrete columns flanking the huge glass entranceway—and its interior shows that considerable attention has been paid to details of materials and lighting. But to our eye the Sackler's most striking feature is that stairway, an immense construction of stone, metal, and stucco which begins in the entrance hall and rises in a straight line to the fourth story.

At the foot of the stairway, we were met by Edgar Peters Bowron, the director of the Harvard University Art Museums. An amiable, low-key young man in a tweed suit, Dr. Bowron told us that he had only recently assumed his post, after serving for four years as director of the North Carolina Museum of Art, in Raleigh. "The Sackler gives us the first addition to our exhibition space since the present Fogg building went up, in 1927," he said. "We have so much material in the Harvard museums—over a hundred thousand objects—that until the Sack-

ler was completed we could keep only about five per cent on permanent display. The Sackler will house our Oriental, Ancient, and Islamic-Indian collections, and also temporary shows. The principal donor, the physician and collector Dr. Arthur M. Sackler, made it his policy to refrain from all discussions concerning the building's design. James Stirling was chosen as architect in 1979, in part because of his success with the design for the Neue Staatsgalerie, which opened last year in Stuttgart. Eventually, there is supposed to be an aerial bridge across Broadway, connecting the Sackler with the Fogg, but the Cambridge City Council has yet to approve that plan."

Dr. Bowron escorted us on a tour of the museum, partly by means of the main stairway and partly by elevator, showing us such things as a series of exhibition rooms—each a different size—with off-white walls and red-

oak trim, and with wooden pedestals (for sculptures and display cabinets) painted several shades of beige. In one large room, we paused to examine a Roman copy of a statue of Meleager by the Greek sculptor Scopas, lighted by a window that Stirling had designed expressly for that sculpture. In another large room, we admired a duck-shaped ewer of the Late Eastern Chou Dynasty, illuminated by diffuse daylight falling from a device on the roof called a light monitor. Near this and other light monitors, angular ceiling areas—Stirling calls them "crinkles"—served to deflect the daylight smoothly throughout the room. From time to time, we glimpsed the landscape outside through a portholelike window.

Finally, we returned to the foot of the museum's stairway. Its steps are of bluestone, and its long walls are stuccoed in broad horizontal stripes of pale yellow and lavender. In one of its walls are embedded Coptic architec-



"My name is Susan, and I'm your serving wench for the evening."

tural fragments, and in the opposite wall are interior windows that communicate with office areas and admit muted shafts of light. At two points, landings give access to exhibition rooms or offices. A pitched skylight, resembling a greenhouse roof, stretches over the entire stairway area. At the top of the stairs is a large, mostly glass doorway surmounted by a glass trapezoid—the doorway echoes the building's entrance down below—and on that day the glass reflected both the skylight and a lightly clouded sky. Partly because of the perspective created by its great height and length, the stairway gives the illusion of receding upward into infinity. Envisioning this stairway as being in constant use, Stirling has called it "a sort of mini-bazaar." Some architectural critics, alluding both to its function and to its colors, have likened it to a Neapolitan street. Others, perhaps in reference to the ambiguous aspect of the reflecting glass at its apex, have called it "a stairway to nowhere." As we stood there the other morning, however, it occurred to us that the Sackler's monumental stairway not only was *not* a stairway to nowhere (it leads to most of the public and private areas of the museum) but created an effect that was just the opposite. By offering this particular "jolt" to visitors as they enter, the Sackler Museum seems to invite one upward toward places and things unseen and unsuspected and maybe undreamed of, in a steady and mysterious, and even slightly giddy, ascent to *somewhere*—like just about any successful work of art.

Free Publicity

A MAN we know—call him Manny—ended up once in a cell in the Tombs on

suspicion of having burglarized two insurance offices. "I only burglarized one—the other was a frameup," he insisted. But that was years ago. After he had spent several days in the jail, the guards brought an older prisoner in to share his quarters. Manny, a generous man, gave his cellmate the lower bunk and spent several weeks teaching him to play a difficult and obscure card game. Finally, when Manny was sentenced to go upstate and serve his real time, his roommate identified himself as an important mob boss. "I will give you a name," he said to Manny. "From now on, you are Manny, Honest Amongst the Dishonest." And wherever Manny went in the state prison system he found that that name protected him and got him extra cigarettes.

All of which is by way of introduction to Richard H. Roffman, another old friend of ours. Mr. Roff-

man has never been charged with a crime, and he has no time for cards, since he serves as host of nearly a dozen radio and cable-television programs each week, but if he had a nickname it would be Dick, Shiny Amongst the Drab, Alive Amongst the Blasé, Full of Beans Amongst the Full of Sushi. He is a publicity man, or press agent, in the old tradition: a promoter of talents as diverse as the world's fastest artist, who is Morris Katz, with more than a hundred and forty-eight thousand oil paintings to his credit; Evelyn Neinken, a poetry therapist who is "anti-realism when it brings bloodshed and injury;" Richard Sills, who ran for President in 1984 on the Children's Party ticket; and Dr. Larry Ashkinazy, an implant dentist who was just named Bachelor of the Month by *Cosmopolitan*. We called up Mr. Roffman (who began his career as a newspaperman

and still sends out a letter of recommendation that was written on his behalf in 1942 by the editor of the *Journal-American*) for a talk recently because the year now ending has been a notable one for him in several ways. One of his regular releases—it arrived in the spring, phrased in his telegraphic style—was headed "RICHARD H. ROFFMAN, CELEBRATING A HALF CENTURY IN COMMUNICATIONS IN MANY FORMS, BUSIER THAN EVER. 'NO PLANS TO EASE UP FOR THE MORE ACTIVE THE YOUNGER YOU FEEL' HE STATES." (This particular bulletin, which was typed, like all his others, on an aging manual typewriter, added that Mr. Roffman has "kept in friendly touch with many of his contacts, and he estimates that he knows personally fifty thousand people in the metropolitan tri-state neighborhood" and is "able to identify at least a



P. Steiner

"You're loyal and I'm loyal, but
nothing like George Bush."



"God bless us every one!"

fifth of the total by voice.") Mr. Roffman also achieved a modest degree of fame in 1985, appearing on the programs of Davids Susskind and Letterman. We were worried that such notice might have tempted him to, say, clean up his apartment, which is knee-deep in clippings. But, he assured us, it hadn't. "Any publicity has a cumulative value," he said. "Even if it's *not* on NBC, it's registering somewhere."

We first met Dick Roffman in the lobby of a midtown building whose owner was celebrating a holiday she had herself invented—World Gratitude Day. Mr. Roffman tries to go to at least one event of this sort a night, gathering material for his programs, among which are "The Dick Roffman Show," "Dick Roffman and Friends," "Richard H. Roffman Presents," "Roffman's News Desk," "Tales of Roffman," and "Disa and Data with de Roffman." "My principal clients at the moment include Dr. Amnon Kent, a chiropractor and nutritionist," he told us last week. "He can lecture on diet, on how to

meet the various and diverse problems of life, and on back pains and aches. There is also Mr. Elliot Ferrer, a creative jeweller who has worked on a special ring for Dick Clark and a special ornamentation of jewelry for Joe Frazier. He is currently escaping the pressure of his job by managing a contemporary pop-and-rock group called Mix. And, of course, Vittorio Tosti, a former restaurant owner and real-estate man, who saw in a dream—a dream sequence—how to mix vitamins and so forth into a tablet that has proved useful in the treatment of painful psoriasis, from which he suffers."

Mr. Roffman also represents many Manhattan restaurants, peppering his releases with gossip items culled from diners at the establishments to supplement straightforward descriptions of the menus and the service. Once, extolling a midtown joint, he wrote:

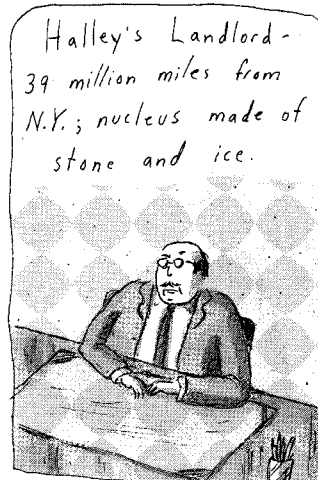
There are restaurants and there are eating places; there are elegant and chic dining-out palaces and there are burger quick-service "jumping" sites and then there are those food service establishments

with a mystique, a special all-around air, a "different appeal," a touch of mystery and unique togetherness, even at times apartness. Such a spot is the TASTE OF THE APPLE at 1000 2nd Ave near the corner of 53 St. One psychic phenomena specialist even ventured the thought that a so-called "reasonably-fast" food place which has the memorable number of ONE THOUSAND in its address starts off with an extra quality. THE TASTE OF THE APPLE doesn't have its tables and chairs set in straight lines or directly crossed lines of placement but conveniently and attractively at cross-points some going thisaway and others thataway.

On another occasion, he wrote:

Here's an unusual yarn revealed by a person in the know as he dined at the Shalom Japan Restaurant, downtown in the Soho district on Wooster St: a fine female singer was booked to give a recital at an orthodox synagogue; the audience would have been mixed—men and women. Some members of the congregation called the Rabbi to express the opinion that it would not be proper for a woman to sing to a mixed group of women and men; it would be okay to sing to women only but not men and women in an orthodox setting. So by mutual agreement between all the involved parties to "postpone the concert," it was cancelled. Many of the group that planned to attend called to say they were

FACTS and FIGURES



R. Christ

very surprised to hear the news of NO CONCERT but because of those who expressed a concern about it it was not held, put off indefinitely for the moment.

Our favorite Richard Roffman press release annually invites applications for the "Miss Times Square-Broadway, Queen of Beauty and Talent" competition, an extravaganza that was first held in 1963 and is open to "all girls and young women between the ages of 21 and 35, approximately."

The latest press release—the one that made us pick up the phone and call Mr. Roffman—listed six possible items to be used "upon receipt or when space and time permit thereafter." One was about the Mocca Royale Restaurant, "that new wonderful spot for Hungarian top-level cuisine and music at 82nd St. and 2nd Ave," which, Mr. Roffman admitted to us on the phone, featured pretty much the same food as its parent, the Mocca Restaurant, in the middle of the same block, but, thanks to its strolling violinists, drew a classier crowd, including Anthony Quinn and "Mama Gabor, the mother of the Gabor girls." Next on the list was J. Austin Hastings, a singer who moved here—"to the land of opportunity, the land of dreams"—from British Guiana at the age of sixty-nine. Twenty-five years later, according to the release, "he celebrated his 94th birthday by leaving St. Luke's Hospital where he said the services were just perfect and returned to his hotel home to prepare for doing some more singing at charitable and other nonprofit functions and parties." Mr. Hastings, said Mr. Roffman, "likes to be paid but doesn't insist," and had, in fact,

entertained the other patients at St. Luke's free of charge. Following that news was an item about some conversations overheard at Michael's Place, a restaurant near Times Square. "I am the locality mayor of Times Square, so I love to be in that area," said Mr. Roffman. (Twenty years ago, community groups named honorary mayors in neighborhoods throughout New York, and Mr. Roffman was chosen to represent Times Square. He was never unchosen, though he now works from a West End Avenue apartment.) The fourth item, titled "Singles Scene Note," discussed Hope Noah, a singles expert who was recently divorced. "Hope Noah is a jolly, pleasant, intelligent, happy young lady who has always been in the last few years an expert on the problems of singles," Mr. Roffman explained to us. "While being a singles expert and working on a singles newspaper and doing a singles radio show, she was married. She didn't keep it under cover, she didn't conceal who she was—a married lady living in a married situation. She just didn't mention it. Now divorced, she is at the moment available for new matrimonial adventures. She doesn't mind this being talked about in the least—she's a very sharing person and very publicity-minded." Two more restaurant items filled out the list. One was about a new security system at Peggy's Restaurant, on Franklin Street ("Now take notice—you bad, evil, lawless people. It's no use—the protective measures are foolproof"). The other contained some musings mused at the Hoboken Clam Broth House, "a place frequented by many veteran

definition of the Perfect Housewife. About 40 answered, but the one comment which was most effective and pertinent was from Henry Wallace, onetime Vice President of the United States. "The Perfect Housewife is that woman who upon arising in the morning by the inspiration and magnetism of her presence and personality provides every other member of the family with the courage and strength to meet the problems of the new day!" Many times thru the ensuing years this statement has been quoted even tho it was a quick almost instant answer to the telegram of inquiry in those days.

List

IN the twelve minutes of Christmas we spent waiting for our true love at the Information Booth on the upper level of Grand Central Terminal one evening this week, there were twelve commuters running for the seven-forty Stamford local, eleven inquiries at the Subway and City Bus window, ten buttons for sale attached to the poncho of a tall, thin man who described himself as an actor, writer, and social worker (we bought one that said "FREE I" on a silhouette map of Africa), nine couples kissing, eight bars of "Sleigh Ride," seven interruptions of "Sleigh Ride" for announcements of train arrivals and departures, six requests for a cigarette or money for coffee, five uniformed conductors, one with a gold ring in his ear. Also, four men in a crew decking the wall above the escalators with loops of artificial greenery, three little girls in white fur hats, two people standing at the foot of the escalators with a sign that said "FEED THE HUNGRY PEOPLE PLEASE," and a lone woman singing "Gloria in excelsis Deo."

broadcasters and news-people":

There was a discussion the other night about long remembered phrases uttered by people in public life which were brought into being by publicists' creative ideas. Jacques Traubee was a pressure-cooker manufacturer; to stimulate interest in pressure cooking the ideas in play were to maintain that the PERFECT HOUSEWIFE or HOMEMAKER used one. And so Mr. Traubee and his press aide [here, as in many places, Mr. Roffman modestly omits his name] thought of the PERFECT HOUSEWIFE CONTEST. A hundred telegrams were dispatched to 100 celebrities asking for their

CODICIL

Experts are now fine-combing [William Faulkner's] writings in every stage . . . They are trying to determine . . . how—ideally—he wanted his books published.

This posthumous literary revision—known as “authorial intention” or “final intention”—has been advanced by scholars in the last few years. . . .

Punctuation was important to Faulkner to establish mood and thought. When he wanted to indicate introspection, he punctuated the dialogue, in his tightly compressed handwriting, with 6 to 10 dots, like this: When he wanted to show that something was happening outside the experience of his characters, he often used a long line of dashes, like this: ————— —*The Times*.

BE it understood by my literary executor and his heirs and assigns that the system of punctuation explained hereunder is my posthumous intention; that it applies to each and all of my literary effects, including all and any novels, novellas, novelettes, sprawling narrative panoramas of urban horror, potboilers, and erotic classics, not excluding the “Supervising Nurse” series; and that in the case of any deviation from said system of punctuation whatsoever, howsoever printed, said deviation shall be expunged and replaced by the version that was originally intended all along in the first place.

(1) Eight dots before dialogue indicates that whatever the character says, he or she really means the exact opposite.

(2) + More than eight dots before dialogue creates a different feeling, more like doubt or distrust. Or maybe the character is just stalling. We don't know. Instead of having the meaning be cut and dried, it's more like: Wait a minute, is this guy on the level or not? That's the realism I depict with the extra dots.

(3) //“ ”// Double slash marks around dialogue reveals that at the very moment this character is talking, somewhere else in the world a volcano is erupting, a war is raging, or somebody of a different race is seeing things from another perspective.

(4) (!) An exclamation point in parentheses after dialogue makes it obvious that I, the author, know that what the person just said is really stupid.

(5) *&%!*¢###?! An asterisk, ampersand, per-cent sign, exclamation point, another asterisk, a cent sign, a number sign, two question marks, and a final exclamation point anywhere in dialogue clues the reader in to the fact that the character has a tremendous anger against society.

(6) ————— A single long dash after dialogue adds a very downbeat note. It's just a little touch I throw in once in a while. For the mood.

(7) : A colon before the beginning of a paragraph conveys a Wagnerian-

overture type of effect. Power! Impact!

(8) ***** A line of asterisks after a scene with kissing or sex implies another scene with vampirism or more sex.

(9) [] Material inside brackets suggests insanity. Maybe one of the characters feels like blowing his top. How do you show this? I want the reader to see those brackets and immediately think: Crazy! Chaos!

(10) ; ; ; ; ; A group of semicolons gives an unusual flavor. It's just a hell of an unexpected thing.

(11) *Italic print* I use all over the place. This is a bug I have. *Italic print!* I love it. It's for when a first-person or omniscient narrator is probing psychic wounds that will never heal, which I do a lot.

(12) — — — — — Six dashes in the middle of nowhere (I thought of using five for this, but then I decided no, six) has the function of blasting emotion out of the uncharted waters of consciousness inside every reader, be he or she a profound philosopher or just an individual of no great brain power, because no matter who you are or what you are, you contain the mysteries of your own subterranean life, your caverns of fear, rage, desire, everything offbeat, all protected by walls of ice until suddenly, smash!—along comes the ice-pick of authorial intention to break it into little pieces that melt into a river of strange sensations, which no one but you is ever supposed to know about. Here is where I touch on the universal problem: that you can never, never go completely into the other guy's heart.

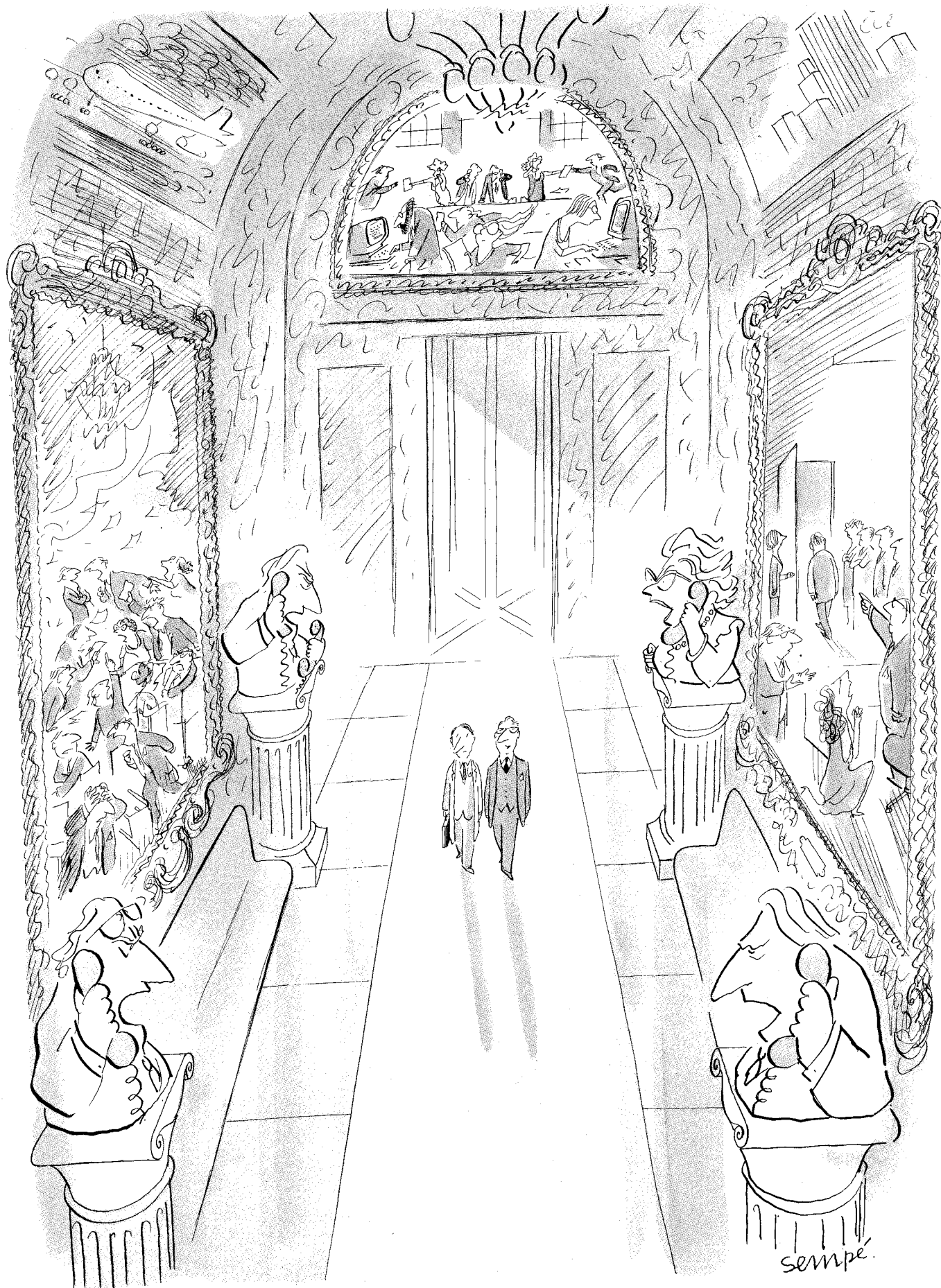
(13) A capital letter at the beginning of a sentence is a private joke.

I want these inserted in all my works. There's a list on my bulletin board of where they go.

—VERONICA GENG



“Sure, I could tell you what I want you to say, but then you'd just say it because I told you to say it, so it wouldn't count.”



"We are a very aggressive company."

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GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Fair reader, halt! Don't throw away
This chance to make your holiday
A time of personal peace on earth,
With credit line of hope and mirth.
Presents! Parties! Better times!
All lie in wait within these rhymes,
Where we hold old friends in keepsake
In our hoary Christmas sweepstake—
Accept our offer, dears, in sum:
God bless you, neighbors, every one!
Fellow-creatures, lend your ears
To this brisk round of Christmas cheers
For Molly Haskell, Cesar Pelli,
Terry Waite, and Jeff MacNelly;
Let's seize the Day to impart our
Benisons on Gary Carter,
Claude Simon, Sigourney Weaver,
Bob Geldof, and Nancy Seaver.
Hail, Gabe Paul and Sherry Streeter!
Wassail, all who fit the metre!
Happy Christmas, for example,
Is what we wish Patricia Hampl,
Richard Serra, Lazar Berman,
Rackstraw Downes, and Pee-wee Herman—
And let's tack on another line
To startle Kynaston McShine,
And further couplets to convey
Our season's best to Ron Duguay,
Rubén Blades, Emanuel Ax,
Melba Moore, and Oliver Sacks.
Love to Sen. Jay Rockefeller!
Yay, I say, for Penn & Teller!
We pray the planets in their circuit
Bring peace and joy to Brian Urquhart,
Jahangir Khan, Yelena Bonner,
And Justice Sandra Day O'Connor.
Now ask a special blessing on
Two harried leaders—Mikhail, Ron:
May their smiling, wary meeting
Lift our chances, now so fleeting,
For fewer arms as trust increases,
Before this old world flies to pieces.
Hey, there, Santa, frequent flier—
Drop a sock on Richard Pryor,
And cram with toys the waiting hose
of Tempestt Bledsoe, Tyler Rose,
Martin Amis, Manute Bol,
Garson Kanin, and Helmut Kohl.
You choristers, sound dulcet notes
To captivate Joyce Carol Oates,
And let more strains in turn be heard
For David Byrne and Larry Bird;
Avanti, altos, and set sail a
Canon for Winnie Mandela
By Pachelbel, with—to surprise her—
Solos by Orel Hershisser.
I wish a pleasant New Year's Day
To Governor Thomas Kean, N.J.,

And holidays of gladsome mien
For Eugene Lang and David Lean,
For Tom Brokaw, Kathleen Battle,
Diane Shah, and Simon Rattle.
What's this din—an office party!
Well, come right in. Drink up hearty!
Here's Jacques Barzun—well met, fella;
Jacques, you must know Lou Piniella.
Sweet Lou—Barz. Boys, h'are ya doing?
But talk surprise: here's Patrick Ewing!
What say, big guy? This is a blast,
But who's the lady . . . No! At last!
Barbara Tuchman (I'm such a fan!),
With Grace Jones, Sting, and Pierre Le-Tan!
Yo, Vince Coleman, with the tarp off!
Hello, Anatoly Karpov!
I. I. Rabi! I. M. Pei!
Hey, Hulk Hogan, whatcha say?
There's Al Toon, who's brought along
Jane M. Byrne and Rae Dawn Chong,
Jo Jo Starbuck, Yo-Yo Ma . . .
And so it goes, et cetera.
Hark, the music! Here's a hall
Decked in green for our Gala Ball.
Come all ye, in gay apparel,
And waltz with me and Suzanne Farrell!
We'll dance the Tango Argentino
With Mme. Corazon Aquino,
Along with smoothies like Ray Gandolf,
Sonia Braga, Willie Randolph,
Rosanna Arquette, Brian Friel,
Margaret Drabble, and Tip O'Neill;
We'll dip and clutch, to soulful fiddles,
With Warren Moon and Libby Riddles,
And pairs like Mike (Snake Hips) Royko
Entwined with Naanim Timoyko,
While swirling round us, having fun,
Are Holly Near and Trevor Nunn,
Sean and Ms. Madonna Penn,
The Tony Blisses, T. C. Chen,
Cher, Refrigerator Perry,
Nora Sayre, and Ben & Jerry!

Glenn Close, shall we, come Christmas Eve,
Slip out by dark and, with your leave,
Go where this pasture upward wends,
And find the lake where cheerful friends
Await us for the skating there,
Enwreathed with smiles in frigid air?
There hand in hand we'll circle round
Our woodland rink, to joyful sound
Of scrappy skates and children's laughter,
And soon, by bonfire bundled after,
We'll send aloft our carollings—
"O Little Town" and "We Three Kings"—
And then in silence sense afar
The peaceful presence of a star.

—ROGER ANGELL

THE OTHER WOMAN

ED MARSTON awoke in the night to go to the bathroom, and as he groped his way back to bed the moonlight picked out a strange flash of white paper in his wife's top bureau drawer, which she had not quite closed. This drawer, he knew from twenty-odd years of cohabitation, Carol devoted to her underthings and a small stack of folded head scarves over on the left. Paper belonged in her desk downstairs, or on top of her bureau, where she might have casually left a letter received and read this afternoon. She was breathing steadily, obliviously, like an invisible ocean in the dark, not ten feet away. With two fingers extended in a pincer, taking care not to rustle, Ed extracted the paper from under the top scarf and crept back to the bathroom. He shut the door, turned on the light, and sat on the closed toilet seat. As he un-

folded the concealed document, his hands were, more than trembling, jumping.

It was a homemade valentine to her from the husband of a couple they knew, a pleasant bland couple he had never much noticed, on the politer fringes of their acquaintanceship. Yet the valentine had been flamboyantly penned, and phrased with a ceremonious ardor, its short text encircled by a large heart in red ink—a heart which, the writer reassured the receiver, was “even bigger this year than last.”

A weapon had been placed in Ed's hands. He reread the missive more than once, and in his nervous excitement had to urinate again. He switched off the bathroom light. The moonstruck snow outside the window seemed to leap bluely toward him, into him with its smooth and expansive curves of coldness, its patches of

shadow and glare. He felt toweringly tall, as if his feet rested not on the bathroom floor, which had fallen away, but on the earth itself. His trustfully sleeping wife, her lover asleep in his house up the road, that man's own wife, and all their combined children were in his hands.

Still trembling, he refolded the illicit valentine and, sliding along beside the bed toward the bureau in its slant of moonlight, tucked it back into the drawer, beneath the top scarf. Tomorrow Carol might notice its slightly exposed position, and rebuke herself, and thank God that Ed had not noticed. Not that she was much for rebuking herself, or thanking God.

Suddenly her voice, out of the darkness of the bed, asked sharply, “What are you doing?”

“Trying to find you, sweetie. I've just been to the bathroom.”

She made no answer, as if she had spoken in her sleep. When he got back into the warm bed beside her, her breathing seemed as deep and oblivious as before. Gently the aroma of sleeping flesh and its soft snuffles and rasps washed over his senses. Her life was like a spring in some dark forest, constantly, murmuringly overflowing. Far away in the neighborhood, a dog barked, excited by the moonlight on the snow.

It fit, he realized: Carol's volatile moods of late, her spells of lovingness and depression, her increased drinking, her unexplained lateness in returning from certain trips into New York and from evening meetings in their suburb—meetings of a zoning commission, come to think of it, of which the other man, Jason Reynolds, was the chairman. It had been he, in fact, who had proposed Carol for membership; he had come to the house one night, after a portentous phone call, and, while Ed obligingly did the dinner dishes and put the youngest child to bed, murmured downstairs to her, at the dining-room table, of the crisis facing their suburb, of predatory builders and their corrupt brothers-in-law on the planning board, of the need for a woman on the commission who was here during the weekdays and could bring a homemaker's point of view, and so on. Carol had told Ed all this afterward, wondering whether she should accept. It would take her out of the home, she worried; Ed told her she had put in enough time in the home. She didn't know anything about plan-



“Yes, yes—angst, indefinable cravings, sleeplessness, weltschmerz, and occasional outbursts of rage. Just something that's going around.”

ning or building; he told her there wasn't much to know.

Now he wondered if even then, over two years ago, the affair had begun and she was only pretending to vacillate, to hang back. If so, it had been a pretty piece of acting. Ed smiled appreciatively in the dark. He had urged her to accept because she had seemed to him in danger of becoming one of those suburban agoraphobes who wind up not daring to leave the house even to shop, who have everything delivered while they sit sipping sherry behind the drawn curtains. Twenty years and five children had pretty well absorbed the venturesome subway rider and semi-bohemian of their courting days. She could hardly be persuaded, these last years, to come into the city and join him for dinner and a play; her nervousness about flying, as the children attained college age and began to fly here and there, increased to a real dread, and she no longer felt up to the trips she and Ed used to take to the Caribbean in the winter. "Anyway,"

she would argue, "they say now the sun is terrible for your skin." Carol was blue-eyed, with wiggly oak-pale hair.

"It's always been terrible; your skin wasn't meant to last forever. You can sit inside and read. You can use a No. 15 sun block."

"Well, that seems to defeat the whole purpose of going. Why not just stay home and save the airfare?"

"You know something, sweetie? You're becoming a real drag." Ed had urged her to accept the commission appointment because he wanted her out of the house. He wanted her, if the truth be known, out of his life.

But she had done him no harm—had done, indeed, everything he had asked: borne him healthy children, created a home that could be displayed with pride to colleagues and friends. Yet, lying beside her night after night, rising once, twice, depending on his



*"Since you're new here, I should fill you in on my background.
I was born on May 31, 1938 . . ."*

insomnia, which expanded in spirals like a rage, he had become convinced that there must be a better life than this. A better life for both of them. Carol had her qualities still—a flexible grace, though she had put on weight with the years, and a good-humored intuitiveness that was like the pure-blue pilot light burning in an old-fashioned oven—but Ed had never dared expect that some other man might covet her. Jason Reynolds' message, in its festive red outline, had struck a tone handsomely blended of friendliness and passion, a tone of manly adoration. Carol, somehow, was loved. Realizing this made Ed, too, feel loved, and like a child in arms he fell swiftly asleep.

FOR days and weeks, Ed did nothing with his knowledge, merely observed. How could he not have seen before? At parties, the lovers would do

a long circling dance of avoidance, elaborately courteous and jolly with almost everyone else there, and only after dinner, when the shoes come off and the records go on, and the tired host brings fresh logs up from the cellar, did Carol and Jason allow themselves to drift together, and to talk quietly in that solemn way of people to whom the most trivial daily details of one another's lives have acquired the gravity of the sexual, and then to dance together with a practiced tenderness that they trusted those around them to be too drunk or sleepy to observe.

Jason was a thin and dignified man, "in banking" rather than "a banker," who observed a rigorous health regimen of exercise and diet. He had a rowing machine, played squash at lunchtime in the city, and after dinner jogged along the curving roads in a reflective orange vest. It sometimes happens with such people that their

bodies make their faces pay the price of aging, and so it was with him; his middle-aged face needed flesh. His fatless, taut, weather-yellowed features, his deep eye sockets and long creased cheeks and dry gray hair were those of a man ending rather than beginning his forties. Jason was forty-two, like Carol. In his arms she looked young, and her broad hips and heavy upper arms suggested a relaxed and rounded fertility rather than middle-aged spread. Though Jason's eyelids were lowered in their deep sockets, and seemed to shudder in the firelight, Carol's blue eyes were alertly round and her face as pristine and blank as a china statuette's each time the slow music turned her around so Ed could see her. It was not their faces that gave it away, it was their hands, their joined hands melted bonelessly together and Jason's other hand pressing an inch or two too low on the small of Carol's back.

Ed was not watching alone, he noticed; the flickering, dim room—

cushions and chairs and fuzzy heads and stockinged legs—was lined with shadows watching Jason and Carol, or studiously not watching. People knew—had known, with the casual accuracy of detached observation, long before he had, before the night of the valentine. Until then he had existed in a kind of bubble, a courteous gap in the communal wisdom. He had been blundering with a blind smile through society while the truth, giggling, just evaded his fingertips. This, in retrospect, was hard to forgive. Did his opposite number, Patricia Reynolds, also exist in such a bubble? What did she know, or guess, or feel?

She was a short woman, with exemplary posture, who seemed wooden to Ed. Even her prettiest feature, her thick chestnut hair, seemed a shade of wood, brushed shiny and cut short in a helmet shape, with bangs. She jogged and exercised alongside Jason, but the regimen that had ravaged his face gave hers instead a bland athletic smoothness. Her chin was square, her

brown eyes opaque. From a good but not famous family, she had attended correct second-best schools and was a thorough product of her background; with her mannish upper-class accent, throatier than one expected, Pat had a good-soldier air about her, as if she had stiffened in her mission of carrying her family line into the next generation. There were two Reynolds children—a son and a daughter. Pat was slightly younger than Jason, as Carol was younger than Ed. Ed had never heard Pat say anything unpleasant or unconventional, but then he had rarely listened to her. At parties they tended to avoid each other. He had the feeling that he, with his rumpled, sleepless air, his incorrigible cigarettes and bossy, clownish, perhaps heavy manner, rather dismayed her; when he approached, she grew extra polite. Now, though, his eyes sought out her chiselled profile in the room, to see if she was watching.

In fact, she was seated on the floor not far away and, with her face turned full away from the dancers, was discussing with another woman that most appropriate of topics for the commission chairman's wife, zoning—the tragic breakup of the local estates, the scandalous predations of the developers. Ed moved from his easy chair to the floor near her and said, "But, baby—you don't mind my calling you 'baby,' do you, Pat?—nobody wants to *live* in the old estates. The third generation is all in SoHo doing graffiti art. They can't afford the upkeep and the taxes and nobody can afford servants and they want to get their money *out* and in *hand*."

"Well, of course that's what everybody says," Pat said, "and I suppose there's some truth to it."

"Some truth! It's all truth, Pat honey." Six bourbons were talking through him, not quite in synchrony. "You



"I'll tell you what it does. It speaks for a you otherwise unspoken for."

blame these poor hard-working Italian contractors who do the bulldozing and put up their three-hundred-thousand-dollar tract houses but it's the rich, the *rich* who are greedy, who are dying to sell and let somebody else put the new slate roof on Daddy's old stables. Condominiumization"—he was so proud at having got the word out intact that even Pat smiled, briefly showing her dental perfection—"is the only way to save these big places from the wrecker's ball."

The woman next to Pat, Georgene Fuller, tried to come to the rescue. She was lanky and lazy and whiny, with long fluffy hair loose to her shoulders. Ed had slept with her, for six months, years ago. "Still, Ed, you have to admit—"

"I have to admit nothing," he said quickly. "How about you, Pat? What do you have to admit?"

A flicker of puzzlement crossed her even features. Georgene nudged Ed in the small of his back. But she needn't have feared; it suited him to have Pat in the dark, in her bubble. Indeed, in the weeks and months to come he avoided this other woman at such gatherings and dreaded that she might seek him out for a conference, for an exchange of suspicions. But, with her doughty innocence, she never did.

"The wrecker's ball," he told her now, to distract her. "It should be the name of a song. 'We're gonna dance off both our shoes,'" he began to sing. The pressure on his back repeated, and it occurred to him he should ask Georgene to dance. Once you sleep with them, however many years go by, they fit smoothly into your arms.

But others also wished to break up the conversation between Pat and Ed; Jason and Carol suddenly loomed over them like parents above children playing on the floor. "We think you two



"Gentlemen, we dug deep down into our conscience, and two million five was all we could come up with."

should dance with us," Carol announced primly, and obliging Ed pushed himself up from the floor, which seemed with the bourbon to have taken on an elastic life of its own and to bounce under his feet. Carol, rather miraculously, always felt slightly strange in his arms, as though twenty years of marriage had not occurred. They had never quite worked out the steps, and this awkwardness made her interesting, especially now that he knew that somewhere, with somebody else, she *was* working out the steps. Her plump body felt solid with her secret, and unusually flexible to him; reaching behind her gracefully, she adjusted the position of his hand on her back. Ed had experimentally placed it an inch or two lower than usual. "Jason looks like a smooth dancer," he said.

"Not that I noticed," she answered.

"He is with Pat. Look at them go. Twirls, and everything."

"They went to the same sort of cotillions."

"But there's more to life than cotillions, huh?"

"Ed, you really shouldn't drink so

much. It's what gives you insomnia—all that sugar in the blood."

"Next you'll be telling me I should take up jogging."

"Or something. It's not just you. We're both horribly out of shape."

He moved his hand lower again and patted her solid fanny. He had his husband's prerogatives still. "To me you feel perfect," he said.

ED was an engineer, specializing in stress analysis of tall steel-frame buildings. His plan for dismantling his marriage demanded that his wife's affair remain in place, as a temporary support; otherwise, at the moment of pullout, his burden of guilt and strangeness would be too much. The children were heaviest, but the house, the town, and all the old connubial habits would weigh upon him, in his moment of flight. He feared that Jason and Carol might break up out of their own dynamics, or in response to discovery from the other side; yet he wanted to allow some months to steel himself, as it were. Seeing, in the raw spring evenings, tall Jason moving with his jogger's stagger along the

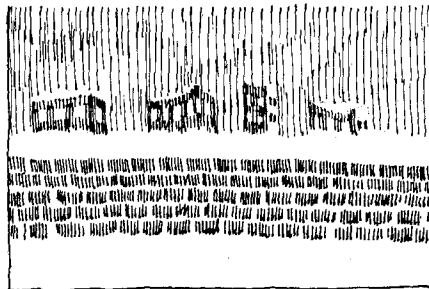
shadowy roads, Ed felt a pang of alarm that the precious man would be hit by a car and the whole thing collapse.

Warm weather arrived, with its quickening of the blood, and then summer, with its promiscuous looseness, its airy weave of coming and going, of lingering light and warm darkness, of screened porches and re-activated swimming pools and pickup drinks on the patio. Everyone got browner in the summer, more frolicsome and louder; the suburban women in their bathing suits and sundresses took on the sultry hardness of high-class whores, their toenails lacquered, their eyes hostilely hidden behind sunglasses. Jason and Carol became more blatant; more than once, Ed spotted them holding hands in a corner at a cocktail party, and when asked where she had been during some unaccountable absence, she would give a teenager's lame evasive answer—"Oh, out." She might add, "It's so hot I had to take a walk toward the river," or else display a half-gallon carton of skimmed milk and a packet of wheat-germ cookies, as if the purchase of these had naturally consumed two hours. And Jason was always coming around to the house on more or less plausible errands, having to do with zoning or tennis or an exchange of gardening equipment. Ed, to make his tennis-court fence ten years ago, had invested forty dollars in one of those two-handled posthole diggers, and it was surprising how many posts Jason seemed to be planting in his modest back yard, or how often, for a man who owned only a half acre, he had to borrow Ed's chain saw. Every errand won from Carol a hospitable offer of coffee or tea or a drink, depending on the time of day.

Pat sometimes came along on these hollow excursions, and made flawless, wooden small talk with Ed out on the screened porch while the other two were coincidentally absent within the house; Carol had had to rush into the kitchen, Jason to the bathroom or to make a phone call. The house, that summer, seemed much used. Around the excuses of the tennis court and the swimming pool, Carol kept setting up informal little parties that almost always included the Reynoldses. One day in early August, returning to the house from an emergency run to the liquor store downtown, Ed swung into the driveway as Carol and Jason were greeting another couple. They looked

so natural, posed side by side in the golden late-afternoon light—so *pre-siding*, standing together one flagstone step up from the driveway, he with his gray hair and gaunt stoop and she with her matronly round arms and shoulders—that Ed felt abolished, already gone; he secretly shared their joy in each other, and yet primitive indignation contributed to his energy as he marched toward them with the rattling bags of liquor.

Carol looked toward him, it seemed,



Anne Burgess

VETIVER

Ages passed slowly, like a load of hay,
As the flowers recited their lines
And pike stirred at the bottom of the pond.
The pen was cool to the touch.
The staircase swept upward
Through fragmented garlands, keeping the melancholy
Already distilled in letters of the alphabet.

It would be time for winter now, its spun-sugar
Palaces and also lines of care
At the mouth, pink smudges on the forehead and cheeks,
The color once known as "ashes of roses."
How many snakes and lizards shed their skins
For time to be passing on like this,
Sinking deeper in the sand as it wound toward
The conclusion. It had all been working so well, and now,
Well, it just kind of came apart in the hand,
As a change is voiced, sharp
As a fishhook in the throat, and decorative tears flowed
Past us into a basin called infinity.

There was no charge for anything, the gates
Had been left open intentionally.
Don't follow, you can have whatever it is.
And in some room someone examines his youth,
Finds it dry and hollow, porous to the touch.
O keep me with you, unless the outdoors
Embraces both of us, unites us, unless
The birdcatchers put away their twigs,
The fishermen haul in their sleek empty nets,
And others become part of the immense crowd
Around this bonfire, a situation
That has come to mean us to us, and the crying
In the leaves is saved, the last silver drops.

—JOHN ASHBERRY

unfeignedly happy to see him. Or was it the liquor she was happy to see? She was wearing only a wraparound denim skirt over her black bathing suit, and in the chill of approaching evening was hugging herself; the homely comfortableness of this gesture, and the familiar small sight, as she stepped down and reached forward to take one of the bags from him, of the white hairs standing erect with goosebumps on her bare forearms, wounded him unexpectedly—activated random stress within a situation he had considered thoroughly analyzed.

The season was ebbing. The time had come for Ed to make his move. The children were conveniently scattered to summer jobs and to friends' houses, except for the youngest, who after dinner wrapped himself in the mumble of television in his room upstairs. Ed invited Carol to take a walk with him. Her eyes widened, into their china-doll look, and she hur-



"Lights! Cameras! Christmas!"

ried to get a jacket from the closet; the tone of his voice, without his willing it, had spoken to her guilt. They walked along the broad grassy path, favored by joggers and snowmobilers, kept open above the Croton Aqueduct, which poured water south in a line parallel to the river and the railroad tracks. The city's gravity pulled everything toward it. The Marstons walked uphill, between clumps and groves of maples and beeches, and past school grounds seen through wire fencing; back yards abutted on the right-of-way, and Ed and Carol felt themselves moving like ghosts through family cookouts and badminton games and the domestic music of chugging dishwashers and the evening news.

He described to her the night he discovered the valentine, and what he had observed since. She listened and did not interrupt; in the corner of his vision, against the moving background of leaves and fence slats, her pale face seemed a motionless image projected

from a slide upon a skidding, flickering screen. He proposed this to her: He would leave, take an apartment in the city, and take her secret with him. In return for his silence, she would present the separation to their children and friends as a mutual decision. He would provide financial support, and in a year they would see how things stood.

She spoke at last. "I'll give him up."

"Oh, don't do that."

"Why not?" Her eyes had grown moister, darker, seeking his.

"You love him."

"Maybe I love you too."

"You think that now, but in the long run..." The sentence trailed off. He summoned up a little indignation. "Anyway, I don't want to be loved *too*. Come on, Carol," he said. "We've given it a good try, had some nice kids and nice times. You wouldn't have taken up with Jason if things were what they should be. You and he, you really seem to have it."

She could have denied it. But she simply said, "He has Pat."

Ed sighed. "Yes, well. I can't take care of everybody."

This was a Saturday, with hints of woodsmoke and football in the quiet evening air. The next day, with the sickening new condition of their marriage drying everywhere like an invisible paste, and the children and the pets and the furniture all still unknowing, Carol surprised Ed by still wanting to go to a Sunday-afternoon concert at a local church. The Reynoldses were also there, in a pew on the far side of the nave; they all mingled over punch afterward, in the ladies' parlor. It was thrilling, for a connoisseur of stress, to see Carol lightly bantering with Jason and making valiant small talk with Pat. As Ed drove her home, she began to cry, and he asked her why she had wanted to come. "It was my only chance to see Jason," she said, as bluntly as if to a counsellor, and not bothering to hide the reverent way her

voice fell in pronouncing her lover's name. So quickly, Ed had become her accomplice. He felt his heart shiver and harden. "He knows I know?"

"Not the details, just the fact."

"How did you manage that?"

"I slipped a note to him. Didn't you see?"

Ed felt trapped and betrayed. With the other man knowing, there was less chance of backing out. "No."

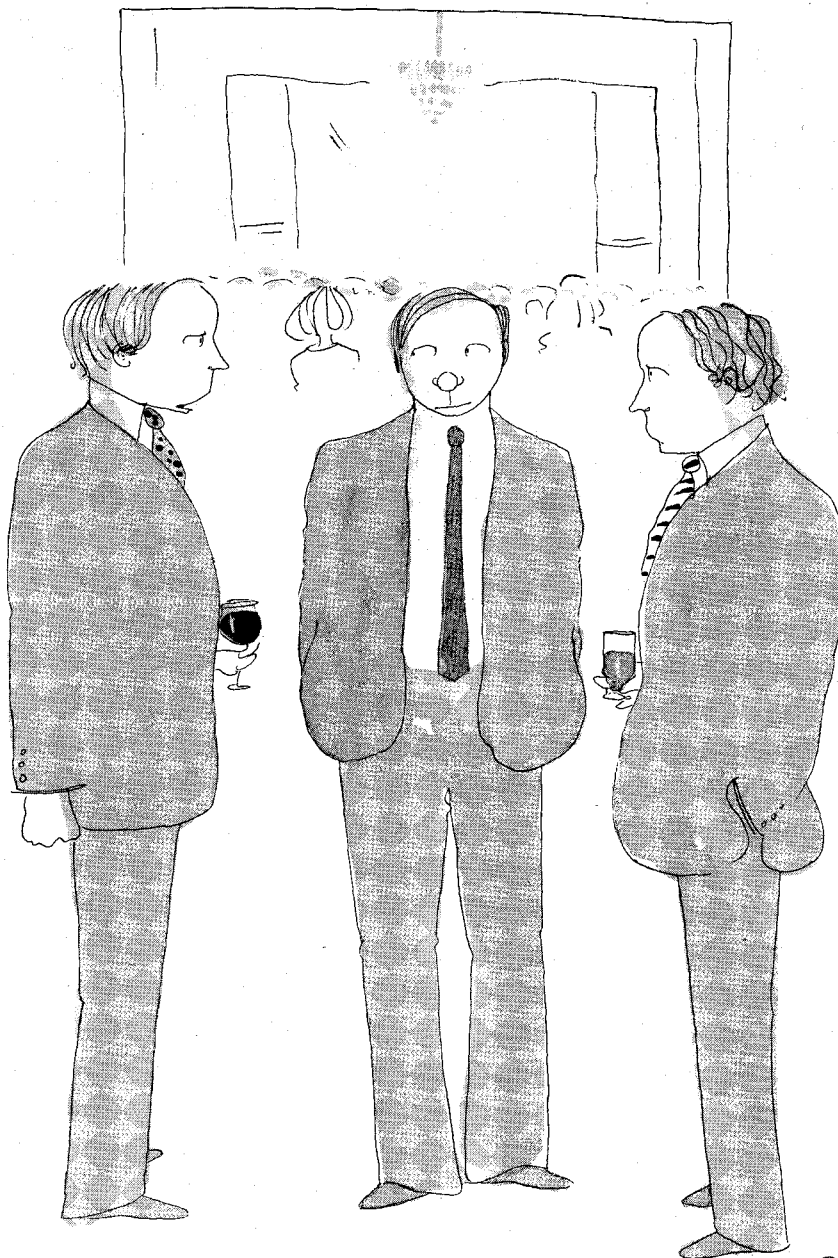
"I thought you'd become such a great observer."

He asked her, sarcastic in turn, "Aren't you two afraid of Pat catching you out in some of these shenanigans?"

"She doesn't want to catch us out,"

Carol told him. He glanced over, and her eyes, though red-rimmed, had a twinkle. She seemed to be adjusting faster to his departure than he was.

THAT fall Ed entered into the strange new status of half-husband. He found a small apartment in the West Eighties and went home weekends to rake and put up storm windows and entertain the kids. Some nights, he slept over in the guest room, where the children didn't like to find him. They wanted him back in Mommy's bed. That creepy Mr. Reynolds was always coming around, red-faced and panting, in his jogging shoes. They called him Big Foot.



"Men are coming back."

"Big Foot's just clumped up!" one of the children would shout from downstairs, and Ed, involved in a game of Trivial Pursuit in his oldest daughter's room, would see Carol sail past the door, her quick step silent, her whole body lightened by expectation.

In this cozy environment, with their conspiracy now widened to include the children, Ed could not help asking Carol, in curiosity as much as envy, what Jason did for her that he had not.

"It's very peculiar," she admitted, spacing her words. "He just thinks I'm amazingly wonderful." And she had the grace, this valuation being so clearly excessive, to look down into her drink and blush.

"Well, who doesn't?" he asked, himself blushing. Since leaving her, Ed was all flattery.

She looked up sharply. Did he imagine it, or had her blue eyes become darker, snappier, in her months of living alone, of being her own woman? Certainly her hair, its oak color loaded with gray, had become wigglier. "You didn't," she told him. "You never did. I was just *there* for you, like an I-beam or something. Any other beam would have done just as well. I'm sure you've laid some in place already."

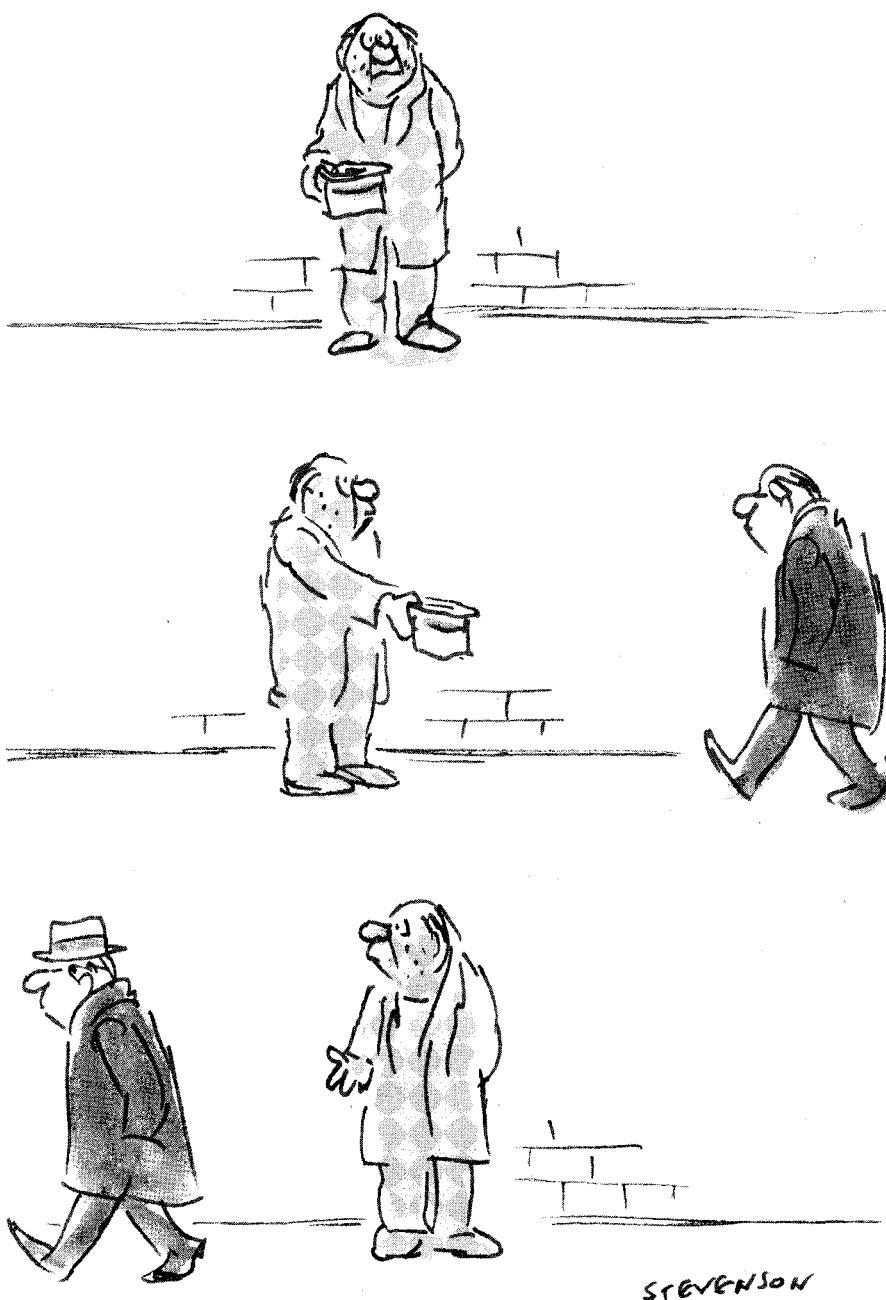
"No," he said slowly, almost truthfully. For in fact Ed was enjoying the shabby austerity, the modest purity, of bachelor life. He had married so young he had never had to cook for himself before, or make his own bed. These skills had seemed arcane to him, and now they proved learnable, and he understood why women were healthier, with all that reaching and stirring and industrious attention to the texture of things. His crowded, clamorous, only slightly dangerous block near upper Broadway spoke to him more intimately, of small decisions and services, groceries and laundry, than the suburbs ever had. Keeping himself fed and tidy and half running Carol's household forty minutes to the north took most of his energy. Living alone makes one methodical; his drinking had eased off, and the weekend slices of his old social life tasted sour and flat.

He had rarely seen their friends except on weekends anyway, and in these days of domestic confusion his defection and part-time reappearance were casually accepted. The Reynoldses, of the couples they had known together, were kindest and most attentive to Carol in her singleness, and came by

the house most often. Pat and she shared garden-club trips, aerobics classes, a night course in the English Romantic poets at the local community college. The Marston children gave Pat the logical nickname of Little Foot, as if by verbal magic to knit the Reynoldses closer together. "The Feet are here again," one would shout, and Ed, if he was caught in the house, would sometimes have to make a fourth at tennis.

He always insisted that he and Pat be partners. That way, the sides were most even. Jason was a well-schooled but lumbering player, and Carol's insouciance, her good-humored indifference to the exact outcome, undermined her natural grace at the game. Ed had a weak backhand but killer instinct at the net, and little Pat played, it seemed to her partner, like a weakly wound-up machine. She moved back and forth as if on tiptoe and her movements minced in the sides of his vision. Across the net from her, Ed would have gobbled up her ladylike forehands and pounded them back at her. As it was, he would growl, "Let's go get 'em, Pat," and count on her to cover the back line as he lunged from side to side, looking for the winning volley. The matches were fun, especially when fussy, no-fat-on-me Jason began to tut and mutter to himself, and Carol grew rosy in the face as she tried to play to please her lover while acknowledging Ed's ironic glances and keeping her expression blank for Pat's benefit.

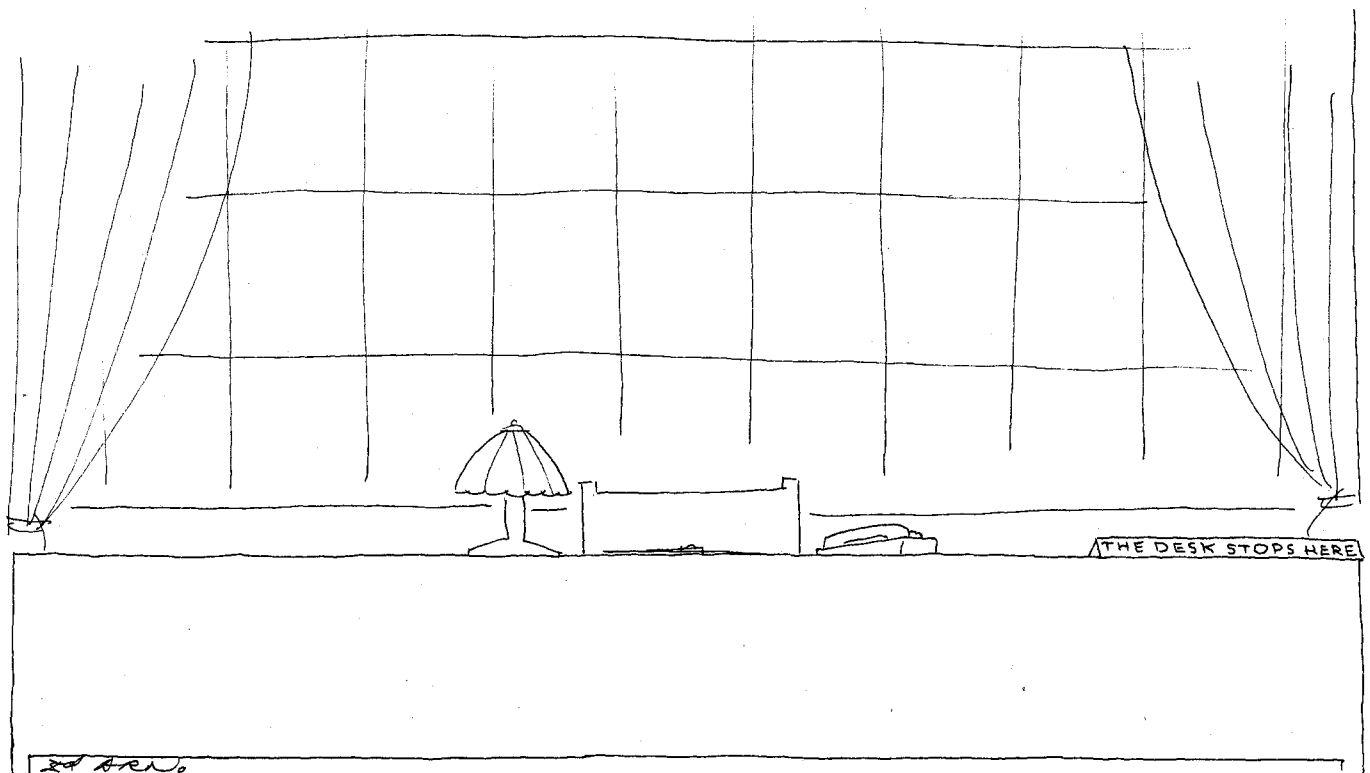
In a way, it was the three of them against Pat. Or was it the three of them keeping her safe in her bubble of ignorance? Ed felt alternately that they were a deceit machine, chewing her up, and a kind of cradle, holding her above the abyss. For what, really, he asked himself, would telling her the truth accomplish but perhaps plunge them all into disaster? How much did Pat suspect? Nothing, it appeared, which seemed incredible to Ed. Just looking at Jason and Carol across the net, hearing their mutual encouragements, feeling the easy warmth their partnership gave off should have told Pat the tale. Once, he joked to her, "You know what they look like, those two? Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat." It was true. In the stress of their long affair Jason had become even thinner and Carol plumper. Pat laughed politely but glassily, intent on her serve. Though her strokes lacked fire,



she did like to win; this much was human about her, and intelligible, and likable.

She was the youngest, not quite forty; and Ed, at forty-five, felt like the daddy, only playing at playing. His sense of their spatial relations, out on the court, was of himself enclosing the three others and of keeping them, with transparent lines of force, apart, as if under his direction had been struck one of those balances of gravity and inertia, rigidity and mass that form islands of stability within the universe. Pat's ignorance, he decided, was a function of her social complacency, and thus more annoying than pitiable. She had snobbishly willed herself to be

sexually deaf. Only once, that long sunny fall they shared, was he physically stirred by her; after three sets she complained of a blister, and on the bench by the side of the court took off her sneaker and sock. Little Foot. The neatness that through the rest of her body seemed rather wooden and mechanical here in her bare, pale foot was exquisite; here in the long low late-afternoon rays that slanted upon them, imprinting their sweaty bodies and pastel tennis outfits with the fencing's shadowy lozenges, Pat's sharp small anklebones and metatarsal tendons and well-trimmed toenails roused in Ed a desire to kneel in slobbering self-abasement and to kiss this neat



white piece of woman, which bore, on its sticky golden sole, a few cinnamon-red grains of clay-court topping.

Pat felt his eyes feasting on her foot and lifted her face as if he were a shoe salesman who had failed to answer a perfectly reasonable question. The moment passed.

"Doesn't she think it strange," Ed asked Carol later, "always getting stuck with us, always being dragged here?"

"She likes me," Carol said, with her endearing insouciance. "She feels sorry for me."

"Does she ever ask why I left?"

"No. Not really. We don't discuss that sort of thing. I think she just sees you as a rather wild, unpredictable person and there's no accounting for what people like you do."

"As opposed to people like Jason."

"Mm-huh." Just thinking of Jason made Carol's lips draw in, as though she were sucking a candy.

"What's she going to do when she finds out?"

"I don't know. Ask me to give him up, and I guess I'll have to."

"Have you ever thought of giving him up right now, before there's an ugly crisis?"

Carol sipped at her drink and reminded him, "I offered to, and you said no."

"That was in relation to us. I'm thinking of it now for your sake. Don't you ever feel guilty toward her?"

"All the time," Carol confessed—rather cheerfully, Ed thought.

"Aren't you ever afraid I'm going to tell her?"

"No. That's the last thing you'd ever do."

"Why not?"

"Because you're a coward," she promptly said, and softened it to "The same reason nobody tells her—even her own children. They discuss it with mine. Ours. We're all cowards. Anyway, what would be in it for you? You got your exit visa, you don't care what happens to us back in the old country."

"Oh, but I do. I do. Apparently I wasn't a very satisfactory husband for you. I'm trying to arrange one for you that is."

"That's very kind of you, dear," Carol said. Ed couldn't tell if she was being ironic. His deceptions included this ambiguity toward Carol: was he aiming truly to be rid of her or in some circuitous way to win her back—to show her who, underneath all, was boss?

He always boarded the train south, back to his apartment and his block, with some relief to be out of the suburban cat's cradle he helped weave. But

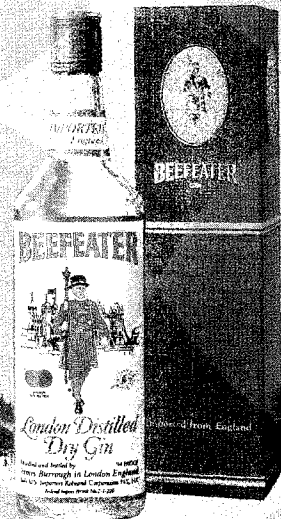
his life, his life as his reptile brain grasped it, was still back there, witnessing Carol's wifely blushes on the other side of the net and the other woman's exposed bare foot, like the cool blue foot of a cadaver, in the warm sunset light. Sunday nights, in bed, he could not stop replaying the tennis match, its diagonals and elastic, changing distances. Round white faces, children's faces in the grandstands—though in fact the children rarely came to watch; they snubbed it all—became frustratingly confused with the fuzzy balls being battered back and forth. Eventually he would fall asleep, with no boundary between insomnia and dream and no healing sense, when he awoke, of having slept soundly. Being alone in bed made even a small room seem large, and reverberant, like a great drum with the ceiling for a skin.

At last, mercifully, the weather became too cold for tennis. Carol was right: he did not want to face Pat anymore, however securely this woman was sealed in her bubble of unknowing. The lovers had come to accept their precarious situation as settled, and Ed's complicity as their right. His role as confidant subtly expanded to that of pander. Carol took to asking, in that casual irresistible way of hers, if they could borrow his apartment during the day, when he was off at work. Returning through the winter

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Saab asks you not to accept negatives. Rather, add up the positives of both aspects of the new Saab 9000.

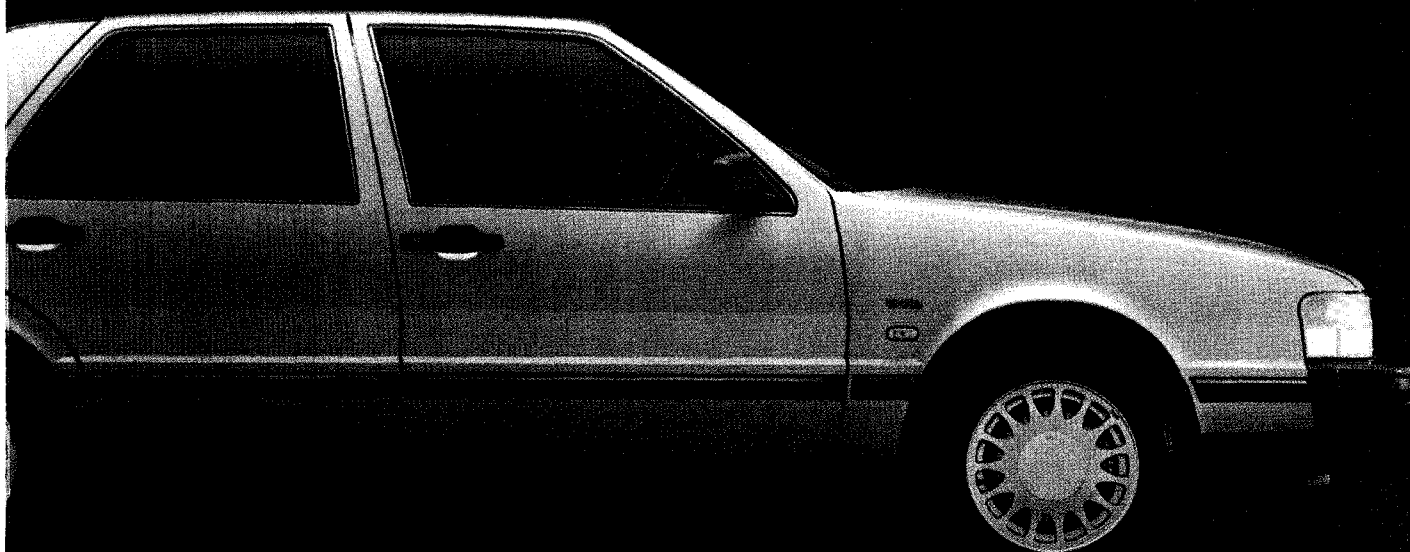
On the sports car side, there's performance in the form of a 16-valve intercooled, turbocharged engine that takes a car from 0 to 60 in hardly any seconds and maintains speed and fuel efficiently for hours on end.

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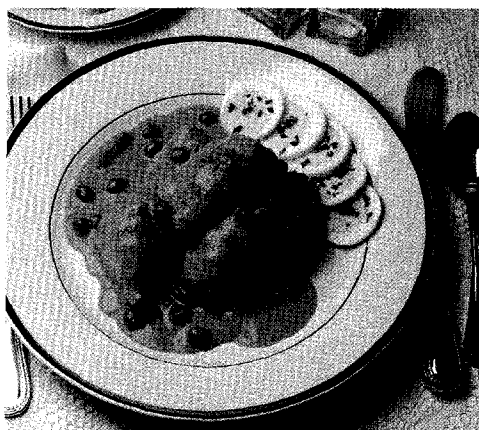
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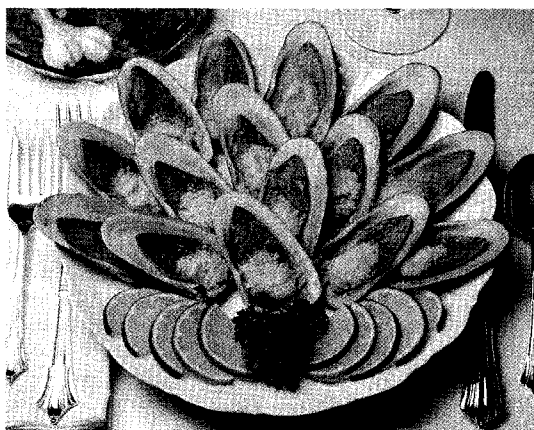
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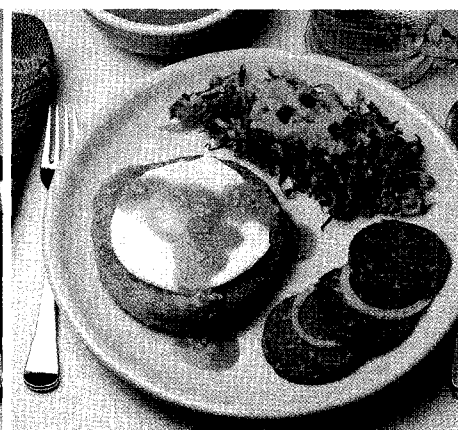
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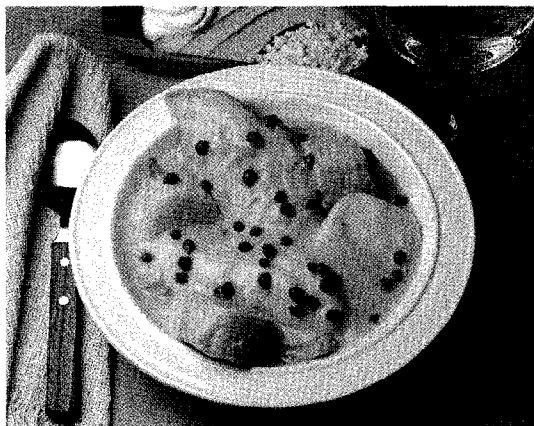
Machas a la Parmesana. Pacific clams with white wine and cheese.



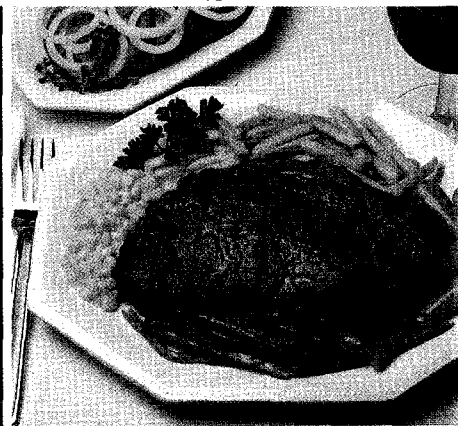
Yapingachos. Cheese-filled potato tortilla with egg and peanut sauce.



Langosta del Pacifico. Pacific lobster with mayonnaise.



Ajiaco. Chicken stew with potato, corn and capers.



Bife de Chorizo. Broiled Argentine beef served with Chimichurri sauce. (Parsley, garlic and oil.)

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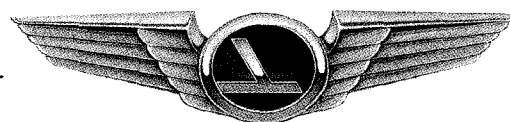
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dark, he would find his bed made with an alien neatness, and sometimes a bottle of wine in the refrigerator, or his Martini pitcher used as a vase for a bright bouquet of flowers—the kind of bouquet, in a paper cone, peddled at subway entrances or from gloomy traffic islands.

THE city was slowly absorbing Ed. He had made a few friends, if not commitments, and asked that on weekends Carol send the children, those young enough still to be interested, in on the train. The echoing halls of the Museum of Natural History welcomed him back from his own childhood; many of the exhibits were jazzier, and pedagogic voices talked from the walls, but the extinct creatures had not aged, and the African dioramas still had the same airless, suspenseful enchantment of Christmas windows along Fifth Avenue. A dry tuft of foreground grass, or a few pebbles (geologically accurate, presumably) scattered to lend verisimilitude would fascinate him, as if these ignored details, just inches inside the great glass pane, had a secret vitality denied the stiff stuffed creatures at the center of the exhibit. When, late that winter, Pat's bubble at last broke, Ed felt well removed from the crisis, which was muffled by a snowstorm in any case. Carol kept phoning him, and several times a cloud of static overwhelmed her voice and the connection was broken.

Apparently a maiden aunt of Pat's, who lived in the next town to the south, in one of those big Hudson River houses that had not yet been condominiumized, had seen Jason and Carol in a car together, at eight-thirty on a weekday morning. Ed knew it was their habit for Jason to miss the train that Pat had dropped him off to catch. He would walk a block or two to where Carol would pick him up, and then take the next train from the station farther down the line; in this



"Fakes! Fakes! All total fakes! But I love every one of them!"

way they stole a half hour for themselves. A dangerous habit, and hardly worth it, Ed had advised Carol long ago. But this little wifely act of putting Jason on a train had been precious to her. The aunt, seeing them with dim eyes from her own moving car, had thought Carol must be Pat, but heavier than she had ever seen her, with bushier hair, and the car didn't seem exactly familiar either; yet there was no mistaking Jason, that long head, thin as a knife. Troubled by the possibility that she was going senile and seeing things, the innocent old lady telephoned to ask.

"Evidently," Carol told Ed, "Pat very coolly lied and said yes, she had been taking Jason to a different station because they had dropped off their other car at a gas station near the town line."

"What she could have said that would have been better," Ed pointed out, "was that Jason had accepted a ride that particular morning with a woman they both know who also commutes. It happens all the time. I assume you were driving. The Honda."

"It needs snow tires, by the way. I

totally forgot to have them put on. I've been nearly getting killed."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, I guess she stewed all day but still hoped Jason would have some explanation when he came back. But this image, of a fat woman with messy hair, she instantly connected with me. How do you like that for an insult?"

Ed saw Carol's expression as she said this, her self-mocking face, eyes rounded, corners of her lips drawn down. It occurred to him that Pat had been snobbishly unable to believe that he and Carol, tangled and clownish as they were, could ever do anything that would matter, seriously, to herself and her husband. "Well, he's here. I mean, he was here. He's had to go back because she isn't *there*, it turns out." In a flurry of static, an annoyed operator, with a black accent, came on and told them that this line was being preempted for an emergency call. In the imposed silence, snow continued to pile up in parallel ridges on the fire escape. The lights of upper Broadway were burning a yellow-pink patch low in the streaming sky. An occasional siren could be heard, trying to clear a path for itself, but the city was help-

lessly filling up with a smothering, peaceable snow. Ed paced back and forth; his hands, as he mixed himself a drink, were jumping. His old calculations were being upheld, miles and miles away.

Carol got through in an hour and continued her story. "Well, she's apparently left the house. Leaving the two children there. In the middle of this blizzard. It's crazy. Jason is very upset, but I think it's just her rigid way of doing things. She has no sense of riding with the punch."

"Was her reaction anger, or despair, or what?"

Carol paused before selecting. "Indignation. She was indignant first off that her aunt had been sullied somehow. She thinks that idiotic family of hers is something sacred. Then I guess she was indignant that Jason couldn't come up with a cover story that would get us all off the hook; he says he'd just come off the train after a rotten day at the bank and was just too tired to think. So instead he kind of collapsed and told her everything. What really got to her, what she couldn't get over, was how everybody except her had known or guessed about us for years. She kept reliving everything—all these little moments that came back. She had even seen us holding hands a couple of times, it turns out, and couldn't believe her eyes."

"Was she especially sore at me? It must have come out that I knew too."

Carol paused again; Ed felt she was being tactful. "Not especially. I don't think they discussed you much. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you're really a very minor figure in all this. It was more the notion of the community at large, of looking like a fool in front of everybody for so long."

"In her pretty bubble," Ed said.

Carol had been right: he was a coward. For a year he had been dreading the phone call from Pat asking for a conference, asking him what he knew. The call had never come, she had never asked, and he had been almost grovellingly grateful to her for that. Perhaps she was a coward, too. Now, evidently, she had stormed out of the house, in the thick of a blizzard. She had cracked. Ed circled the room in his triumph, in his agitation. All night, as the plows on the street kept scraping holes in his sleep, he

imagined that Pat, who was missing, would rap on his door. The secret he had so long kept was off his hands and out whirling in the world. The voice of the wind was her voice, so coolly and multiply wronged. He would comfort her; she would take off her soaked boots and be barefoot, exposing again that little foot so tidily formed and yet somehow in essence immature, a child's foot, ignorant, luminous. . . . He awoke, and it was morn-

ing, and a stark brilliance like that of an offended angel stood at the window. The sky was blank blue, and a hollow hush, as of guilt, lay everywhere. With scraping shovels and whining tires, the city began to put itself back together.

Pat, it turned out, had done the conventional thing: she had fled to her mother's, on Long Island. "She drove right across greater New York," Carol explained to Ed, "along all these choked thoroughways, through this blinding storm."

"What an epic," he said, relieved that Pat was still alive.

"I've been talking to Jason about it," Carol said, "and, as I told him, I think it was typical. Everything with her has to be black or white; she has no feeling for gray areas."

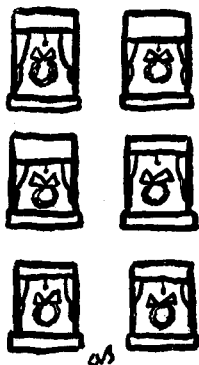
PAT never returned to the husband or the town that had deceived her. She left Jason to cope with their teen-aged children, which meant that Carol coped, and the two households were gradually merged into one. Mothering the wounded and hostile Reynolds children suited Carol's talents more than the zoning commission, and in the spring Jason moved in with her—Ed thought he had always coveted their bigger yard and the stand of woods out back and the screen of arborvitae in front, between the house and the road. The Marston children coined a nickname for their mother; they called her Happy Foot. Pat at her distance disdained the new realities as she had disdained the old. Though initially she had all society's sympathy and legal bias on her side, her rigid, vindictive behavior, especially toward her own children (they, too, had known, she maintained, and had kept her in the dark), eroded her advantages, and Jason's lawyer saw no insurmountable obstacle to achieving divorce and custody, though Pat had vowed to give him neither.

Ed was kept abreast of all this not only through Carol, whose calls gradually became less frequent and less confiding, but through the children on their visits, and through Georgene Fuller, his lanky friend of old, who also paid visits. His interest in the episode lessened, as toward any completed job. His former wife was happy, his children were virtually adult, and the new Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds sent him, when the season rolled round once again, a valentine.

On a bright day one April—the squinting, wincing kind of day when winter's grit is swirled from the city streets and dog-torn green garbage bags go loping down the sidewalks—he saw Pat Reynolds a half block away. It was an unlikely neighborhood, the West Thirties, in which to bump into anyone you knew. Ed was hurrying to a dreaded appointment with his periodontist. He had fallen into the hands of a team of young specialists who were going to give him, in their words, "a new mouth": root canals, refashioned crowns and bridges—but the worst of all was the gum work, with tiny quick knives and sickles and scrapers, by a humming young man who wore a thick gold chain around his neck.

Pat, when he thought of her, was another kind of soreness, an ache as if a rib had been long ago removed or as if, that first glaring morning after the snowstorm, the side of him toward the window had been exposed to radiation. In all the world she was the person he least wanted to see. He considered ducking into a jeweller's entryway, or hiding in a store that offered souvenirs to the tourists straggling back from the Empire State Building, but his appointment wouldn't wait, and Pat's face was momentarily turned the other way. She was wearing a bright-red scarf on her head and was toting a shopping bag, which, with her sneakers and khaki raincoat, gave her a forlorn, wandering air. He had the irrational impression that she was in this neighborhood for some sort of medical attention also; she was hesitating right in front of the very entryway, a large mustard-colored arch, that he must pass through to have his gums cut. He had almost slipped by, squinting against the gritty wind, when she turned her head and recognized him.

"Ed! Ed Marston." Her voice had changed; the suburban little-man throatiness had become warmer, as if she too lived in the city now and was



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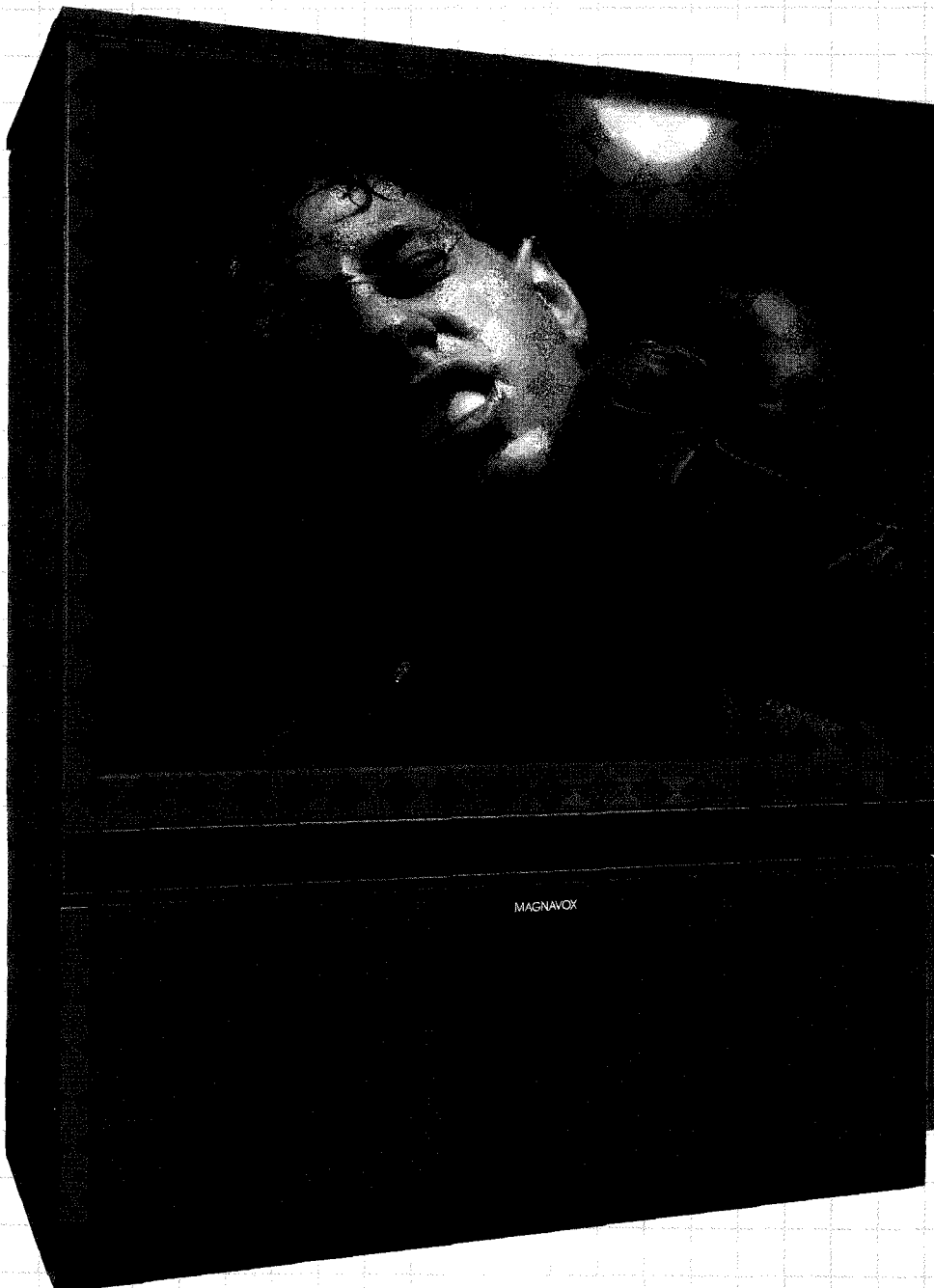
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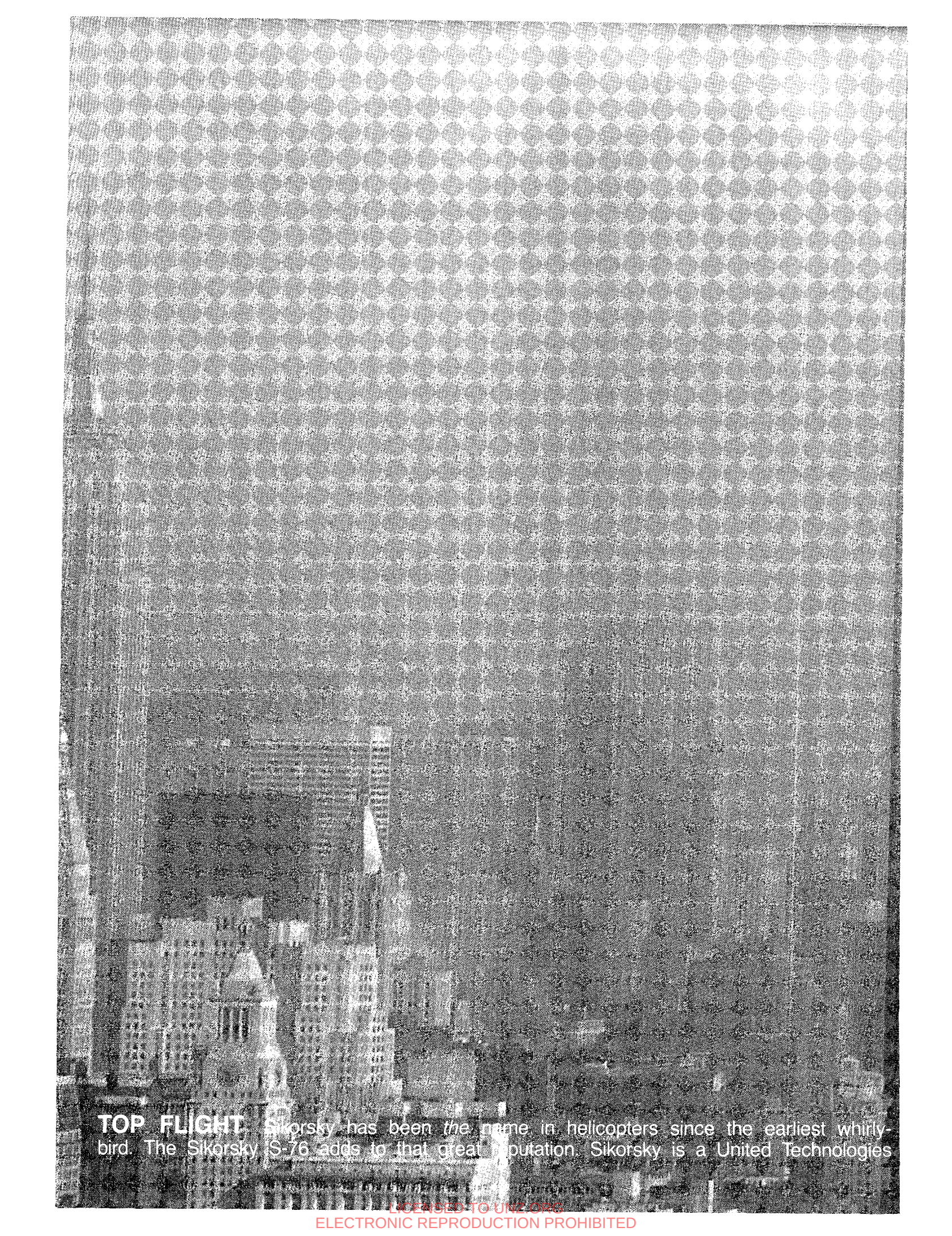
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learning to deal in its curious, excited, semi-European schmalz. "Come here," she commanded, seeing his tendency to keep moving through the arch.

He went to her and she lifted herself on tiptoe to kiss him. The chiselled edges of her face had been blurred; her features had undergone that subtle bloating one sees on the faces of addicts, even when cured. But underneath the scarf her hair was the same rich chestnut, no longer a sleek helmet but frizzed into curliness. He tried to kiss her cheek but she aimed for the center of his mouth. Having pressed her lips hard to one side of his, she hung on, resting her face on his shoulder a long moment. His brain felt numbed. He asked, "How've you been?"

"Good." The word was italicized; it must have been a lie, but it was offered with a fervor that would have made it true. She watched his face, waiting for another question, but since none came, asked him, "And you?"

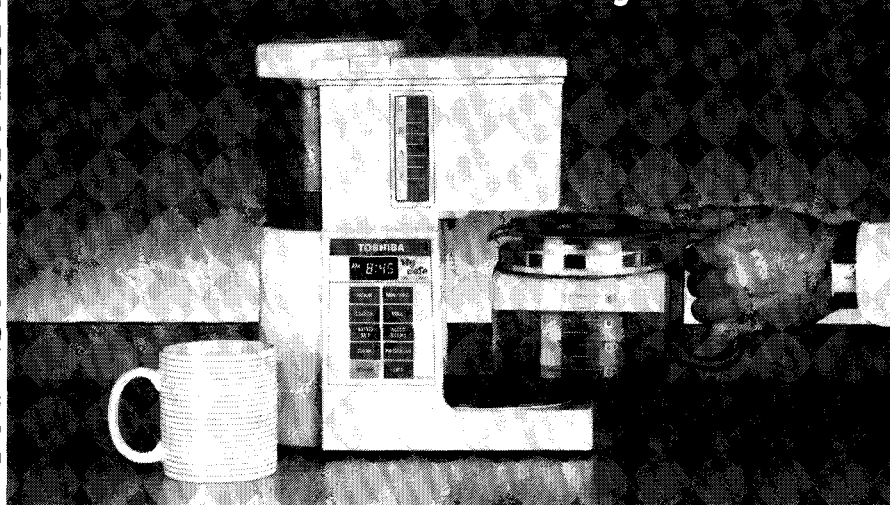
"Terrible," he told her, which was also something of a lie. "I'm going right now to see my periodontist—they do these terrible things to your gums." Clowning in his embarrassment, he grimaced so his gums showed.

Pat's eyes were solemn, shining. She nodded. Her own gums, of course, would still be perfect. With great relief Ed realized that no accusations or interrogation would be forthcoming; the bubble to that extent was still intact. A bit more small talk, a clownish mock-desperate pointing at his wristwatch, and he had made his grateful escape. He never had had much to say to Pat. A backward glance as he pushed the elevator button showed the red of her uncharacteristic bandanna (she had always gone bareheaded, even in the worst of winter, jogging along beside Jason) being sliced and battered on the far side of the revolving door.

Her kiss, so unexpectedly passionate, felt like a visible encumbrance on his mouth. What had it meant? That she had crazily forgotten who he was, and how he had betrayed her and helped reduce her to her present state? Or that she forgave him? Or that she saw him now as just a piece of the past, and she had hung on to him a moment as we all wish to hang on to what must pass and be lost? Or that—and this fit best, as Ed heard his name called and stood to go in to his punishment—she was in her embrace acknowledging that night when, in an exultant, trembling moment, he had held her, too, in his hands?

—JOHN UPDIKE

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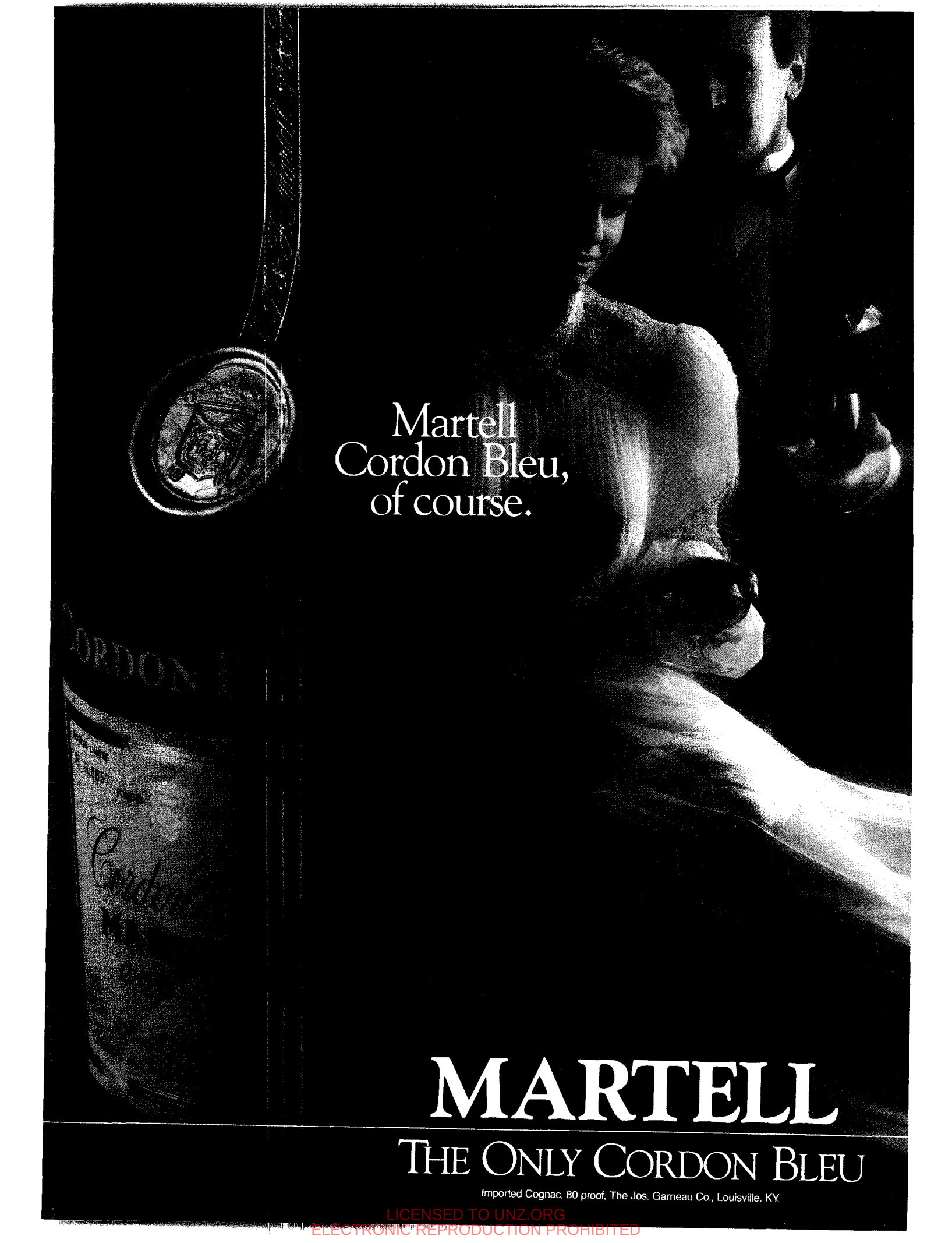
MY memory had always been to me more duffelbag than filing cabinet, but, even so, I have been fairly sure that if I rummaged enough I could come up with what I needed. Lately, though, certain things have caused me to apply my memory deliberately—to a place, a period in my life, to focus on it and recover it alive. One strong reason has been the death of friends, which shocks one through mourning into a ferocity of remembering, starting up a conversation in the memory in order to hear the dead voice talk, see the dead face come alive. The other impulse to put my memory in some kind of order came from a friend of mine with whom I have kept in written touch for thirty-odd years, who showed me a bulge in his ancient address book where he had had to paste in extra pages to contain more than forty permanent addresses for me since 1950, dotted all over Europe, Latin America, the United States. I looked long at them: French street names scrawled vertically in the margins; telephone

numbers that rang very distant bells in my head—some of the places grown so faint that I had to focus hard, pluck at frail threads. I have never kept journals, but I have a jumble of old passports, diaries with little more than places and names, and a few cryptic notes meant to be instant sparks to the memory. Of late, I have taken to picking up threads and winding in, room by room, a house in Spain or an apartment in Geneva; then, with growing Nabokovian intensity, the picture above the fireplace, the sound of the front door closing behind. I have pursued my own chronology not so much to record it as to explore it. Remembering a particular house often brings back a predominant mood, a certain weather of the spirit. Sometimes, opening the door of a till-then-forgotten room brought on that involuntary shiver, that awed suspension. These sudden rememberings are gifts to writers, like the taste of the madeleine—for much of writing is simply finding ways of re-creating astonishments in words. But as I began to reel

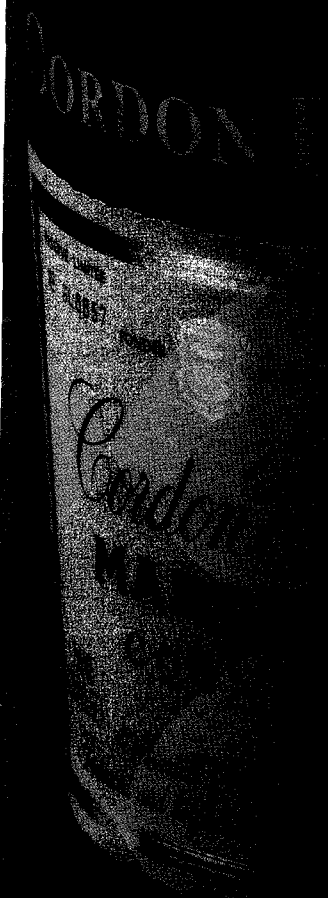
in my itinerant past I found that I was much less interested in recording it than in experiencing the sense it gave me of travelling in time, of making tangible a ghostly dimension; for an instance of remembering can, without warning, turn into a present moment, a total possession, a haunting.

Chronology can be a hindrance to remembering well: the assumption that individual lives have a design, a certain progression, persists in everything from obituaries to ear-written biographies of movie stars. A backward look, besides, is usually disposed to give past time a shape, a pattern, a set of explanations. Memory can be an agile and cunning editor; but if we use it instead as an investigative reporter it often turns up conflicting evidence, for we arrive as we age at a set of recountable versions (long and short) of our private time, a set of serviceable maps of the past to replace the yellowed photographs. If I look at my own time chart, it divides cataclysmically into two parts, two contradictory modes of being. The first part, brief but everlasting, embraces the rural permanence I was born into in Scotland, articulated by the seasons, with the easy expectation that harvest followed harvest, that years repeated themselves with minor variations (growing being one of them), a time when I was wholly unaware of an outside world; the second part erupted with the Second World War, which obliterated the predictability of anything and severed all flow, all continuity. When I joined the Royal Navy, in the latter years of the war, I was projected abruptly out of Scotland and to sea, on a series of small ships, around the Indian Ocean—endless ports of call that were all astonishments. It was never made clear to us where we were going, except to sea; so I learned to live by sea time, which is as close to a blank present as one can come. I also learned to live portably. We would move, on sudden orders, from ship to shore to ship, and what we could carry we could count on keeping; the rest was in the public domain. My personal possessions were not much more than a notebook or two; and, coming home after the war through the Suez Canal, I watched one of these notebooks slither from my fingers and shimmy its wavering way down in the lime-green water. It was my first serious lesson in learning to





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shrug. When I got free of the service, I went back to Scotland to finish a degree at the University of St. Andrews, and then left, as I had long intended, taking as little as possible and making next to no plans.

Although I passed through Scotland irregularly in the next few decades, finding certain epiphanies in the moods of the place, reconnecting with friends and family, I felt firmly severed from it. It was less the past to me than the point of departure; and, besides, I had long disliked the abiding cloud of Calvinism that kept Scotland muffled, wary, resentful. An obligation of obedience was written into its educational system, which, when it came to imparting information, was certainly thorough, to use one of the Scots' favorite words; but during my school days if we made trouble or persistently misconstrued Greek irregular verbs our extended hand was struck a variable number of times with a thick leather strap, tongued at the end, called a tawse. The last time I was in Scotland, I discovered that the tawse was still in use. Put together a sniff of disapproval, a wringing of hands, a shaking of the head that clearly expects the worst, and you have some idea of how dire Scotland can be. All the other countries I have lived in have seemed comparatively joyful. The gloom, I hoped, would stay in Scotland, and not follow me about. Certainly on these visits I felt no pull to stay. I had got used to the feeling of belonging nowhere, of being a foreigner by choice, entering a new country, a new language, in pursuit, almost, of anonymity and impermanence. Scotland seemed to have little to do with my present, and grew dimmer and dimmer in my memory.

In 1949, I first came to the United States, and it felt like immediate liberation. I could sense the wariness in me melt, the native caution dwindle. Fluidity, it seemed to me, had replaced roots, and change fuelled not a wringing of hands but a positive excitement. I taught for a few years, and then decided to live by writing—about the most portable of all occupations, and an always available pretext for traveling. I crossed, and crisscrossed, the Atlantic, mostly by sea, on the great ships that pulled out from the West Side piers in a regular booming of horns; and once crossed under sail. I discovered Spain and the Spanish language, which had far-flung geographical consequences for me, taking me as far as the tip of Chile. I had a number

of friends of the same wandering disposition, who would turn up in some of the same places I had stumbled on, and with whom I often crossed paths. What we were all looking for was localities that moved to their own time, unmechanized villages, islands, isolated but not utterly, good places to work in, but with available distraction, refuges, our own versions of a temporary Garden of Eden, which had an illusion of permanence about them, however impermanent the stay. Work would quite often determine my movements; I found that a new place, in the energy of beginning, sharpened the attention. Some of these Edens were remote—a house, a garden, a village, perhaps—and, remembering them, I have to reach far, to remember a previous self. More than that, they are not separate in memory from the people I shared them with. They are places entwined with presences. Looking for temporary Edens is a perpetual lure certainly not confined to writers, who sooner or later discover that the islands of their existence are, in truth, the tops of their desks.

I HAD been back to Scotland quite often on brief visits, to see my parents as they grew old, into their eighties; but somehow I had never dwelt much on how I had got from there to wherever I was at the time. Then I spent the entire summer of 1980 in Scotland, on an escapade with my son and some friends, digging up a plastic box—a time capsule—that we had buried nine years previously, on the fringes of the golf course at St. Andrews. That summer, I spent a lot of time with my sister Kathleen, who had been my great ally in the turbulence of our growing up. Our parents were dead, and we had met only scantily in recent years, but as the deep-green summer rained and rained we found ourselves almost involuntarily rummaging in the past as if it were a miscellaneous attic chest, startling ourselves at a remembered name, to a point at which we were mesmerized by remembering. We had photographs and documents that we had saved from clearing up our parents' papers, but we discovered that in the interaction of our memories we had much more. We re-created our parents from the point that we began, not in any systematic way but in flashes, days and seasons in a single vision. The rain watered my memory, and I found my whole abandoned beginnings seeping slowly back, even into dreams.

I was born in a village called Whithorn, in the soft southwest of Scotland. It was my beginning; and, reaching back to it, I realize that for me it has remained in a time warp of its own—my personal Eden, in that although it was lost, the aura that comes back with remembering it stems from a time when house, family, garden, village, and friends were all I knew of the world, when everything had the glow of wholeness, when I had no idea of the passing of time except as anticipation. What I have discovered, too, are the contradictions—in many cases, our own mythifications of that time, the recountable, bookshelf version, which we put together to anchor the past in place. Even so, the myth is bound to predominate; we cannot become who we were or lose what we now know.

Whithorn lies close to the tip of one of the southern fingers of the part of Scotland known as Galloway: isolated, seldom visited, closer across the Irish Sea to Northern Ireland than it seems to the rest of Scotland; closer, too, to Ireland in the softness and cadence of its speech. It is rich, low-lying, carefully cultivated dairy country, with a few small fishing ports, and has a douce, mild climate, thanks to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, which has made certain Galloway gardens famous for their exotic transplantings. Whithorn was also a beginning for my parents. My father came from the midlands of Scotland, a member of the large and humorous family of a schoolmaster I never knew. My father had interrupted his divinity studies at Glasgow University to serve as a combatant in the First World War, and had been wounded in the Second Battle of the Somme; had married my mother, who had recently graduated as a doctor from Glasgow University; and had returned, with the war behind him, to pick up his existence. In 1921, he was chosen and ordained as Church of Scotland minister in Whithorn. The church stood on the site of Whithorn Priory, the first Christian settlement in Britain, founded on the arrival of St. Ninian, in the year 397, and a very early place of pilgrimage. It was my father's first charge, a village of some seven hundred, embracing the surrounding farms. My parents firmly took root there, my father healed over from the war, which nevertheless always troubled his memory, my mother had a house to turn into a household, and in later years they always spoke of these beginnings as a lucky time in

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their lives, for Galloway contains the kindest of people in all that flinty country—all in all, a good place to begin in.

In shape, Whithorn looks much like a child's drawing of a village: built on a slope, it has a single main street—the houses on each side of it joined in a single façade, no two of them, however, exactly alike—which widens like a mandolin as it descends to a semblance of a square, where the shops cluster, where the bus pulls in. The street narrows again and runs to the bottom end of the village, where, in our day, the creamery and the railway station stood adjacent to each other. Every morning, the miniature beginnings of a train would start out from Whithorn: a wagonful of full milk churns from the creamery destined for Glasgow; a single passenger coach, occasionally carrying those who had business in the outside world. Whithorn was a place easy to learn by heart. All round it lay the farms and, beyond them, infinitely, the sea.

As minister, my father had the gift of the manse to live in (the houses of Scottish ministers are always called manses), and the manse in Whithorn was an outpost, set apart from the village. From the main street, under an old arch bearing Whithorn's coat of arms, a lane led, first, to the small white church that was my father's charge, surrounded by a well-kept graveyard, where we sometimes practiced our reading from the gravestones. The lane continued left past the church, crested a small rise, and ran down, over the trickle of a stream, to the white gates of the manse. A gravel drive led up to the manse, past a long walled garden on the right; a semicircle of huge elm and beech trees faced the house from across the drive. Behind the house were stables and out-houses, and all around lay green fields. If you trudged across them, careful in summer to skirt the golden edges of standing oats and barley, you reached the sea—an irresistible pilgrimage.

The manse had the quality of certain Scottish houses—a kind of good sense realized in stone, made to last. There were ample rooms: attic rooms, where we children slept, and played on wet days, as we were born in turn; a study for my father, separated from the stepped-down kitchen by a long flag-stone corridor, which led, through

sculleries and pantries, to the garden. But it is a peopled place, not an empty house, in my memory. My eldest sister, Margaret, was born two years before my parents came to Whithorn; but there, in the house, my sister Kathleen, I, and my younger sister, Lesley, saw the light in that order, so that we became a tribe, and fell into the rhythms and ways of the place—a wondrous progression that I took in whole, with wide, unjudging eyes.

Whithorn was not at all well-to-do but thrived, rather, on the comfortable working equilibrium of that countryside. Some of its inhabitants went to sea, fishing, but most farmed; the creamery kept the dairy herds profitable; and the place had a kind of self-sufficient cheer that it needed, for it was truly at the end of a long, far line—it and its small seaport village, the Isle of Whithorn, a few

miles beyond it, on the coast. There were not many comings and goings, and, so isolated, the people became their own sustenance, and had the warm grace of the countryside. Seven hundred people, if they do not actually know one another, know at least who everyone is. The village had the habit of churchgoing: besides my father, there was a United Free Church minister and a Catholic priest, shepherding even tinier flocks. The three of them became good friends. Like the doctor and the local solicitors, they had essential functions in the community. It was a harmonious place, with no sides, no sharp edges. My birth certificate bears the spidery signature of James J. Colquhoun, the local registrar, who had a head like a shrivelled eagle and wore pince-nez, and who had memorized the local population and its ancestral connections so well that he often greeted people by reciting their family tree to them—or, at least, the lower branches.

The manse, the center of our world, hummed with our own lives. It had the equilibrium that families often arrive at for a time before they break up into individual parts. Our household had its own modes and habits, which were set by the design of our parents' lives. Our parents fascinated us as children—during our growing, in particular—for, separately, they had natures about as opposite as seemed possible to us, yet they were never



separate, and were noticeably devoted. My father, soft-spoken, gentle of manner, edging on shy, with a natural kindness and humor never far from his eyes, grew to be much liked in the place. When we walked with him, people would greet him warmly, and we would include ourselves by clutching at him. When we were assembled as a family, at meals, or on fire-circling evenings, he would question us, tease us, tell us stories; at other times he might take us, singly, on visits to farms; but often, poised at his desk reading, or sitting in an armchair with an unfixed gaze, he seemed to have pulled over him a quilt of silence, to be inhabiting an unreachable solitude. We grew used, also, to his different presences. On Sundays, he appeared in the pulpit, wearing his robes and a grave face, and we listened more than anything to the measured cadence of his pulpit voice. After church, except when it was raining, we waited for him in the garden, for he took a shortcut across the fields and dropped over the garden wall, returned from gravity into fatherhood, much to our relief.

My mother revered my father; and, as if to insure his chosen quiet, she forswore the practice of medicine, and took over control of the house, the household, and us children, delegating us tasks according to our abilities. As with all houses in the country, there were endless chores, always a need of hands. The Church of Scotland paid its ministers very small stipends indeed, and although the manse were substantial houses, some of the more remote of them had fallen behind in time. We drew all our water from a hand pump—a domestic replica of the village pump—in the scullery off the kitchen. It was the obligation of the last pumper to leave behind three full buckets. The house was heated by coal fires and lit by oil lamps. These I would watch my father assemble on the lamp table, where he filled them, trimmed the wicks, and polished the funnels—a task I apprenticed myself to as soon as I could. We willingly ran on errands to the village like missions—for it was a common practice there to send notes by hand, using the mails only for letters to the world. When my two older sisters were in the village school, I inherited their task of walking across the fields to the creamery with a pitcher, to have it filled with still warm milk, and would wander home slowly by way of my private shrines.

My mother, whose father, younger

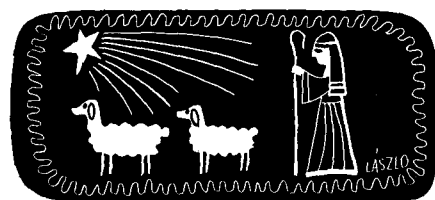
sister, and brother were all doctors, showed no impulse to practice medicine. I suspect now that, having grown up in a medical household, tied always to one end of a wire of availability, she did not want ours to be so bound. But we got to know the local doctor well, and my mother would stand in for him when he was away, sometimes seeing his patients in the kitchen, which we would unclutter for the occasion. Neither was it uncommon for her to be summoned by an anxious knocking late at night when the doctor was out on call and could not be found. She did not, however, believe in sending out bills for any medical services, and never did. Added to that, my father's stipend was paid in part according to the old Scottish tithing system, whereby farmers who cultivated church land paid a tithe of their crop, or its market value, to help sustain the parish, so we had more than a passing interest in the harvest. As a consequence, our larder, with its long blue slate counter, was regularly replenished with fresh eggs, butter, oats, potatoes, game—the green abundance of that patiently farmed place. My father never carried money, nor did we, unless we were ordered to for something specific. At intervals, he paid all the bills at a stroke, totalling them carefully and going out the next day to the bank to take out the necessary sum. Occasionally, he would let us look at the notes before he paid them over, but I had not grasped the idea of money, and it did not interest us much—except for my sister Margaret, who was already plaguing us with knowing school airs.

My father's single obsession was with cars, and he drove very fast—this always surprised and delighted us—about the countryside, on his pastoral visits, in an ancient Fiat that looked half like a carriage. We had a network of friends on the surrounding farms, some of which were close enough for us, when we reached a certain age, to point ourselves like crows toward them, navigating the fields and stone dikes in between. I loved the days on the farm—the rituals of milking, still by hand; the work that changed according to season and weather—and I

used to stay over at one farm, Broughton Mains, for haying in June, and for the golden weeks of harvest in late August: days we passed in the field, helping or playing; days punctuated by the women bringing hampers of food they had spent the morning preparing; the fields orderly at the end of the day, the bound oats in their rows of standing clumps; days that felt like rites. After we had left Whithorn, I would go back to Broughton Mains for the peak of the harvest, immemorially, for there that drama of abundance crowned the whole year.

We spent as much as we could of the daylight of our lives then outdoors, the house a headquarters among the fields and climbable trees, or a shelter on days of rain or raw weather. Sometimes we would be recruited in a body to help in the garden—a string of small bearers, baskets of weeds on our heads. My world at that time embraced five villages, a dozen farms, a river and three beaches, some houses we visited often, a countable number of friends we knew by name. We sailed sometimes on a fishing boat out of the Isle of Whithorn, and we often watched the five or six local boats come in with their catches, sometimes with herring for the taking. My father preached there on odd Sunday evenings, in a small white church that protruded into the harbor, waves sometimes leaving their spray on its latticed windows during the service. Galloway mostly has soft winters and early springs, and we learned and looked for signs of growing, we followed the progress of the garden and the sown fields surrounding us, we eavesdropped on the farms, trying to pick up nuggets of country wisdom, and we practiced looking wisely at the sky.

From quite early on, our household grew its own legislative procedures when it came to deciding the shapes of days. Decisions, serious decisions, it was understood, lay with my father; but my mother was his plenipotentiary, and our initial dealings—from trivial to urgent—took place through her. She drove hard bargains, and sometimes we would waylay my father to appeal her rulings, for he was a natural peacemaker, patient in argument, attentive to language, and, we felt, fair. It was action my mother believed in, and if we wanted to talk to her it generally meant joining her in turning a small chaos of some kind into active order. She, too, had different manifestations. We overheard her at times



talking to a patient—certain, quiet, reassuring. My father had a fair number of callers, and she had the skill of a diplomat in seeing that they did not consume his time. But when we wanted to talk to her it might involve holding a skein of wool for her to wind into a ball, or picking gooseberries by the basketful while we plied her with questions, which she answered crisply, her hands never still for a moment.

There is one period that I find comes back to me with particular clarity, but I am also aware of having mythified it: I had barely turned four; Margaret and Kathleen, in the turn of the years, were away all day at school; my sister Lesley, still a baby, slept in her pram most of the time outside the front door, which the swallows that nested in the stables every year swooped past all day long. The days then were my own, and I wandered on a long lead from the house, walking the flat-topped garden wall, damming the stream, skirting the bees, poking in the stables, and gravitating, in between quests, to the house. Outside, I was busy peopling my solitude, but when I came in I would find myself in the flagstone corridor, the steps down to the kitchen and my mother's domain at one end, the closed door to my father's study at the other. Some days, turning right, I would seek out my mother in the kitchen as she was baking, stocking the larder ahead of our appetites, and I would sit at a corner of the kitchen table, fascinated by the soft grain of its worn wood, while my mother, who, although she preferred working company, also liked company while she worked. I always took the opportunity to nudge her with questions, for I was extremely unclear about the obvious differences between the conditions of the visitors who came to see my father and those who on occasion would wait their turn to see my mother. When my father was talking with a parishioner in the front room, all that came through the closed door was a murmur of voices, but when my mother saw patients in the kitchen we heard, more than once, discomfiting cries from that end of the corridor. Were there some people who might call to see *both* my father and my mother? My mother avoided metaphysics,

but she would give me occasional small seminars on things like the digestive system, or why we yawn—hardly the whole medical education I was keen to extract from her. Sometimes I would go with her on an errand to town, and she would explain to me who people were, what they did, their names—teaching me the village and its ways, for she had chosen to live within its particularities happily and actively, and she was the source of our tribal energies.

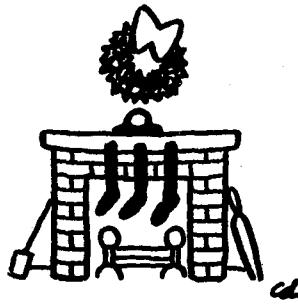
On other days, I would turn left along the corridor, open the door to my father's study, quietly, as I had learned to do, and find him at his desk, wreathed in smoke, a pool of concentration. He always took me in—he had his own quiet, and did not need silence—and sat me on a hassock by the stretch of bookshelves that held atlases, books with pictures, and an illustrated history of the First World War. This I would lug out, volume by volume, lying full length and gazing in incomprehension at the sepia photographs of blighted landscapes and the skeletons of buildings. Sometimes, when I had his attention, he would begin to explain the pictures to me, or show me on the map where he had been, where the battle lines met, but never very long, for the subject frayed him. I remember sitting in that room of words and feeling, islanded by not being able to read, for I felt that words were my father's business—his reading, his sermons, his writings, the fact that people came to him for his words. Even now, I am still pacing that corridor.

In that encapsulated world, I lived in complete innocence of time, except that school was looming. I could not think of years as doing anything other than repeating themselves, nor did I want them to. But time did intrude, abruptly, into my wide-eyed world: we left Whithorn. My father accepted a call to a larger church, in Selkirk—a town in the Border district, much farther to the east, much larger, with working tweed mills, and set in rolling, forested sheep-farming country, crossed by rivers like the Tweed itself, salmon-famous. Needless to say, I had no voice in the moving, nor did I properly grasp its implications, for I

had no idea what moving meant. I had not, after all, moved anywhere before. When we did move, time began for me, and Whithorn became my first loss. After a jolt of dislocation, I found myself in a place I could not recognize, full of strangers, everything to be learned again, and I begged my parents to go back. Bitterly, I mourned for Whithorn, in uncoöperative silence, before I began to take a wary look around me. Selkirk was almost ten times as big as the village, and our house had a bigger garden, lawns, a small wood, more and grander rooms, hills to look at, even gaslight. It stood not far from the marketplace, which brimmed with shoppers and gossip; it had a telephone and a constancy of visitors; but I hung back from it, looking bewilderedly backward through the glass that had suddenly slid between me and a place that I had belonged to and that had also belonged to me. Leaving Whithorn was my first experience of acquiring a past; what I had left behind forever, I think, was the certainty of belonging—something I have never felt since.

What kept Whithorn alight and gave it an Edenic cast in my backward vision had to do with the natural world, the agrarian round, a way of life I had seen and felt as whole. From now on, these harmonies gave way to the human world, to other sets of rules and obligations, to a localism we were still strangers to, as we were to the different lilt in the voices. School began for me, and I did not find it an arrangement that I took to, except that I realized that if I were to go through with it I would know how to read at some point, and the books in my father's library would open and talk to me. As children, we were before long occupied in putting together new worlds of our own, making friends, laying down landmarks. In Scotland, the Border towns, ravaged across centuries by continued skirmishing with the English on both sides of the border, had an aggressive localism to them, something approaching a fortress mentality. Not to be born in Selkirk, we soon found out, amounted to an irremediable flaw; in the eyes of the staunchest locals we were naturally blighted, outsiders by definition—a tag I accepted quite happily, for I had come to much the same verdict about Selkirk.

Whereas Whithorn, with seven hundred people, had been a particular-



ity, Selkirk, with around six thousand, remained an abstraction. Since it was bigger and much less remote—Edinburgh was not much over an hour away—many more things seemed to happen, and my parents' lives grew brisker; that made them less accidentally accessible to us. My father had a larger study, upstairs, with a window seat from which we could look south to the hazy blue of the Cheviot Hills, where the border with England lay. I laid an early claim to that seat as my reading post, and sometimes, struck book-deaf, I would have to be dragged from it, my eyes forcibly unfixed from the print. A large kitchen on the ground floor became a kind of operations room, which my mother ran just as energetically as she had run the smaller universe of Whithorn. Our household tasks multiplied, and the burden of a bigger garden spoiled my relations with the soil for a considerable time. With several doctors in the town, my mother gave almost no attention to medicine—at least, until the war loomed. My medical curiosity dried up for the time being; but my father, as if suddenly realizing my new literacy, decided to teach me Latin and Greek, for he had been a good classicist. He was patient and enthusiastic at the same time, and I was a diligent pupil, for I felt that these lessons were at last giving me entry into my father's province. When I came to take classics in school, I was well ahead, but I kept the fact secret, because it lightened the burden of work we were always scrawling away at with inky fingers.

Where Whithorn had been purely a rural community, Selkirk had a different class structure, in part agricultural—a way of life we were in tune with, although after dairy farms I found sheep country dull and somnolent—and in part industrial, for the woollen mills were clustered in the valley along the River Ettrick, at the foot of the town, and sounded their sirens morning and evening. Millowners, landowners, farm workers, millworkers—the town had an intricate hierarchy. Again, ministers, doctors, lawyers, by dint of their professions, moved easily across those class lines, but the town itself was stiff with them. We found ourselves referred to as the manse children, and a certain expectation of virtue was pinned to us with the phrase. As a doctor's children, too, I suppose we were expected to be models of health. My mother was the

most downright of doctors, and, I think, suspected the sick mostly of malingering. We certainly could not fool her with imaginary ills; but when she had to doctor one of us with any seriousness we saw her change, as my father did on Sundays, into someone serious and separate from us.

Margaret, my eldest sister, and Lesley, my youngest, formed a kind of parenthesis to our family. It was Kathleen and I, closest in age and temperament, who compared notes, speculated, pooled information; and it was with Kathleen that I shared my perplexities over religion, my father's domain. We were by now well used to his transformations from old gardening clothes into the dark formality, clerical collar in place, tile hat in hand, that a wedding or a funeral demanded; but while in Whithorn churchgoing had seemed a cheerful family occasion, in Selkirk the lofty, well-filled church wore a kind of pious self-importance, and churchgoing took on a solemnity we had not bargained for. Saturday nights, we would get out of the way early, leaving my father settled in his study, hunched into the small hours over the bones of his sermon for the next day. On Sundays, he would appear for breakfast already shaved, dressed, and collared, and would set out for church well ahead of us, leaving us to ready ourselves for the summoning of the church bell. The manse pew, where we were obliged to sit, was prominently placed, so my mother, who took appearances much more seriously than any of the rest of us, decreed that, barring emergencies like the Great Plague, three of the four of us would attend church with her every Sunday morning—in a rotation we sometimes used as a trading currency. Churchgoing was something I grew used to, letting my mind wander about in an uncontrolled mixture of attentions; but as I took in the bewildering anthology of human faces—I gazed as often as I dared at a man with white hair and a ginger mustache—I was listening in a subliminal way to the cadence of my father's voice, mesmerized by the sudden incandescence of a phrase, fascinated by the convoluted metrics of certain hymns, stirred by the grave mea-

asures of the liturgy, aware of language as a kind of spell, and astonished when, freed by a dismissive organ voluntary, the congregation made its way out into the unsanctified air, and all burst out talking at once, as though to make up for the imposed silence of church.

But to be left at home one Sunday out of four, to be alone, with the run of the house—that was the time we coveted. We were obliged only to keep an eye on whatever was simmering on the stove. We were expected to be chiselling away at homework. But the whole house was ours for a church-length, and we could open otherwise forbidden doors, drawers, and books, and play the piano without fear of being heard, although sometimes I would wander slowly from room to room just to take in the rarity of the silence. Everything had to be back in place before the gate clicked and the churchgoers tumbled in, smug with virtue but glad to be freed from the weight of it. Sunday lunches were events. More sumptuous than usual, they awaited my father's return, unrobed, and predictably cheerful, for he had cleared what seemed to us his week's work—or, at least, its main hurdle—and the rest of the day lay ahead for us like a gift of time, before Monday dawned.

Kathleen and I at one point befriended Tom the Beadle, the church janitor, and, borrowing his keys, we would sometimes go exploring in the empty church: the halls underneath it, which smelled of musty stone; the cushioned vestry, where my father changed; up the back staircase into the church itself, and into the pulpit, where, however, we did not linger. In time, we learned to start the organ and play whatever scraps of music we had at our fingertips, but we were eventually banished by Tom, who feared, I think, that one day we would be tempted to pull the bell rope—his most public and audible formal duty. I feel that what perplexed us then was the sense, where religion was concerned, of having backstage connections. I realize now that I never felt a religious fervor: for me, the mysteries lay elsewhere. Very early, I had worked out the idea that God, in some



inexplicable way, was my father's boss, and I saw church services from backstage as weekly programs with minor variations. Besides, my father was much less a religious thinker than an instinctive comforter and clarifier. I knew that he hid his shyness behind an assumed solemnity, and what concerned me most was that his parishioners saw and heard only his grave public self, not the person he changed into when he came back to us, teasing, telling stories, gloom gone. He never laid down laws, nor did we ever discuss religion: questions of doubt or belief did not trouble him, for he was less interested in religious dogma than in its human translation. For him, being a minister implied the same human practicality that was my mother's dimension. We used to suggest to them that they work as a team, but in fact they did just that. It was in his human form that we worshipped our father. His more formal self he left behind in the vestry, with his robes. He forgave us our irreverence—he abhorred piety, and did not make us feel any obligation toward virtue. Our family image concerned my mother much more, but our natural anarchy prevailed. Their differences captivated us more and more. My father had infinite patience, my mother very little; and although she was as voluble as he was quiet, she never read, while I had entered a whole universe of reading, and my father would leave books lying about for me to discover. I always read during his sermons, a volume of Oxford World's Classics, which were luckily bound like Bibles; my father, too shy to let me know that he knew and did not mind, always gave me a new World's Classic for my birthday. Yet although I had moved into my father's domain of language, I still had a secret fixation on being a doctor—an unmentioned ambition I shelved once the war had begun, for medical students were exempted from military service and I had no wish to be.

Selkirk enclosed us in its rituals, Whithorn receded; and I suppose I began to think of it quite early as my childhood, my lost past, for the connections thinned and the haunting subsided in the frenzy of the present. I now think of that time in Selkirk, when the war loomed, as the beginning of disintegration—a movement from that once glimpsed wholeness toward a splintering of time, the oncoming of many separations. We would never belong again, in that first sense. In Selkirk, I worked on farms in my

vacations, and at a nearby grain mill with a waterwheel, whose owner would give me work when I wanted it, and used to put away a part of my wages for me "just in case," as he would say. I haunted the green and bountiful countryside, but it did not haunt me back. Still, the town grew familiar, wearable, and the vast house enclosed us, although in increasingly separating solitudes, rooms of our own. I can remember those years most easily by the steady progression through school; but we were well aware of the slow edging into war, and then, during the Sunday-morning service, I remember Tom the Beadle suddenly entering the church and painfully climbing the pulpit steps to whisper in my father's ear, and then my father's quiet announcement that war had been declared.

The war disrupted ordinary human time. For anyone over fifty, besides, it forms a huge hinge in time. Nothing, we knew, would be the same again. Our childhood was over at a stroke. The town kept the skeleton of its old life going, but it became the center of a new and shifting one—troops passing through or stationed nearby, local people taking off into uniformed uncertainty, air-raid drills, austerities, school periods given over to cultivating an enormous food garden, my mother becoming attendant medical officer at a recruitment center, my father summoned to serve on a variety of committees, blackouts every evening. From that time on, throughout the war, I cannot put my memory in any presentable order, although I can pull back pieces and happenings in abun-

dance. The impediment to memory, I suspect, is that none of that time was chosen time. In the service, we were moved about the world by decisions so anonymously distant from us that they might have been dice throws; and whatever happened—grotesque, exasperating, ludicrous, horrible as it may have been in its happening—soon receded into impermanence, because forgetting made the war much easier to survive than remembering. It scarcely arises now, either in memory or in dream, for I have instinctively enclosed it in a warp outside real time. It makes no more sense in the memory than it did in its nightmare reality.

The war dispirited my father, and he brooded more; but we were all so occupied then that we never stopped to take stock. The war sent us children in different directions, and gave years time to pass. We did not project any future, but after that we met as a family only rarely or accidentally. I felt that my past had been wiped off the blackboard, and that only when the war was over could my chosen life begin. Whithorn, our early Eden, our world without end, our calendar of growing, had vanished forever; and when I went home on leave just before going overseas I realized that our family had changed from a whole into separate parts. The war aged my parents, and when it was over my father moved back to the kindlier west, to a village parish, even smaller than Whithorn but tuned to the seasonal round. When I visited my parents there, separate though we now were, in time, in place, in mind, I saw how close they were, and how the corridor that had preoccupied me with its polarities had been more an illusion of mine than anything else. What I inherited firmly from my father was the way he used time. Knowing what he had to do, he gave his days a shape of his own devising, for he was not bound by any timetable except on Sundays. Sitting at his desk in the evenings, he put his world in order. He owned his own time, and I wanted to do the same somehow. With my mother, I still argued, but we children had always had to bargain for time with her, because she had the kind of restless zeal that fumes at those who do not share it. I found among my father's papers a letter she had written to him when she was in her seventies, from an Edinburgh hospital during a brief stay, a love letter of such tenderness that it made me realize how close they had been, how dependent on each



Barbara Jones

other, across what seemed to us the gulf of their difference.

AFTER the war had cooled and subsided and I had separated myself from Scotland, my shifting life began—a long series of transitions. It was too late to return to the garden but not to inhabit temporary gardens. Of the string of houses and countries I inhabited, my memories are clearer—or, at least, clarifiable—since I can recall roughly why I was there, what I was doing, the people who came and went at the time. I still have many friends from these travelling years, and sometimes, scrambling about in the past, a friend and I will come up with something surprising and illuminating to both of us. My son and I, during our travels, spent three years at the end of the sixties living on an old Thames barge converted to a houseboat and moored in a line of others at Chelsea Reach, in London. Not long ago, we sat down and deliberately set about remembering. It was like dredging the Thames, for we recovered a lot of flotsam—sounds and sayings, the sway of the boat rising on the tide, the names and manners of our floating neighbors, incidents, accidents, the cast of characters who crossed our gangplank. We swamped ourselves with memory, and returned to the present with a start.

Certain houses, however, retain in my memory a vividness that amounts to haunting—a mill where I once lived in the French Basque country, a street in Barcelona that grew into the warmth of becoming a locality, a courtyard in Chile that no longer exists, the stony house in the mountains in Spain that served as a retreat for more than twenty years, and that I have absorbed, stone by stone, to the point of being able to assume its silence in my mind. The addresses serve only as starting points: the places are there to wind in, when we have to recall them to clarify the present. But these houses were theatres for such a multiplicity of happenings, of human connections, of moods and modes, that they are mostly touchstones to memory, fixed points for it to start up from, because the houses have, for the most part, outlived our occupation of them. What I find my memory doing is reaching back, by way of place, to re-people past time, to recover lost presences, forgotten emotions. I think I remember more vividly through the ear than through the eye. If I can recover a voice, if I can fix the image and

sound of someone talking, the atmospherics of place swim back with the sound, and the lost wavelengths reconnect themselves, across time, across absence, across loss. Voices remain living, and memory, for once, does not tamper with them. I can hear at will the measured phrasing of my father's pulpit voice, as I can the patient encouragement with which he led me through Tacitus, word by word.

I was with my father for the last month of his life, in a thick green summer, in the Border village he had come to rest in. Frail as he was, we would talk in the mornings, and it was to Whithorn that he always strayed, for it had remained his chosen place, the time of his life he liked to wander back to. He had once asked me, a year or two before, to take his ashes there when he died, and I had promised him solemnly that I would. The box of ashes sat in my desk drawer in London for over a year before I could make what is now a complicated journey back to that small, lost place; but I nodded to the box whenever I opened the drawer, and always felt the pull of memory, the trickle of forgotten details. I had negotiated for a small plot in the cemetery, and one Christmas I made the journey north. On a rainy, windswept morning, we buried the small box, attended by the incumbent minister and a small knot of aging parishioners, who remembered him and me. I called on those I still had attachments to, I walked the faint paths across fields more by instinct than anything else, I made a cursory visit to the manse. I did not stay long, for, inside, it had assumed the dimensions of other people—nothing to do with the images I carried. I did, however, verify that the corridor was not in fact endless but quite short, and found that the flagstones had given way to carpet. At twilight, coming back from a circuitous, meditative walk, I saw the manse light up suddenly in the early dusk, and it glowed through so many layers of time for me in that instant that it seemed like a ship that had been moored there forever, further back than I knew. I did not, however, decide to stay in Whithorn, although I felt myself no stranger.

There is a certain irresistibility about returning to past places: the visit may correct the memory or activate it, but it always carries an expectation of surprise. One fall during the sixties, I had to go unexpectedly to Edinburgh, and, seeing a bus that announced "SEL-

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KIRK" as its destination, I climbed aboard it, on a sudden whim, and was soon lumbering south, sparks flying in my memory as the countryside grew at first recognizable and then familiar. As I stepped down into the marketplace, several old films were all rolling at once in my head, and I made my way through a close toward the green back gate, latched on a spring, that I had shouldered open a thousand times. I sprang it open once more, to find not the cavernous house that had been our adolescent battleground, not the towering elm and the monumental beech hedge it had taken me two days to clip into shape, but nothing at all. Open air, bare ground, an idle bulldozer, and a man steadying a theodolite where the yew tree I used to hide myself in had stood. The man told me that within the year a whole housing scheme would take shape where our house once was. I did not go into the past with him. All I found was a surviving sliver of the garden wall, a thin, teetering pillar of stone; but I left without taking even a piece as a touchstone. My parents confessed later that they had not been able to bring themselves to tell any of us about the removal of the house; but the disquiet, I suspect, lay more with them, although Selkirk was a place they had never warmed to, never gone back to. In a country like Scotland, where to endure is all, razing an old house smacks of sacrilege, an insult to the past. Curiously, I was not particularly disturbed by its absence. Physically, it no longer existed, true, and so could not contradict or confirm by its presence the mass of memory it had generated. But I felt that if I were to apply my memory patiently I could rebuild it, restore it, people it, putting together the enormous jigsaw puzzle of detail to arrive at the wholeness of a household. But, as Borges reminds us often, forgetting is not only desirable but necessary; otherwise memory would overwhelm us. What haunts me most of all, however, is that the house has not gone, nor have our memories been wiped clean of it. All I would have to do is find the thread ends and slowly reel it all in, from dark to light, as when, at the fall of dark, I would go round the selfsame house from room to room carrying a lighted taper. I would turn on the gas and hold the flame close to the mantle until it went "Plop!" and lit up, opening my eyes to a room that no longer exists but is there somewhere, should I ever want it back.

—ALASTAIR REID

THE ART WORLD

Pleasure

THE year's art books lollygag in a dozen windows up and down Madison Avenue, inviting conspicuous consumption. Monographs on masters old and brand-new, definitive overviews, sumptuous exhibition catalogues proclaim their status as ideal gifts, honoring both the giver and the receiver, and are not all that expensive, relatively speaking. Compared with a slim contemporary novel that sells for \$19.95, a copiously illustrated forty-dollar art book looks like a bargain. Although the 1985 crop does not strike me as a particularly distinguished one, quite a few titles have distinct visual pleasures to offer. Visual pleasure is in short supply in the contemporary art world; the hedonism that colors our approach to other areas of life—to education and to religion, for example—does not seem to apply to contemporary art, whose devotees swear by the bellicose statement, the uncompromising position, or, sometimes, the Bronx cheer. Art books are at a considerable remove from works of art, however, and even the most uncompromising statement has a way of looking more temperate when it is reproduced on glossy paper. The majority of art books exist mainly to give pleasure, and success in this area has been the basis for the following selections.

For the third year in a row, Braziller has published a facsimile edition of a well-known twentieth-century *livre d'artiste*. In 1983, it was Matisse's "Jazz;" last year it was Miró's "À Toute Épreuve;" and this year's offering is Picasso's "Góngora" (\$50). The text consists of twenty sonnets by the seventeenth-century Spanish poet Luis de Góngora y Argote, which Picasso copied out in his own handwriting. He embellished the margins of the pages with a wealth of sprightly images from his overflowing imagination, and he prefaced each poem with a full-page drawing, each (except one) depicting in Picasso's classical style the head of a young woman. (The exception is the first, which is a portrait of Góngora.) The original limited edition came out in Paris in 1948. The medium was etching—both drypoint and sugar-lift aquatint

—and since there was no color involved, only black and white, it might be assumed that a photo-offset facsimile would encounter fewer problems of reproduction than something like Matisse's color-saturated "Jazz." This, alas, is not the case. A comparison of the Braziller pages with the original book (in the Museum of Modern Art) shows that much has been lost, both in the quality of the paper and, especially, in the aquatint passages, where the subtle contrasts and the sense of volume that Picasso was able to get in his brushy expanses of black are no longer visible. This problem is less pronounced in the drypoint work, where Picasso's unerring line continually takes us by surprise. His handwriting, forceful and impatient (here and there, a word or a line has been scratched out and another written in next to it), makes a fascinating counterpoint to the sonorous rhythms of the poetry. Góngora was a famously difficult poet in his day, and his odd, often obscure metaphors must have appealed to Picasso's Spanish soul. (An English translation of the sonnets, by Alan S. Trueblood, accompanies the text;

there is also a buoyant introduction by John Russell.) In spite of the inevitable differences between a *livre d'artiste* and its commercial reproduction, the whole bravura performance comes off very well in the new edition.

THE most delectable fruit of the Metropolitan Museum's current "India!" exhibition is the four-hundred-and-seventy-eight-page catalogue that goes with it. No matter how awed and fascinated we may be by the gorgeous panorama of Indian art on view at the Met, the paintings and other objects are bound to seem somewhat alien to our understanding unless we have firsthand knowledge of the culture that produced them. The perfect guide is available to us, luckily, in Stuart Cary Welch, who organized the exhibition and wrote the catalogue. It is called "India: Art and Culture 1300-1900" (Metropolitan Museum/Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$65), and I cannot recall ever seeing such a wealth of material so beguilingly presented. Welch leads us through India's history and its incredibly complex cultural development in a prose so light and supple that it is literally difficult to stop reading. Of a sixteenth-century miniature painting called "Laur Fighting in the Forest,"



"Mrs. Youttsey's Floating Island is not floating. It capsized and sank."

for example, he has this to say: "While journeying through a forest, the hero Laur and his beloved Chanda rest beneath a tree, from whose branches Laur has suspended his buckler, when a gang of soldiers suddenly attacks them. Violence has rarely been painted more lyrically. The action unfolds beneath a sky of arabesques and a tree flowering with songbirds. Despite the impending slash of Laur's scimitar, his victim reclines with terpsichorean grace, either honored to be slain by so perfect a hero or unable to adjust his mood to life's reality. . . . For the delectation of a passionately aesthetic patron, a happy, engaging view has vanquished everything inartistic or even slightly unpleasant." Of Akbar the Great, who inherited the Mogul throne in 1556, at the age of fourteen, and presided over the great period of Mogul expansion on the subcontinent, Welch writes, "Akbar commissioned manuscripts, miniatures, and objets d'art just as he fought battles—unhesitatingly and with total clarity of command. A supreme patron, he in effect entered the minds and souls of great artists, through whom he painted pictures precisely as he liked them." Welch makes it possible for us to enter the mind and soul of Indian art to a degree that I find astonishing, in part because he makes the process seem effortless.

"The American Wing" (Metropolitan Museum/Knopf; \$50), another hefty volume co-published by the Met, is a fine tribute to that popular area of the museum. When it was first opened to the public, in 1924, the wing was something of an experiment. Up to that time, America's decorative arts and crafts, and even American painting and sculpture, had been considered decidedly inferior to Europe's. The Met was the first art museum to exhibit Early American furniture, silver, china, and glass on a regular basis, and the trustees were not entirely convinced that this was a good idea. As the museum's president, Robert W. de Forest, said at the opening ceremonies, he wanted to see whether American domestic craftsmanship was not a chapter, "or at least a paragraph," in art history, and now it was up to the public to decide. "We await, with interest, the verdict," said de Forest. The verdict was overwhelmingly favorable, and the American Wing, after numerous expansions, is still one of the most heavily visited parts of the museum. In the new book, all the

major and many of the minor works of art and craft have been beautifully photographed, often in closeup, and the magazine-style layout makes the period rooms look wonderfully livable. Marshall B. Davidson and Elizabeth Stillinger, who wrote the authoritative and lively text, tell us as much as we want or need to know about each piece, and not one jot more.

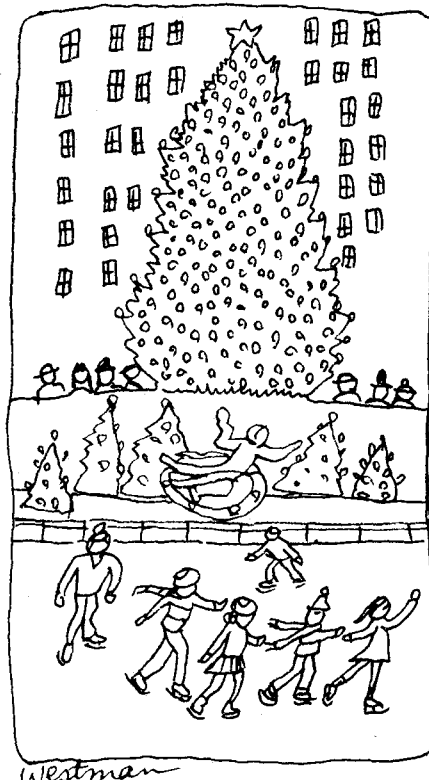
"John Frederick Kensett: An American Master," by John Paul Driscoll and John K. Howat (Worcester Art Museum/Norton; \$35), is the first important book ever written about this exemplary landscape painter (1816-72), whose reputation has risen in recent years from near-oblivion to a level just below the stratosphere. Kensett was much beloved by his fellow-artists of the Hudson River School. The book, which serves as the catalogue of an exhibition that is currently on view at the Metropolitan (through January 19th), includes an extremely interesting essay by Howat, the chairman of the Departments of American Art at the Met (we can't seem to get out of there today), describing the New York art world of Kensett's time. It was an era during which successful artists enjoyed a social prestige that was very different from our contemporary favorites' rock-star status. Kensett became one of the founding trustees of the Metropolitan Museum. He was also a promi-

nent member of many of the city's important cultural institutions. I can't think of a single contemporary artist of whom that can be said.

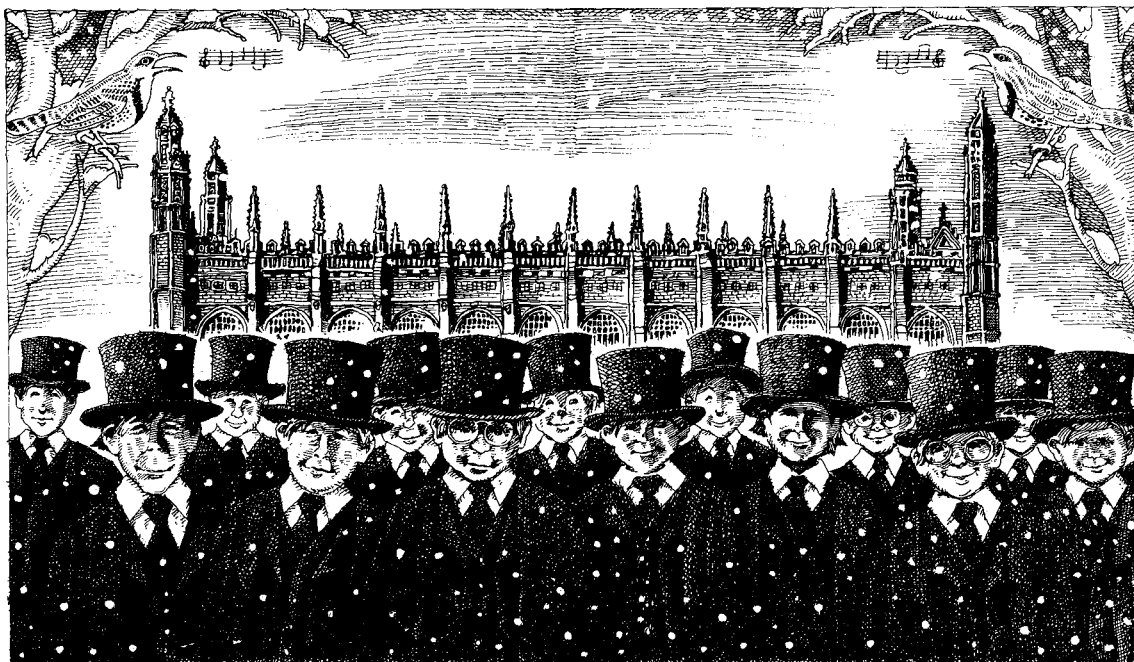
"I LOOK very hard then I make it up as I go along." That is how Neil Welliver characterizes *his* approach to landscape painting, an approach that owes as much to Abstract Expressionism as it does to the traditional realism of earlier painters like Kensett—whom Welliver greatly admires. "Welliver" (Rizzoli; \$60), with an introduction by John Ashbery and a text by Frank H. Goodyear, Jr., is an exceptionally agreeable art book. Although the Goodyear text goes on a bit too long, the reproductions of Welliver's large, intricate paintings are tipped in by hand, as reproductions used to be in the good old days, and they give quite an accurate sense of what the paintings look like. Welliver's favorite subject is the landscape of rural Maine. One of his ambitions is to make a "natural painting as fluid as a de Kooning," and in recent years he has come creditably close to that goal.

Helen Frankenthaler, another first-rate painter whose work has been well served by reproduction, comes off very strongly in "Frankenthaler: Works on Paper 1949-84," by Karen Wilkin (Braziller/International Exhibitions Foundation; \$35 cloth, \$20 paper). A catalogue of a travelling exhibition that was seen earlier this season at the Guggenheim, the book reinforces the impression I had when I saw the show: that this artist's gifts are most clearly realized when she works in watercolor. (It may also be that works executed on paper tend to reproduce better on the printed page.) Karen Wilkin's text is cogent and informative, and Frankenthaler's comments are well chosen. "It's all about risks, deliberate risks," she says of her work. "The picture unfolds, leads, unravels as I push ahead. Watching it develop, I seize it."

"James Rosenquist," by Judith Goldman (Viking; \$45), is the best portrait of a contemporary artist that I have read in a long time. The main pleasure here is the text, which shows the artist in more or less constant motion—working, relaxing, and going back to his home town of Grand Forks, North Dakota, to give a lecture (it was the first time he had been there in more than fifteen years) and talking a blue streak in his droll, elliptical fashion. Until quite recently, Rosen-



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quist was in the shadow of several more famous members of his artistic generation—the Pop Art generation of Warhol, Lichtenstein, and Oldenburg. He really has little in common with them or with Pop Art, as Goldman makes plain, and during the last few years he has come into his own with a series of very large, very daring, and very successful paintings, one of which, the twenty-four-foot-long "Flowers, Fish, and Females for the Four Seasons," is on permanent exhibition at the Four Seasons restaurant. Goldman's text illuminates the work as well as the artist, and more than compensates for the slightly washed-out look of the reproductions.

"Kurt Schwitters," by John Elderfield (Thames & Hudson; \$45), is the catalogue of the marvellous Schwitters exhibition that was seen recently at the Museum of Modern Art. Elderfield's lengthy text is a critical and historical study of this enigmatic artist, not a biography. It is the best book to date on Schwitters, whose work in several different areas (collage, performance, "environments," etc.) has had a large and somewhat unacknowledged influence on the course of art in this century.

"Dufy," by Alfred Werner (Abrams; \$40), would not have dared to show its face in the more rigorous art climate of ten years ago. Revisionism has rescued this artist from the taint of "mere decoration," however, and who can fail to be grateful? "Dufy is pleasure!" said Gertrude Stein. "Dufy's work will live," said Matisse. "My eyes were made to efface what is ugly," said Dufy, and there is not an unpleasing square centimetre in any of the jubilantly colorful landscapes, seascapes, race-track scenes, or domestic interiors that are reproduced (with notable success) in this book. Raoul Dufy worked very hard all his life, producing pictures, prints, murals, theatre and ballet sets, and a host of other decorative flourishes. The fresh and vivacious still-life of "Anemones" that is reproduced on page 165 was done only a few days before his death, in 1953. "Every night I go to bed happy and exhausted," Dufy said, "telling myself that I have worked to the limit of my resources and can die peacefully."

IN the matter of pure pleasure, however, none of the year's art books offer quite as much as "Rhapsody" (Abrams; \$35), which sets before us in intelligent detail Jennifer Bartlett's multipart painting of that name.

When "Rhapsody" was first exhibited, in 1976, at the Paula Cooper Gallery, it struck many people as the most ambitious contemporary painting of the decade. Currently on view, intact, in Bartlett's retrospective at the Brooklyn Museum (through January 6th), it seems to me even grander and more impressive than it did nine years ago. It is composed of nine hundred and eighty-seven enamelled steel plates, each one a foot square, on which Bartlett has made painting encompass the universal and the particular, abstraction and representation, narrative and landscape, minimal and maximal, movement and stasis, art and non-art, the sublime and the ridiculous. Conceived by the artist as a kind of "conversation" that would exist in time as well as in space, with many different themes weaving through it in unpredictable ways, it translates surprisingly well into book form. Although we do not see it whole, the ways in which the parts fit together are clarified, and the thinking behind the vast enterprise emerges in greater depth; it is like continuing the conversation on another level. Roberta Smith's introduction settles many questions of technique and intention. "Rhapsody," she writes, is not really a painting but a "great and imperfect epic, a visual event that unfolds and refolds in real time, real space, and above all, real thought, without ever leaving the wall."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

10:30 A.M.

CHEMICAL OCEANOGRAPHY Chair:
Thomas O'Connor, NOAA

• Volatile Halocarbons in Deer Island
Effluent and Boston Harbor

Philip Gschwend, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

• Organic Substances Discharged to Boston Harbor

Robert Eganhouse, University of Massachusetts, Boston

• Aspects of Toxic Organic Pollutant
Distributions in Boston Harbor and
Massachusetts Bay

Paul D. Boehm, John S. Brown and William G. Steinhauer, Battelle Laboratories

• Heavy Metals in Sediments of Boston Harbor

Michael H. Bothner, USGS, and Michael G. Fitzgerald, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

• Trace Metals in Boston Harbor: A Reassessment

Gordon Wallace, University of Massachusetts, Boston

12:30 P.M.

LUNCH Seaside Restaurant, Faneuil Hall Marketplace

—Program for an environmental conference at the New England Aquarium, in Boston.

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THE GOTTHARD WALK

GOETHE was twenty-six years old in 1775, when he first went to Switzerland. "Werther" had been published the year before. His fame had flared across Europe. Within a year, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar would invite him to take up residence in Weimar, the Athens of Germany; it would be Goethe's home and princely seat for the rest of his life. But before that Goethe had gone through months of storm and stress. The phrase, while not precise, is apposite. *Sturm und Drang* was the name given to that first, elemental German wave of sentimental expression and creation of which Goethe was the principal embodiment. Eventually—within him and because of him—it became transformed into a more mature, serene, discerning classicism. Evidence of this transformation was already there in the style of the great dramas that Goethe composed with furious speed in 1774 and 1775. It corresponded, too, with developments in his private life. He had fallen in love with Lili Schönemann, the daughter of a rich Frankfurt banker. She was his third great love within five years, and for the first time he became engaged. But he had also become more worldly-wise. He began to think that the Schönemann family, the stiff social circle of Frankfurt patricians, and perhaps marriage itself would not suit him. He fled to Switzerland.

He had been, he wrote, suddenly and surprisingly attracted to the romantic image of the Swiss. He wanted to see this "land of free peasants," with their "old-fashioned habits and mores [*Sitten*]," and he wanted to see the mountains. All this was something new. "Old-fashioned" was a bad word in the eighteenth century. More important, in that century mountains were still objects of horror to most people. In 1741, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—no mean traveller—wrote that she was "inclined" to return to Italy again and again, but the Alps were "very disagreeable." In 1765, the English radical John Wilkes—surely not a classicist—wrote, "The Apennines are not near so high or so horrible as the Alps. On the Alps you see very few tolerable spots; and only first, but very majestic." In 1769, Casanova went to Lugano, for the sole purpose, as he said, of having something printed there. But there was a change

in the air—including the very appreciation of the air itself. Lady Mary had written, "I think this air does not agree with my health." Less than a century later, people discovered that the mountain air, instead of being dangerous, was salubrious. A century after that, the English philosopher Owen Barfield wrote, "The economic and social structure of Switzerland is noticeably affected by its tourist industry, and that is due only in part to increased facilities of travel. It is due not less to the condition that . . . the mountains which twentieth-century man sees are not the mountains which eighteenth-century man saw." Thus the prosperity of Switzerland—until 1800 it had been one of the poorest countries of Western Europe—and the love of people for mountains began.

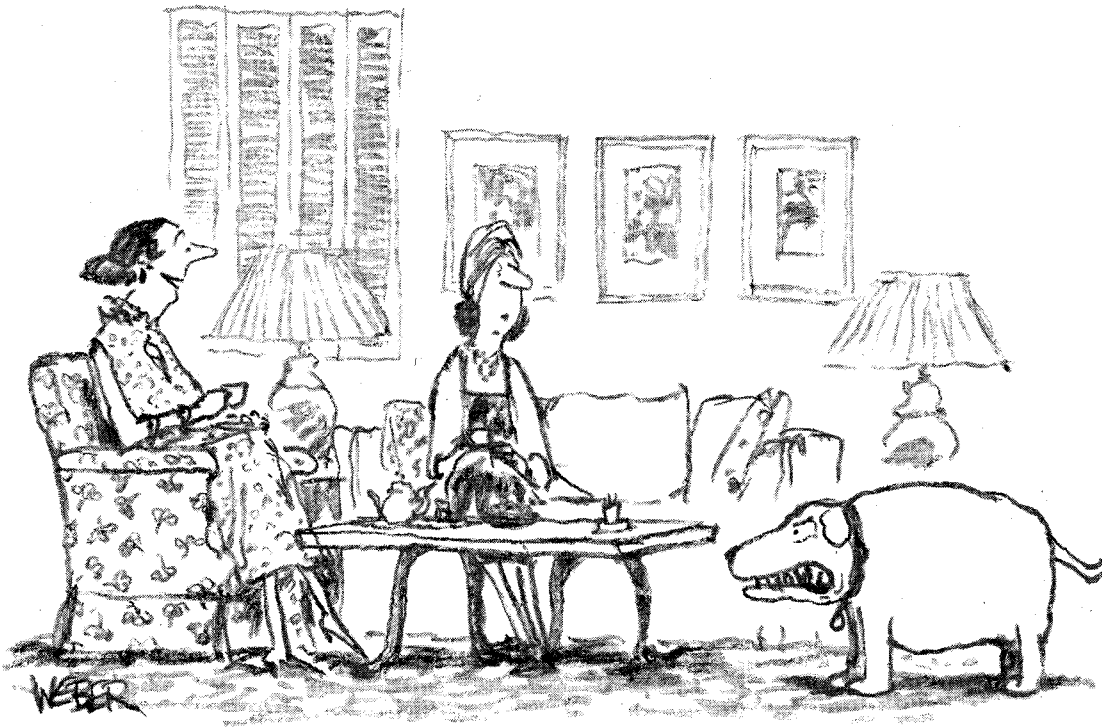
The Swiss Alps, Goethe wrote, "at first made so deep an impression on me that I was bewildered and restless. Only in later years . . . was I able to consider them with composure." In 1777, William Beckford, the English gothic novelist, wrote, "Were I not to go . . . to the [Swiss] mountains very often I should die." In 1789, the

Swiss writer and painter Hans Heinrich Meyer crossed the St. Gotthard mountains: "For a traveller who does not fear fatigue, how much more agreeable are the narrow and tortuous paths of the Alps than the wide roads of the low country, drawn as straight as a die." In 1820, William Wordsworth took much the same route. He wrote that "the arbitrary, pitiless, godless wretches, who have removed Nature's landmarks by cutting roads through Alps and Apennines, until all things are reduced to the same dead level, they will be arraigned hereafter with the unjust." His sister, Dorothy, added that it was "heavenly glory that hung over those cold mountains," and that their companion, Henry Crabb Robinson, "was drunk with pleasure, and made us drunk too." No one had written—or, presumably, thought—that way a mere generation before. It was a revolution of sentiment and of perspective comparable to another great revolution—the rediscovery of perspective at the beginning of the Renaissance, in Italy, four centuries before.

On his first trip, Goethe walked and climbed as far as the summit of the St. Gotthard pass, where he spent a night with the Capuchin monks at the hospice. He looked to the south longingly, toward Lugano and Milan, before he



"Let's face it, we're both fundamentally decent."



"Lily Belle is cross with me today."

turned back; this was eleven years before his famous descent to "the land where the lemon trees bloom." The Gotthard pass, about sixty-nine hundred feet high, was for centuries (and still is) the most direct route from northern Europe to the South. In 1356, Petrarch went through it from south to north, on his way from Milan to Basel; he did not waste a word on the mountains, spilling his prose on the beauties of Basel and the Rhine. In 1402, Adam of Usk, the English lawyer and chronicler, went through "Mount St. Gotthard and the hermitage on its summit, where I was drawn in an ox-waggon half dead with cold and with mine eyes blindfold lest I should see the dangers of the pass." In 1432, Enea Silvio Piccolomini, later the humanist Pope Pius II, went through the Gotthard, *aetatis* twenty-seven. He did not like it, but it was the shortest route. And when mountains were no longer horrible all kinds of people followed: Generals Suvorov and Desaix; Turner and Ruskin; Henry Adams and Horace Greeley; Renan and Rimbaud; conventicles of English travellers; groups of German tourists; and innumerable others in the nineteenth century—at least until 1882, when the great railway tunnel under the Gotthard mountains was completed. Even after that, this approach to Italy continued to inspire peo-

ple. As late as 1905, E. M. Forster, in "Where Angels Fear to Tread," wrote of "the supreme moments of her coming journey—the Campanile of Airolo, which would burst on her when she emerged from the Gotthard tunnel, presaging the future." "Promising Italy" would have been a better phrase, I think—even though that campanile happens to be a small one.

Hilaire Belloc and D. H. Lawrence walked over the Gotthard pass early in the present century. And now, in the century's twilight, it is still possible to walk the entire two-hundred-mile route from Basel to Lugano, in about fourteen days, thanks to the well-preserved and well-marked paths (*Wanderwege*) of the Swiss Arbeitsgemeinschaft für Wanderwege and to its recently reprinted booklet of the route, to the superb Swiss topographical maps, and to the presence, at the end of each day, of inns and sometimes hotels, even in the smallest of villages, with a hot bath in or adjoining one's room—a prime consideration for this aging scholar and traveller, in the sixty-second year of his life, and for his daughter Annemarie, *aetatis* sixteen.

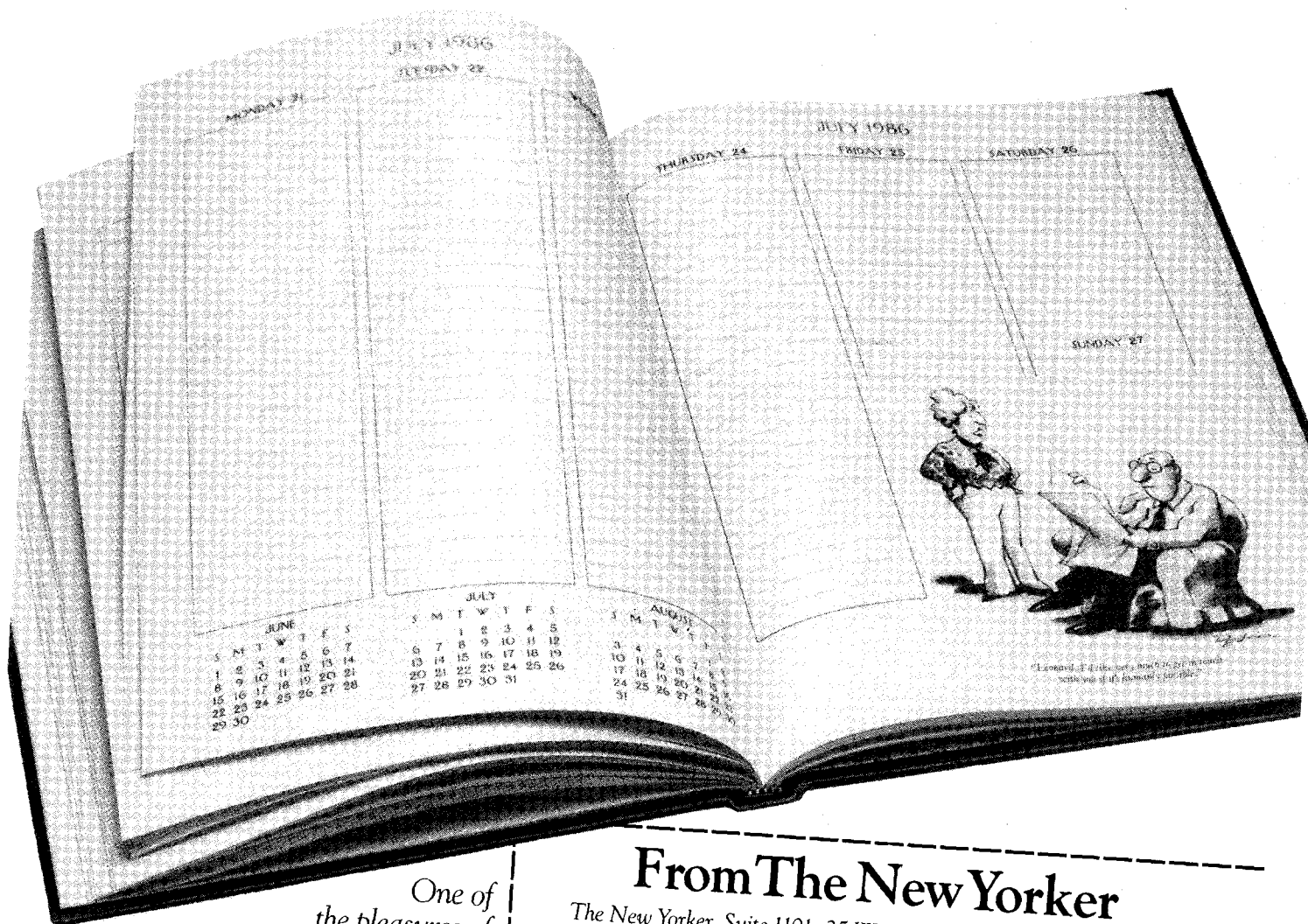
SO here we go, out of Philadelphia, boring our way through the dark May night above the Atlantic, changing planes in Heathrow, to rain-

shrouded Basel. We need a good rest to defeat jet lag and to prepare for the long journey ahead, especially because the first walking day will be difficult—nearly twenty miles. So I have a room booked at the Drei Könige, one of the last great traditional hotels, established almost a thousand years ago (in 1026) as Zur Blume (At the Flower). At that confluence and crossing of early medieval Europe, three rulers met within a year, including the last king of Burgundy. Then and there the name changed to the Three Kings, and it has remained so ever since, except for a few years during the republican flood that followed the French Revolution, when its then owners thought it politic to re-

name it the Three Moors. Bonaparte, Metternich, Dickens; the kings of Italy, Spain, Norway, Rumania, and Bulgaria; and the young Princess Victoria of England stayed there in the nineteenth century. In our century, Field Marshals Montgomery, de Lattre, and Mannerheim were among its guests. It is a very good hotel, breathing great comfort rather than luxury. The concierge, a courtly young Oriental, smoothly arranges the sending of our luggage to Lugano, for our return journey. Now we are travelling with backpacks. We are in our walking clothes—boots, no jacket, no tie. We shall not avail ourselves of the elegant hotel dining room, with its crystal-decked tables. We walk across the street to a town restaurant that was recommended by a charming Swiss woman on the plane. The porter accompanies us with a protective umbrella.

And here in Basel, in the warm, beery fug of the restaurant of the locals, with the rain pouring outside, I think of the last great world war, from which the Swiss were exempt. There is a sense of continuity—continuity even more than tradition—in this wood-panelled, high-ceilinged middle-class restaurant. Oddly, or perhaps not so oddly, it has a nineteen-forties touch. The great divide of 1939-45, which parted the lives of almost all

Remembrance of things future.



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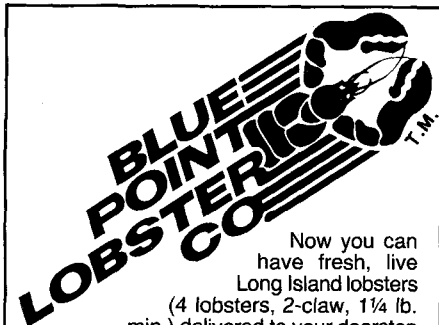
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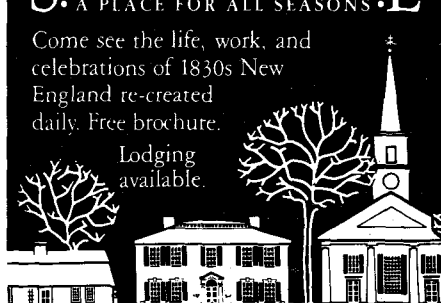
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Europeans (victors as well as vanquished), did not divide the lives of the Swiss. The year 1945 was no Year Zero for them, as it was for their great, tragic, bedevilled neighbor to the north. They had their emergencies during the war years, but their lives went on, and they stuck—sometimes thoughtlessly—to their customs of the past. Years ago, I read an article about the Swiss published in November of 1940 in Goebbels' cultural magazine, *Das Reich*. "What time is it in Switzerland?" the article's Nazi author asked rhetorically, and continued:

At times, it seems that it is 1840, not 1940. The past breathes from the old pieces of furniture, the ticking of an old clock—a dream of comfort and happiness in a close family circle, including the security of their possessions, of solid industriousness, of honorable family life. . . . If it were only possible to halt the march of history, the wheels that are rolling across the world. . . . It is difficult to make us understood here.

Even in that article one can detect the seeds of a kind of exasperated respect for the Swiss. And, as the war went on, the contempt that the champions of the heroic new Europe had been professing for the antiquated virtues embodied by the Swiss would change to a rueful admiration. Pierre Drieu La Rochelle was a brilliant French Fascist writer, who excoriated the bourgeois. Yet in 1943, in "Notes sur la Suisse," he wrote, "Switzerland is the plane of Europe, the plane where all the physical and metaphysical crossings meet, the crucial plane—it is not in vain that her emblem is a cross—it is a sacred place." In 1940, after the Germans had conquered all of Western Europe, some of the Swiss leaders said that Switzerland must accommodate itself somehow to the realities of a new Europe. No, said others: we did not accommodate ourselves before, and we shan't now. They prevailed. Their people prevailed. This place prevailed. It is strange and melancholy for someone born in Europe before the Second World War and raised there during it to find himself in a place whose spirit is the same as it must have been before and during the terrible storm, and among people in whose lives the war was not a monumental chasm.

AND now the first day of our wandering begins. The rain has lifted, but the sky is still gray, and so, under our lace-curtained window, is the quick-flowing Rhine, which I watch as I finish what I think will be

our last breakfast served in a hotel room for a while. According to the "Wanderbuch Gotthardroute," we must take the No. 14 trolley to St. Jakob, where the Swiss peasants and burghers fought a bloody battle in 1444 against a feudal army. At the bridge over the Birs River, our eyes meet the first of the small oblong yellow markers that indicate the route all the way to the Italian border. Even with our compass and maps, we will find these markers to be a great blessing. Not one of them has been defaced or bent or destroyed. When the path reaches more than four thousand feet above sea level, the markers include a red stripe. These colors are also painted on the trunks of trees and on boulders; they will enlighten our path till the end.

We begin to cross the northeastern Jura Mountains. For the first few hours, the ascent is not steep. Great beech trees stand over us as we trudge southward in the misty morning. We are alone; not until after the Gotthard will we see others making the same journey. When we are fifteen minutes out of Basel, the last joggers disappear. We are not high up and not many miles away from a great city, but we see only a few houses in the distance now—an odd experience for wandering Americans. The Old World is densely inhabited, but there are these long valleys of fields and forests between the swelling towns—a consequence of an age-old need for economy of space. In the New World, we are avaricious of time but spendthrifts of space.

Here and there we pass military signs on fences, and bunkers built during the Second, and perhaps even the First, World War to guard the northern approach to the central alpine redoubt. Most of them are still kept up. "Blessed are the people who have no history": a Chinese proverb, and, like some other proverbs, not true enough. The Swiss have their history, but it is different from that of their neighbors. Their national heroes during the last hundred years have been two military men, Generals Ulrich Wille and Henri Guisan, the commanders-in-chief in the world wars—military heroes because they kept their country out of war. A third hero is General Guillaume-Henri Dufour, who did fight a war—the minuscule war of the Sonderbund, in 1847, out of which the united Switzerland, with its national flag and national government, was born (more than five centuries after

the first establishment of Swiss independence: something that enthusiastic advocates of a united Europe ought to keep in mind). But this is not why General Dufour, monuments to whom stand in many Swiss cities, is a national hero. He established the scientific mapping of Switzerland, and he was instrumental in the founding of the Red Cross, whose original purpose was to care for wounded foreign soldiers in foreign wars.

A soft patter of raindrops on the myriad leaves changes to a steady splashing. This is our longest day of hiking. We must reach Waldenburg, nineteen miles from Basel. But "hiking" is probably not a good word. It is inadequate to describe this kind of progress, a combination of walking, marching, and climbing. "Trekking" would be better, except for its unattractive Afrikaans shape and sound. At any rate, this is our first experience of the kind, and it is less difficult than I feared. But I have a few irreverent thoughts about my famous predecessors. "The road is better than the inn," Cervantes said. This is the kind of Spanish heroic figure of speech that sounds better than it is (the opposite of what the English wit said about Wagner's music). *We* keep thinking—and I challenge other wanderers not to do the same—of how the inn at Waldenburg will be. I also think about Belloc, who walked out of the smoke and steam of England in the great railroad age, tramping to Rome alone. "The Path to Rome" is a grand book. He was full of spunk, history, and *propaganda fides*. Yet there is no word about *how* he walked. Did he have a backpack? What did he do with his clothing? Did he carry more than one change of clothes for the months it took him to walk from France to Rome? He spends many pages describing the hearty food and the honest red wine of Catholic peasants, but what happened when his tramping clothes were soaked? A sensible thought, because we are getting quietly drenched. Since I, too, will write about this wandering, there is now, as far as I am concerned, a literal truth to what Sir Walter Scott said about his harried financial existence: "Literature is a good staff but a bad crutch."

At noon, we descend in a rocky riverbed, having crossed the first saddle of the Jura. My daughter is thirsty and hungry. We reach Büren, the first village. In Büren, all is closed. But one of the inns opens up, we have a bowl of soup and something to drink,



"That's Good King William."

and I have a small cup of black, heart-and-mind-quickenings espresso. (I am too tough on Belloc. There was no espresso in Switzerland in his time.) We are triumphant. This is the longest day, and we are more than halfway to Waldenburg. We shall be there by six, having done the day's walk in eight hours, exactly as the experienced walkers of the "Wanderbuch" do it. But we are too sanguine. We have to cross two, three more mountain saddles. Twenty minutes of sun alternates with forty minutes of rain, and the climbing gets more wearisome as the day gets longer.

Ziefen and Titterten: two Alemannic Swiss villages, with their share of medieval houses, and with the pleasant smell of horse manure and hayricks in the stony yards. There is little of that in Germany now, except in the East. (It is curious that Germany is "l'Allemagne" in French: at least half the Alemanni of yore lived in what is Switzerland now.) Once more, we trudge up the shoulder of a mountain, opening and closing trestle gates

on the path. At a high point, we stop and see the undulating green wall of the Jura in a semicircle, and the little town of Waldenburg ahead of and below us. We are not yet in the Alps, and there is nothing particularly dramatic about the view, but its very peacefulness exhilarates: as you lift your eyes, your spirits rise with them. How strange is the evolution of our consciousness. Two hundred years ago, this landscape meant nothing to people. They averted their eyes from the snowy Alps, and ignored mountains such as the Jura. For the great landscape painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, landscape had to be either classical or familiar. Their paintings are filled either with the magic of a mythic past or with the shining presentation of the everyday. Our lives are different, of course. But the way in which our lungs fill up with oxygen as we look at this kind of scene is not simply attributable to the smoke of cities in the nineteenth century or to the automobile pollution thereafter. It is the result of a muta-

tion of our consciousness, beginning about two hundred years ago—part and parcel of the history of Western civilization. I respect the Japanese tourists who crowd into our museums and look at the Constables and the Poussins, but I don't think they see them—or the mountains—the way we do.

For my American daughter, too, things are different. She loves the tinkling of the cowbells, flat and toneless in the mountain air. They sound "like African tribes," she says. This is what her ear is used to, what she has heard on television or on records. To me they are the pastoral music of a sunken time: not of cathedrals but of parish churches *englouties*.

One must, as I said, *stop* to see the landscape. This is why travelling by foot is not ideal. For the purpose of seeing, hearing, smelling, contemplating things, it is, of course, preferable to whisking through large frames of time and space in an automobile. But walking is arduous, and one must keep one's eyes on the path rather than look at the surroundings. I suppose horseback or muleback was best. On foot, one does not get soaked with the day's images. Goethe travelled on horseback as far as Lucerne. But when he started south in Switzerland he was interested in people rather than in views. It was only after Lucerne that the Alps began to strike him as spectacular; he looked at them with a new eye, and began to stop and think how to paint them in words.

IN Lucerne, we spend the night in a comfortable commercial hotel, where one can loll in the tub. Uneasy question: Why is it that European hotels are now more comfortable and better appointed than American ones? I am not thinking of Europe's great luxury hotels, or of what remains of Old World service. But thirty years ago everything in a good New York or Chicago hotel was big and solid. Now the bathrooms, the appointments, the closets, tubs, toilets, hangers, towels are less substantial than those of a two-star, or even a one-star, hotel in Central Europe. In any event, the Europeanization of America and the Americanization of Europe have become palpable phenomena during the last hundred years. Before that, such phenomena were intellectual. In 1853, Harriet Beecher Stowe passed through Lucerne. She recorded that her hostess, and "even the servant maids," expressed "tender interest for the slave,"

and she continued, "All had read Uncle Tom. And it had apparently been an era in their life's monotony, for they said, 'O, madam, do write another! Remember, our winter nights here are very long!'" Now, in the underpass of the Lucerne station, a long-haired Swiss boy sits on the spotless floor bawling "Mrs. Robinson" and plucking his guitar.

We march along the sunny littoral of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, the path running for a while beneath modern apartment houses; on their balconies, large, shiny-faced young women appear in morning wrappers to water their geraniums. The lake "sparkles" with coruscating sunlight. The alpine meadows are "spangled" with wildflowers. (Writing is difficult because certain clichés are true.) A roadside church in Meggen is a small version of the great baroque churches of Bavaria and the Tyrol—a kind of Swiss Family Baroque. (Here "the externals of religion do not rejoice the eye and heart of a Catholic as they do in the Tyrol," Herbert Cardinal Vaughan wrote in 1885. Perhaps he was wrong.) We round the lake at Küsnacht: this name—"kiss night"—sounds funny, but then I read that the Romans had been here and called it Villa Cosiniaca. Here, a generation after Goethe, the travellers gave up their horses and coaches to cross the Rigi range on foot. On the suggestion of the "Wanderbuch," we shorten the ascent by taking the first portion of it—to the Rigi-Seebodenalp—in a cable car, at the end of this relatively easy day. The small hotel there is pleasant and cabin-cozy, with a faint, steamy smell of pinewood. We arrive just after the last busload of ubiquitous German tourists has left. (The paved road ends here.) The hotel is full. There are many English people, their presence recalling the century preceding the Second World War, when they were the prin-

cipal tourists in Switzerland. They began coming here about the same time their aristocracy discovered the French Riviera. They had small colonies in Europe in the oddest places: Pau, in the Pyrenees; Dresden, in Saxony. There are Anglican churches and chapels here and there in Switzerland—mostly in the Grisons and the Engadine—to which Church of England pastors and their reverend wives translated themselves in order to accommodate the spiritual needs of their travelling compatriots. They kept to themselves and kept well. Trollope once wrote that everything suffers from translation except a bishop, to which add the pastors of Anglican churches strewn across Europe in his time. Samuel Butler (who travelled our route in 1869) disliked the tourists and their pastors: "I keep away from English-frequented hotels in Switzerland because I find that if I do not go to service on Sunday I am made uncomfortable. It is this bullying that I want to do away with." Even in the nineteen-twenties, when the Age of Respectability had vanished, there were particular Swiss places visited predominantly by Englishmen and Englishwomen of the upper middle class—Maloja, for example, where high tea was served every afternoon, and where I remember their sun-reddened faces, their smart sweaters and caps and knickerbockers, the yellow scarves of their handsome women ruffled by the wind. A splendid train, the Berne Oberland Express, met them at the Calais boat three times a week, spirit-ing them from the smoke of Victoria to the champagne air of Chur overnight.

The Rigi (the name has a Swiss-Alemannic sound and means "rock-ribbed") is a chain of pre-Alpine ridges, its modern history inseparable from the evolution of Romanticism and tourism. Goethe was one of the first writers to cross it; he was properly enchanted with the view of the lake below, rather than with the prospect of the Alps. A few years after Goethe, more and more travellers began to consider the Rigi as a point of excursion from Lucerne; for the first time, people climbed a mountain not only to get across it but to see the view and to enjoy the air. The first inn on the Rigi-Kulm, the highest of the Rigi peaks, was built as early as 1816. (Fifty years later, one of its waiters was César Ritz, who proceeded from there to even loftier things.) In 1837, Prince Albert sent to the young Prin-



cess Victoria—they were not yet engaged—a pressed alpine rose from the Rigi. A little less than a century after Goethe's first journey, a Swiss inventor stretched a cogwheel railway up one of the Rigi slopes.

We have a difficult path from the Rigi-Seebodenalp up to the Rigi-Staffel, the first high saddle. But it is early in the morning, and the air is liquid and sweet in the shade of enormous firs. We must stop every ten minutes or so to rest and pant. Our lungs seem to prosper from the sight of the emerald meadows and the emerging prospect of the lake below; in the western distance the sun glitters on the creamy peaks of the Bernese Alps. After we have passed over the Rigi-Staffel



and the Rigi-First, the path opens up, thanks to the efforts of the Arbeitsgemeinschaft für Wanderwege. This is the Felsenweg, or "rock road"—a beautiful and agreeable and quite dangerless path carved into the rocks five thousand feet above the lake. According to geologists, the entire Rigi is formed of giant boulders that slid down aeons ago from the glaciers of the Gotthard mountains, thirty miles to the south. However, my imagination (and therefore my eye) is historical, not geological. We are so high above the lake that the few sailboats appear as tiny white flecks, and when my gaze wanders west, beyond the town of Vitznau, the landscape is arca-dian rather than majestic. It cannot have looked very different a hundred and sixty years ago, in that Biedermeier age of Romanticism, during the last calm decades of Old Middle Europe, before the revolutions of 1848 and Wagner came, tearing Biedermeier to shreds. (In 1859, Wagner worked at "Tristan and Isolde" in a Lucerne hotel. "The last act promises famously," he wrote. "I drew profit for it even from my excursion up the Rigi. At four in the morning we were roused by the alphorn—I jumped up, saw it was raining, and returned to bed to try and sleep; but the droll call went droning through my head, and out of it has arisen a very lusty melody which the herdsman now blows to signal Isolde's ship, making a surprisingly merry and naive effect." "Merry and naive" does not sound quite right.)

This is our second-longest day; and, as on the first, our exhilaration is premature. When we begin our descent from the highest point of the Rigi-Scheidegg, we find that we still have a

rounded hump ahead of us, through the Gätterli pass to the Brunniberg. It is a rise of a mere three or four hundred feet, whereas we mounted nineteen hundred during the first hours of the day; but, compared with a morning ascent, an afternoon one sometimes seems interminable. We go past a very large radar station of the Swiss Army, probably in the proper place for scanning the approaches to the Gotthard. Then we glide down the last stretch on a cable car, to Brunnen. As we float

through the air, we cross a botanical frontier, the firs succeeded abruptly by tall, feminine beech trees and lindens.

Brunnen is at a turn of the cloverlike Lake of the Four Forest Cantons—at the end of the Lake of Lucerne and the beginning of the Urnersee, the Lake of Uri. We are now in the very heart of Switzerland, geographically and historically, where the three ur-cantons—Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden—meet; where the legend of William Tell was born; where, in 1291, the Swiss peasantry first won its independence from the Hapsburgs. In 1797, after his fourth and final journey to Switzerland, Goethe wrote to Schiller, "I feel almost sure that the story of Tell could be treated epically." Yet it was not Goethe but Schiller (who had never been to Switzerland) who would write "Wilhelm Tell." These small cantons are still resolutely patriotic. The Uri flag, which depicts the head of a steer, flies from houses here and there. I understand that in Switzerland there is a cachet in driving a car whose license plate shows its provenance to be one of the old, small cantons—Uri or Nidwalden, say. (Elsewhere in Europe, some people would give an eyetooth to have their car registered in Liechtenstein, that "FL" plate being so much smarter than any other—even the Monaco "MC," whose days of chic are past.) More important, this is where Turner's country begins. The great English painter discovered the beauties of this region around the time that the non-Romantic Stendhal, who came through the Gotthard from the Italian side, wrote, perhaps dyspeptically, "*Occupé du moral, la description du physique m'ennuie.*" Turner was deeply impressed by the Lake of Uri, with its mountains forming an immense and yet not quite overpowering overture to the scenery beyond Flüelen, at the lake's end, where the great V of the approach to the



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Gotthard begins, between higher and higher snow-laden peaks. ("A rough, clumsy man," Turner's Swiss innkeeper said of him. "You may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand.") He came back to the dark beauty of the Urnersee twice, and made many sketches of the Gotthard approach. These were the ones that the young Ruskin tried to buy with some of his father's money. Still, as Turner's first biographer wrote, "notwithstanding the magnificence of Swiss scenery, it is not generally popular amongst artists, and a very experienced London picture-dealer told me that it is not popular amongst the purchasers of landscapes." In 1845, two years after Turner's last visit, Dickens came down to the Urnersee from the Gotthard. The road through the pass was open for only eight days during that entire year. He had ascended from the Italian side, and he was lucky enough to travel by carriage, winding "along a narrow path between two massive snow walls, twenty feet high or more," as he noted in a letter to a friend. The letter continues:

Vast plains of snow range up the mountain-sides above the road, itself seven thousand feet above the sea; and tremendous waterfalls, hewing out arches for themselves in the vast drifts, go thundering down from precipices into deep chasms, here and there and everywhere; the blue water tearing through the white snow with an awful beauty that is most sublime. . . . Oh God! what a beautiful country it is!

We are not there yet. We spend the night and a late morning in Brunnen after the rigors of the Rigi. We are lodged in a big pile of a hotel, which is set in a park where tables and loudspeakers are being put out in anticipation of the arrival of an American rock group. (In 1814, Shelley came to Brunnen with Mary Godwin, hiring "two unfurnished rooms in an ugly big house, called the *château*." Next day, they discovered that they had little money, and "decided to return by the cheapest possible route to England.") We find that the lakeshore is very pleasant. At the after-dinner hour, the air is still clear and light. The promenade is filled with tourists, most of them old people. "This is a country for old people," my daughter says. In a way, she is right. History consists of

three strata in Brunnen. There is the still and awful beauty of the Urnersee, its shores largely unchanged, undefiled by housing: evening falls, the mountainsides darken, but the picture is relieved by the illuminating sun-glitter on the incredibly white peaks of the Gotthard mountains in the distance—a near-sacramental scene, the prospect of Light rising beyond Darkness descending. The second level is the buzzing bumble of the promenade, with its crowds of old visitors to this old country. The third level is the raucous din of the loudspeakers in the park as the rock group gears up for the night's *Konzert*. The mountains, the old people, and the young: the triad of the Romantic, the middle-class, and the postmodern Switzerland. (And why are the young—and so many of the old people, too—filing toward the park so serious? No one smiles.)

Next morning we are off to Flüelen, the last town on the lake and the beginning of the Gotthard valley, where Goethe wrote that he had to have more nails put on his shoes, and where Ruskin stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones in the best (or worst?) Pre-Raphaelite fashion—"sitting together . . . in a room with an exquisitely clean bare-boarded floor," Mrs. Burne-Jones wrote, "and Mr. Ruskin reading Keats to us." We pass the Rütli, which for Tell and his band was the Valley Forge of Switzerland. I am surprised to find that the famous plateau of the Rütli is not high up the mountain but only a few hundred feet above a small wood-carved dock. Here in July, 1940, six hundred and fifty years after Tell, General Guisan convoked the handful of regular officers of the Swiss Army. He instructed them to hold themselves in the utmost readiness to defend the independence and

the liberties of their country. I once saw a photograph of the scene: this general of a democratic citizen army speaking without notes and without a microphone to the officers, who stand in a circle, leaning forward in their long greatcoats, listening earnestly, on a grassy cliff above the silent lake, on a cloudy day.

FROM Flüelen to Erstfeld, the path is flat, winding slowly southward. Close by on our left is a four-lane autobahn, which was built a few years ago; on our right, the running mass of verdigris water of the Reuss River. For long stretches, this bucolic path is separated from the concrete autobahn by high sheets of metal and masonry—presumably in order to mask the roar of traffic, and perhaps the view. It is pleasant to record that we have walked from Flüelen to Erstfeld an hour faster than did Goethe, who used—as far as I can find—the same path. All day, we have marched in the relentless light of the alpine sun, but now the mountains paint long shadows on the streets of Erstfeld, even in mid-afternoon, for here the great way from north to south narrows from a broad cleavage to a narrow crevasse. A hundred and thirteen years ago, construction of the Gotthard rail line began here. We sit on the sunlit southern terrace of the Erstfeld railroad station. On the other side of the tracks is a monument on a single pair of rails: a preserved example of the traditional Swiss mountain locomotives, the last of the famous Crocodiles, so called because of their long, snoutlike hoods both fore and aft. For a long time, trains had to be coupled to a second engine at Erstfeld: it is here that the Gotthard gradient begins.

The Gotthard line was one of the great engineering achievements of the nineteenth century, like the American and Siberian transcontinental railroads or the Suez and Panama Canals. (With all the talk about the technological "revolution" of the twentieth century, with all our soaring bridges and highways and airports, there has been nothing comparable to those feats of the nineteenth century which changed the geography of entire continents.) A great achievement, but full of tragedy. In 1871, the Swiss invited investors



and engineers from Italy and Germany to meet in Lucerne, to plan a nine-mile rail tunnel under the Gotthard mountains. The tunnel was built in eight years. Louis Favre, the engineer who designed and built it, died before the borings from the two ends met. Four thousand workers, almost all of them migrant laborers from Italy, dug the tunnel day and night. Nearly three hundred of them died on the job. In the small cemetery of Göschenen, at the northern portal of the tunnel, a stone stele has been erected as a monument to these nameless dead, with an inscription hardly legible now: "MARTIRES LABORI COMUNITAS CRISTIANA." For Airolo, at the southern end, the tunnel's completion was a disaster. For centuries, the citizens of Airolo had been innkeepers, cartmen, muleteers, coachbuilders, farriers, wheelwrights. They prided themselves on their industry and honesty. (Trollope's brother found that his portmanteau had been stolen from the stagecoach, but the people of Airolo caught the two thieves, "each of them clad in three or four of my shirts and as many coats and waistcoats.") The people of Airolo scorned the artless crowd of poor laborers from Italy. The first train chugging through the tunnel brought the tidings of an existential catastrophe for the town, whereafter entire families left in droves for California.

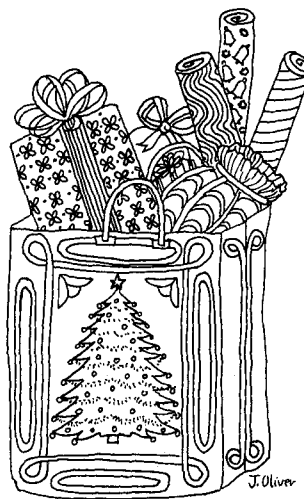
From Erstfeld almost to the end of our walk there are four, sometimes five, routes carved under and over the Gotthard. Down in the valley is the railroad, a pretty sight from above, with trains winding through every few minutes. Next to it is the autobahn, its white double ribbon disappearing and reappearing through innumerable tunnels and galleries. Above is the old motor road, narrower and darker. Higher, along the side of the mountains, is the still older mule and coach track. These last two are sometimes identical with the *Wanderweg*, falling away from it and rising up to it. From Erstfeld to Göschenen, twelve miles to the south, the ascent is beautiful but wearisome: a long day, always uphill. At Göschenen, we are at the foot of the Gotthard pass itself, and are already at an altitude of more than thirty-five hundred feet, with sun and shadows alternating in sharp patterns. In Erstfeld, we were in the V of two great mountain chains; in Göschenen, we are in a narrow three-dimensional double U. Göschenen, unlike Airolo, was an unimportant place until the

trains reached it, a century ago. The northern portal of the great tunnel is but a few hundred yards south of the Göschenen station. The trains go through the tunnel in fifteen minutes; the walk along the footpath to Airolo, over the pass, takes eight hours. In the past, it took as long as two days if a traveller elected to spend the night at the Gotthard hospice, as Goethe and Turner did.

Most of the path follows the old mule track. But "mule track" is misleading, and not only because some of it is paved with cobblestones. The term suggests something distant from history and from civilization. But the Gotthard mule track is marked by the history of Europe. Not from its beginnings: it was not used during the Roman centuries, and not even in the early Middle Ages, because a deep ravine athwart it horrified and turned away travellers. Sometime during the late twelfth century, the stone arch of the Teufelsbrücke was built, and the traffic over the Gotthard pass began. In 1599, the Spanish Infanta Isabel crossed the Teufelsbrücke ("a bridge which is called after the Devil with much reason"). Two centuries later, during the years of the French Revolution, the traffic grew. The Duke of Chartres, later Louis-Philippe, walked across the pass in 1793, in search of a teaching job in Switzerland. (He found one in Reichenau, where he soon got into trouble for seducing the school cook.) In 1793, too, the Duchess of Devonshire composed a poem about her crossing of the Gotthard, the twenty-fourth stanza of which inspired Coleridge's "Ode to Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire." The next year, an Englishwoman named Helen Maria Williams reported in her travel diary that she had seen "a numerous retinue of horses, oxen, mules, and other cattle [which] had passed in the suite of a great man, whose carriage they had dragged, by his order, from the bottom of the mountain, that he might have the fame of crossing St. Gotthard in a vehicle with wheels." She continued, "As our countrymen are known to be the only travelling philosophers who make experiments of this kind, the Monks [of the hospice] had no diffi-

culty in conjecturing on the approach of this long procession, that if it was not the Emperor, or the Burgo-master of Berne, the two greatest personages they had heard of, it must be an English Lord."

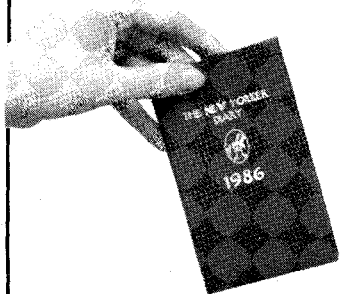
In 1799, General Aleksandr Vasil'yevich Suvorov marched north through the Gotthard with his army—the only appearance of a Russian army in Western Europe in history, apart from a short-lived and ludicrous landing of some Russian troops from English ships along the Dutch coast the same year. The first American to traverse the pass was (perhaps) the artist Washington Allston, in 1804. In 1815, Sir Stratford Canning had a difficult trip: "One slides down the snow as the Gauls used to do; with this difference, that instead of a shield one has nothing better than what nature has given all of us, to slide on." The time had come to improve this business.



The companies of mule drivers and their families got together to pave the track. By 1835, a stagecoach was going through three times a week in the summer. By 1842, the run was being made every day, weather permitting. (In the winter, small two-seater sleighs could be hired.) It was now possible to get from Flüelen to Milan in thirty hours. In 1864, a Cook's-tour party consisting of seventy people "employed nine diligences, 432 horses besides bullocks which assisted at some of the heavier stages, and 108 men" in order to cross the Gotthard in some comfort. Twenty years later, the cobblestoned path was deserted, because of the railroad. Thirty years after that, much of it was repaved to serve as part of the first motor route over the pass. The traffic began to disappear again forty years later, as the great autobahn opened up in the valley. But the old path is still there, for wanderers such as ourselves, and for an occasional automobile, taking its time, avoiding the autobahn.

"Scheidpunkt Europas" ("The Divide of Europe") says a tablet on the chapel in the village of Hospental. The chapel is a few yards from the old St. Gotthard Inn, Suvorov's headquarters in 1799. But the watershed—the true divide—is a good three hours

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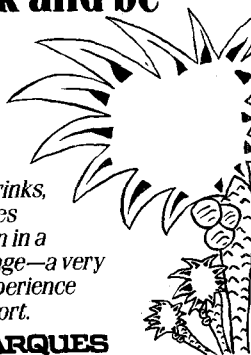
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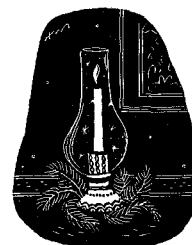


away, uphill, at the Gotthard hospice, which was commissioned by the convent of Disentis in 1230, and occupied by a Capuchin congregation in 1683. The fog rolls in. We cannot see far toward Italy. But we are in Italy of a kind—among the Italians of Switzerland. Within two hundred yards, the human scenery has changed. In five minutes, we have walked from the Germanic north to the Italianate south; Italy is here in the architecture, in the solid masonry of the houses, in the colors of the stones, and in the faces of the few people we see. Soon it will be evident in the vegetation, too, as the fir forests gradually fall away and the warm breezes move up the valleys. In 1902, Belloc wrote, "When I began to see somewhat farther and felt a vigour and fulness in the outline of the Trees, I said to myself suddenly—'I know what it is! It is the South, and a great part of my blood. They may call it Switzerland still, but I know now that I am in Italy, and this is the gate of Italy lying in groves.'"

Well, it is not yet the South, and no part of my blood, but I am glad to see Airolo at the end of the day, if not quite like Belloc. ("When I heard again at Airolo the speech of civilised men, and saw the strong Latin eyes and straight forms of the Race after all those days of fog and frost and German speech and the north, my eyes filled with tears and I was as glad as a man come home again, and I could have kissed the ground.") Still, I must hand it to Hilaire, who walked from Airolo to Faïdo in three hours. It will take us at least six, and we will do it in two mornings, spending the night in Deggio.

But Belloc took the old road. We follow the "Wanderbuch" and take a path called the Alta Strada, three thousand feet above the valley, snaking along the side of the alpine Ticino from village to isolated village. These villages are peopled by a hardy Italianate race, who chose four hundred and fifty years ago to break away from the Counts of Milan and enter into a confederacy with the dour Swiss peasant communes of the Uri, on the north side of the Gotthard pass. (Intermarry with them they did not.) The old road is now a ribbon near the bottom of the valley, on a green stretch above the rail line and the autobahn. Contrary to my expectation, it is not the southward prospect that is exceptionally engaging

but the ever-changing retrospect of the valley, as we stop and look back to the north. There is an ineffable harmony between the villages and the mountains, and even the roads, between the human habitation and the landscape, between what stands still and unchanged and what men and their machines have wrought. For us, it is not only that mountains long ago ceased being horrible. It is, too, that what people like Wordsworth feared did not come about. The greed and toil of "godless wretches" has, after all, not levelled the hills and made the paths straight. Here the human presence has not—or perhaps not yet—rendered the scene less calming to the senses, less beautiful.



Deggio, geographically the high point of our path on the Alta Strada, is something like a low point in our wandering. The innkeeper's wife (no "strong Latin eyes," no "straight form") is slatternly, and suspicious of someone who has an American passport with a non-Italian name and tries to speak Italian to her; the food is indifferent; and in the evening there is nothing to do but watch television. The Swiss-Italian network shows an endless motorcycle race and the great flower parade in Locarno—the *festa dei fiori*, with drum majorettes twirling batons and smiling relentlessly, as if in California. Next morning, on the Alta Strada, we come upon—sometimes passing them and sometimes falling behind—small groups of German tourists, to whom this walk is well known; according to the "Wanderbuch," the Alta Strada is "much frequented in July and August." It was also frequented by Samuel Butler, who wrote most of "Erewhon" in Switzerland: the path from the Gotthard to Bellinzona was the descent to Erewhon. Our walk is nearly over. It was not lonely; but it was a walk of aloneness. As we clamber down, following the yellow marks on the trees, through the forest of Osco (the only time I slip, grazing my knee), I recognize the odd and yet familiar combination of regret and relief.

The end of our Gotthard walk is Lugano, the traditional terminus of the route, though recently the Arbeitsgemeinschaft für Wanderwege added two more days, extending the route to Chiasso, the Italian frontier station, so that wanderers can claim they traversed Switzerland along the diagonal, from one of its corners to another—

from the German border to the Italian one. Our end is Lugano for more than one reason: my daughter must return home to school, and we promised to stay a day or two with my father's cousin, an old gentleman, widowed and frail, who lives alone in a high, sunny apartment above the lake, in the Paradiso district. The name is fitting: this is a paradise for retired people, who have found safety, comfort, and sunshine in this sunniest place of all Switzerland, sunnier and warmer in the winter than the Lombardy plains to the south. Italy is very near, its curving frontier within sight a few miles away; it even has an enclave on the Swiss shore, Campione d'Italia, which is twenty minutes away by the white lake cruisers.

And yet Lugano, with all its Italian flora and fauna (including the human), belongs to Switzerland—and not only because of its clean alleys, the precise functioning of its various institutions, and the prodigious richness of its shops. A little more than a century ago, Switzerland (the only republic in Europe before 1870) was a haven for radical revolutionaries. There is a house here in which, in the eighteenth-fifties, Mazzini, Kossuth, and Bakunin were lodged. In this century, Lugano is a haven for the bourgeois. Lugano and Switzerland have become a living portion of bourgeois Europe, in the best sense of that much maligned word (whose stock, however, has begun to rise). What they represent within Europe now is what Europe one day may—I am not saying that it will—represent within the world.

Our luggage has arrived. We breakfast in our room again. We say goodbye to the old, bent uncle, with his silvery head, and wait on the station platform in the shining sun for the transeuropean express train, which slides in at the moment the sweep-second hand of the electric clock moves to twelve. —JOHN LUKACS

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THE THEATRE

Country Pleasures

NOËL COWARD's "Hay Fever" has found a perfect home for itself at that exquisite toy of a theatre the Music Box (designed in 1921 for Irving Berlin and his partner, Sam H. Harris, by the celebrated theatre architect C. Howard Crane). Moreover, in Michael H. Yeargan the play has found the perfect designer for the setting that Coward called for—a country house in Berkshire, not far from London and with a view, in fair weather, of the pleasing green valley of the Thames. Mr. Yeargan has provided an interior straight out of Voysey, with leaded-glass French doors opening onto a garden, an arts-and-crafts oak staircase, plenty of chintz-covered overstuffed furniture, and a pantry door that is constantly swinging open and shut at the prompting of perky Clara, a much put-upon

maid-of-all-work (played with appropriately vulgar brio by Barbara Bryne). The felicity with which the architecture onstage marries the architecture of the theatre itself is a symbol of the felicity of the occasion as a whole; this is an ideal production of "Hay Fever," and I wish it the longest possible run.

Coward wrote "Hay Fever" in 1924, when he was not yet twenty-five (the next year, he would have five shows running simultaneously in London, including "Hay Fever"). His inspiration for the comedy sprang, so he reported years later, from weekends he had spent at the summer place on Long Island of the playwright Hartley Manners and his wife, the actress Laurette Taylor. The Mannerses' hospitality was notably errant and intermittent, though well intended, and

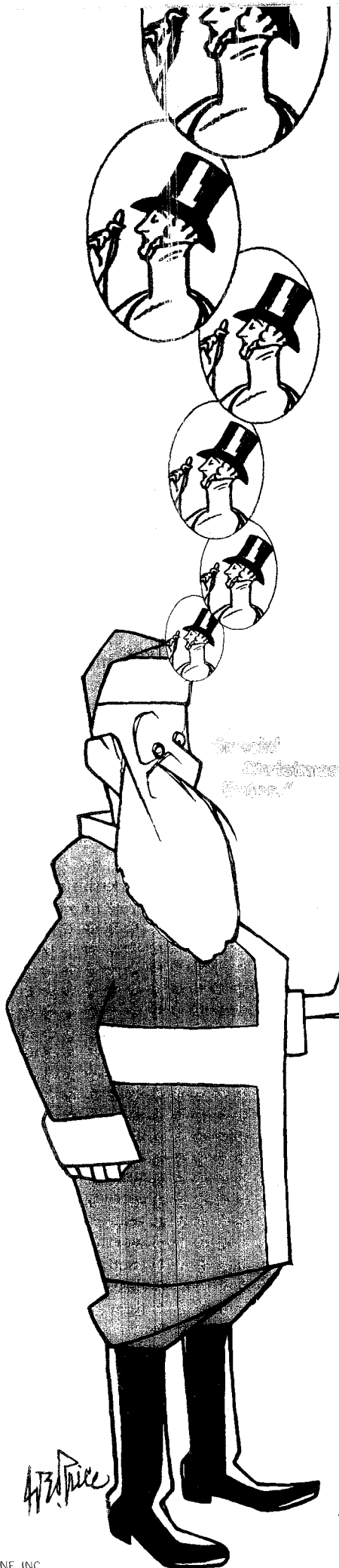
Coward in the charming, self-delighting, and mischievously flirtatious Judith Bliss sketches a benignly exaggerated portrait of Miss Taylor. To play an outrageous person who is also an actress is for any actress a delectable opportunity, and Rosemary Harris as Judith Bliss makes the most of it. In the course of a sensationally amusing performance, there is scarcely a theatrical trick she doesn't stoop to, but then Judith Bliss/Laurette Taylor was evidently someone who stopped at nothing in the way of stunts. Enslaved by her wiles are Judith's self-important husband (Roy Dotrice), her burgeoning daughter (Mia Dillon), and her rather giddy son (Robert Joy).

The structure of the play consists, as so often in Coward, of a social symmetry placed in jeopardy and then more or less successfully patted back into temporary balance, if not restored. Unbeknownst to the others, each of the Blisses has invited a guest from London for the weekend: an innocent young man (Campbell Scott) who has fallen in love with Mrs. Bliss, or thinks he has; a somewhat older man, a diplomat (Charles Kimbrough), who is perhaps ready to fall in love with the daughter; a fey flapper (Deborah Rush) whom the father has summoned to his side and then forgotten; and a slinky woman of the world (Carolyn Seymour) with whom the son is infatuated. The guests are understandably dismayed by the reception they are subjected to; little by little, they begin to establish new relationships with their assorted hosts and one another. The play ends with the Bliss family locked in combat at the breakfast table while the guests make good their escape. That is the scanty sum of "Hay Fever," and yet it suffices; Coward's high spirits (and evident delight in his talent) turn what appears at first to be a mere sparkling and sputtering pinwheel into a quite substantial work of art. The witty period costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut, and the superlative direction is by Brian Murray.

OVER the years, I've attended a number of productions of Athol Fugard's "Blood Knot." The Yale Repertory Theatre's twenty-fifth-anniversary production, now on view at the John Golden, is by far the best of the lot, and for a good reason: the two characters, Zachariah and Morris, who make up the entire cast are en-



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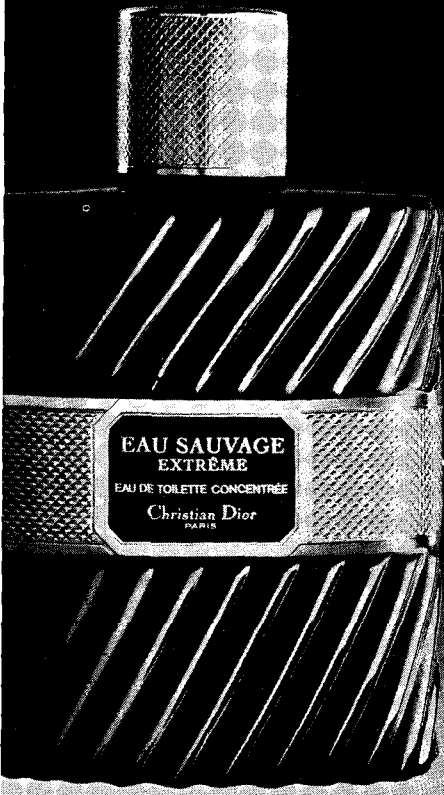
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acted by Zakes Mokae and the author, who has also directed. Mokae and Fugard are close friends as well as professional colleagues; they appeared together in the first performances of "Blood Knot," in Sophiatown, South Africa, in 1961, and they have been working together ever since. (Mokae won a Tony Award in 1982 for his performance here in Fugard's funny and lacerating "Master Harold . . . and the Boys.") The collaboration of Fugard and Mokae can fairly be said to have altered the history of twentieth-century theatre throughout the world; it has also altered—and continues to alter—the political history of the world. Their aesthetic value aside, "Blood Knot," "Boesman and Lena," "A Lesson from Aloes," and "Sizwe Banzi" are fiercely hortatory; they urge upon us that we follow the never very welcome Biblical injunction and become doers of the Word, not mere passive listeners to it.

"Blood Knot" is well made in a harmlessly old-fashioned way; the plot creaks on its uninventive hinges, but the emotion that it engenders in its audiences has grown all the stronger with the passing of the years, in part because the racial tyranny that helped to prompt the writing of the play has led to ever bloodier consequences. Mokae, of course, is a superb actor, and his performance as the hapless dark-skinned Zach comes as no surprise to me; seeing Fugard onstage for the first time, I was astonished to discover that he is Mokae's match. Playing Zach's light-skinned half brother, Morris, he manifests a charm and grace of body and voice which put me unexpectedly in mind of the virile winsomeness of that irresistible performer Mark Twain. Perhaps I detect in Fugard some of Twain's despair over the ineradicable follies of mankind and some of Twain's gallant persistence in translating that despair into comedy. Nothing on Broadway this year or any year is likely to prove more worth seeing than "Blood Knot." (Setting by Rusty Smith, costumes by Susan Hilferty, and lighting by William B. Warfel.) —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Looking Back

THE Second Stage, in its theatre on the upper West Side, is again presenting one of its valuable revivals, this time of Lanford Wilson's early play "Lemon Sky," which was first produced in 1970. At the beginning, a

man named Alan steps in front of a scrim to introduce his story of the six-month visit he spent, over ten years before, with his father, his stepmother, their two little boys, and the two high-school girls, wards of the state, who boarded with them. The action shifts to their cottage in San Diego, as seventeen-year-old Alan arrives, having travelled by bus from Nebraska. The play itself consists of small domestic scenes, seemingly desultory in the first act but not so in the second, as the friction between father and son grows ever sharper, ending, when the father accuses Alan of being homosexual, in a blowup and a final parting. Before that, though, there are many charming scenes and clever, funny lines in which Mr. Wilson ingeniously juxtaposes the past and the present by having the other characters interrupt Alan with corrections.

"Lemon Sky" happens to be my favorite among Mr. Wilson's plays; most of the characters are credible and are very good company, and most of what they say rings true. (The exception here is the father, who is so constricted by the dramatist's contempt for him that he seems barely human.) Although Mr. Wilson fully explores his characters' feelings, there is, for once, no sentimentality at all. The Second Stage, as usual, does the play proud. Jeff Daniels is a fine Alan (a role created with distinction by Christopher Walken in the original production), both as the older narrator and as the eager, perplexed boy of seventeen; Jill Eikenberry is wonderful as the attractive, intelligent stepmother (the playwright's affection for the character is a big help, too); Wayne Tippit does all that can be done with the father; Cynthia Nixon and Laura White (making her debut) are exactly right as the high-school girls; and Cameron Charles Johann and Patrick Koch are eminently adoptable as the two boys. Mary B. Robinson was the good director, and the appropriate setting, costumes, and lighting were designed by G. W. Mercier, Connie Singer, and Stephen Strawbridge, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER

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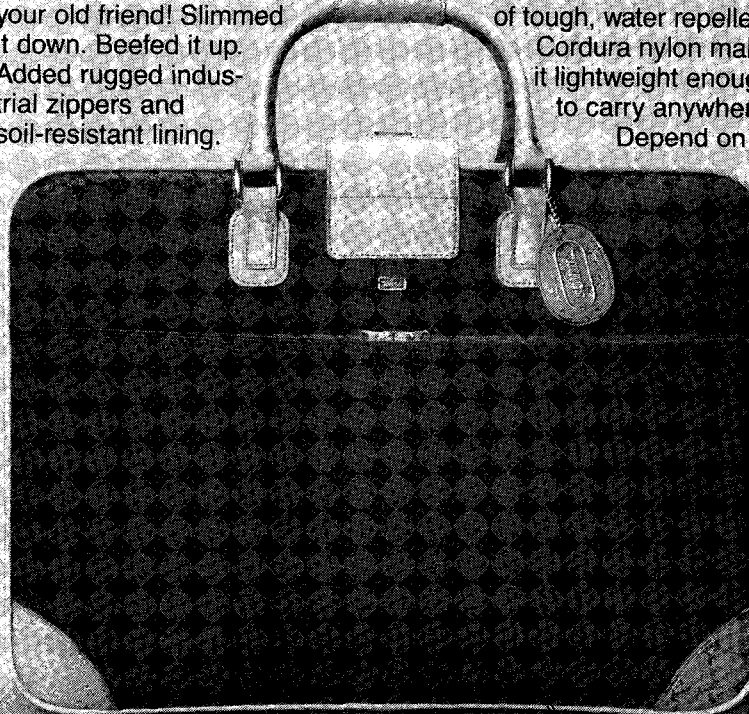
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Unhappy Queen and Happy Prince

OXFORD has launched a new series of musicological monographs, *Studies in Musical Genesis and Structure*, edited by Lewis Lockwood. Each volume is to deal with "an individual work by an important composer." Philip Gossett was invited to contribute an account of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. (He is the author of an important study on the sketches for the first movement.) Instead, he elected to write about a Donizetti opera, and his "Anna Bolena" and the Artistic Maturity of Gaetano Donizetti" inaugurates the series. Beethoven and Donizetti used some of the same singers: Carolina Ungher, the alto of the Ninth Symphony and the Missa Solemnis, was Donizetti's Parisina, his Antonina in "Belisario," his Maria di Rudenz; Domenico Donzelli, the tenor of Beethoven's trio "Tremate, empi, tremate" in 1824, had earlier that year created the role of Almuzir in "Zoraida di Granata," Donizetti's first

success, and was later Ugo, Conte di Parigi, and Ruiz in "Maria Padilla." (Bellini also composed for Ungher and for Donzelli.) Not until recently, however, has Donizetti been reckoned a respectable topic for musicological research of the kind to which Beethoven has long been subject.

Mr. Gossett's book will prove enthralling to everyone who has been stirred by "Anna Bolena"—as thousands of people have been since Maria Callas, at La Scala in 1957, restored the once-popular opera to the international repertory. Many revivals followed. After citing the accepted view—that in "Anna Bolena," the thirtieth of Donizetti's seventy-odd operas and his first international success, the composer for the first time broke the Rossinian molds and found his personal style—the author declares it to be an assertion often made, often repeated, but hitherto unsupported by much evidence. So he tests it, and after a careful examination of the com-

poser's autograph he establishes its "essential truth." Donizetti made many changes, large and small, as he composed "Anna Bolena," and he rewrote the important soprano-tenor duet altogether, in a form that limns the characters more sharply but taxes the singers severely; a strenuous finale follows. (The alternative duet was published separately from the rest of the opera; Eve Queler revived it in the "Anna Bolena" she conducted in San Diego two years ago.) In a chapter on this duet, Mr. Gossett says:

All the examples of changes in detail and melodic variation present in "Anna Bolena" and other scores of Donizetti very nearly find in this first section of the new Duetto for Anna and Percy their quintessential exemplification. The composer transforms the rather formal encounter of the archetypical Rossinian duet into a confrontation of characters burning with passion.

And his conclusion is that as we catch the composer "in the act of making compositional decisions: decisions affecting phrases, periods, entire sections; decisions concerning details, proportion, continuity, and large-scale structure" we find that while his first instinct is to follow Rossinian precedent his alterations "express impatience with these models," and "we can watch Donizetti tentatively pressing against his boundaries." The book is generously illustrated with music type: we can, indeed, watch the composer at work. And Mr. Gossett doesn't simply set out facts. He speculates on reasons for the changes. He assesses their dramatic effectiveness, and not all of them are approved. This is humane musicology—musicology-as-criticism. The reader becomes a sharper and more responsive listener to "Anna Bolena," has a keener understanding of the way Donizetti's mind worked and of what he endeavored to do.

The author has deliberately addressed himself to testing, in the common assertion about the opera, only one proposition: that in "Anna Bolena" Donizetti broke the Rossinian molds (of which Mr. Gossett, editor-in-chief of the new Rossini edition, has a knowledge unparalleled). To what extent Donizetti had been doing this in his previous operas is left to later studies. Another study—I commend it to graduates in quest of a Ph.D. topic—could profitably be made of "Anna Bolena" and Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda." The two operas have the same basic plot: Beatrice, Agnese, Orombello, and Visconti are a



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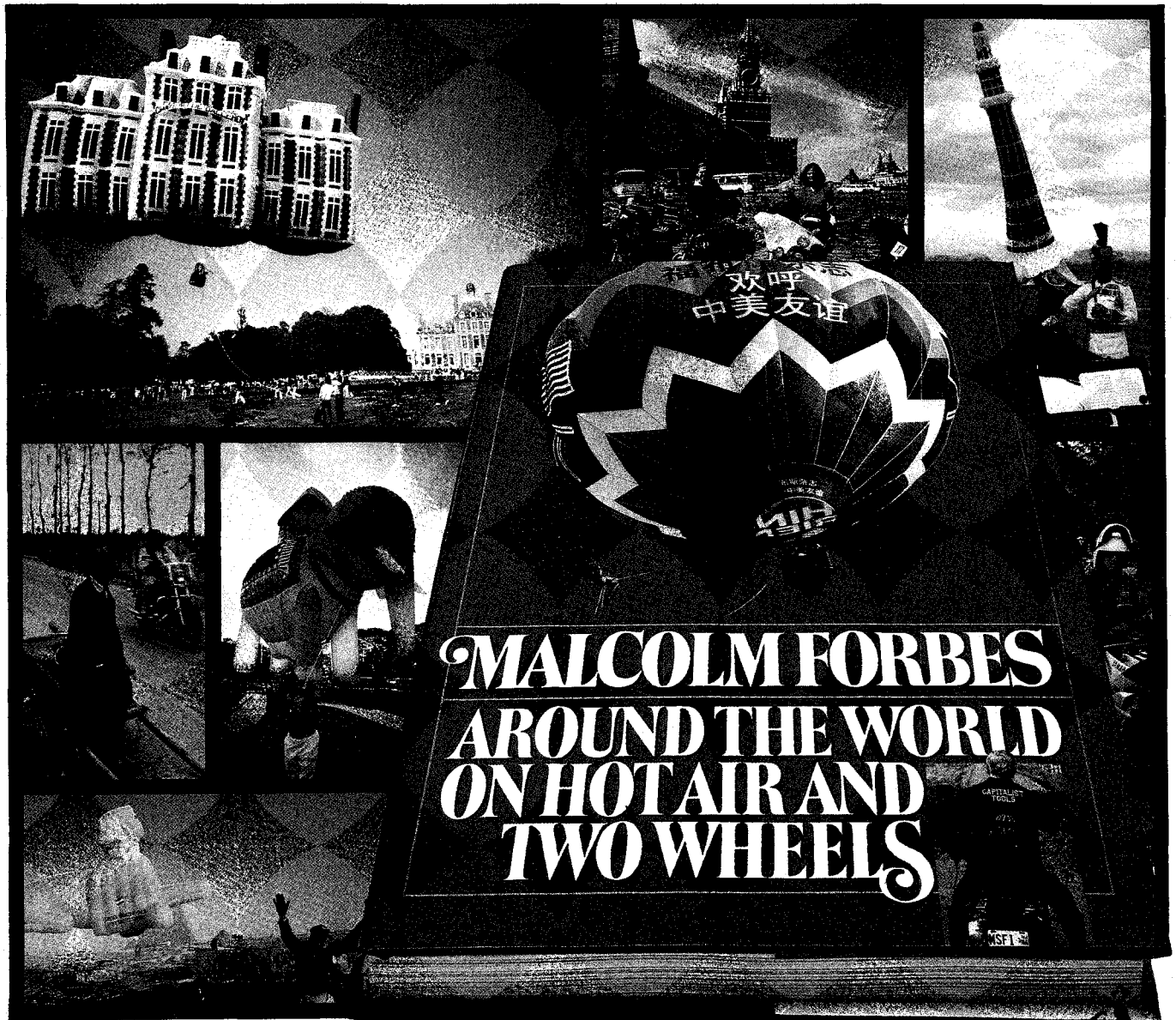
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second Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Percy, and Henry VIII. The main difference is that the ambitious mezzo, wooed by the amorous, tyrant bass, also loves the tenor. (In other words, Agnese is a Jane Seymour with a strong dash of Princess Eboli.) Otherwise, the situations are similar and give rise to encounters carrying the same formal imperatives. Felice Romani (the librettist of both operas) and Bellini were well aware of this, and they strove to avoid copycat charges. Such a study could open out to illumine the way that Bellini and Donizetti against the background of the Code Rossini—like Haydn and Mozart against the background of eighteenth-century common practice—inspired one another, turn and turn about. Bellini in his early operas did much to initiate *canto d'azione*, or ferocious declamation, which Donizetti then adopted (and which Verdi later developed from Donizetti), while Bellini himself became more “mellifluous.” In 1830-31 (with “Anna Bolena” and “La Sonnambula” at the Teatro Carcano) and again in 1831-1832 (with “Norma” and “Ugo, Conte di Parigi” at La Scala), the two composers were set in competition. Bellini evaded the first challenge, by dropping his “Ernani” and answering the dramatic “Anna Bolena” with the pastoral “Sonnambula.” When “Norma” had triumphed over “Ugo,” he was ready, in “Beatrice,” to take up the challenge of “Anna Bolena.” (His melodic manner, incidentally, became more Donizettian.) In 1835, there was another “confrontation,” with “I Puritani” and “Marino Faliero” at the Théâtre-Italien, written—as “Norma” and “Ugo” had been—for the same four principals. (In fairness to the generous-minded Donizetti, it should be added that it was only Bellini—and a public eager to play favorites—who treated the paired commissions as competition bouts.) Later that year, Donizetti capped Bellini’s “I Puritani” with “Lucia di Lammermoor”—similarly structured, similar in subject matter—even rewriting one of its melodies in a more interesting and affecting form. Bellini died three days before “Lucia” reached the stage; Donizetti’s next opera, “Belisario,” seems to pay tribute to him.

I’m making unsupported assertions comparable to those which Mr. Gossett deplores in critics of “Anna Bolena” from 1830 to the present day. If life were longer, if many centuries

of music did not claim listeners’ attention, and if newspapers and magazines ran regularly to pages of music type, critics could perhaps demonstrate their points to musicologists’ satisfaction. (I shored up the Bellini-Donizetti observations years ago in the medium of radio, which allows listeners to hear the evidence.) It’s good that Mr. Gossett has discovered, weighed, and printed so much detailed evidence for the “essential truth” of what people for over a century have been saying about “Anna Bolena,” and that in doing so he has made possible a nicer, fuller appreciation of the work.

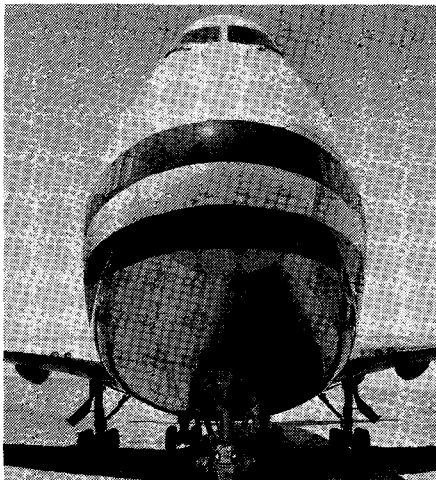
WHEN Callas first sang Anna, enraptured listeners didn’t bother about the many cuts that had been made in Donizetti’s work; there was so much else to discover and admire. But the performance prompted study of the score. When the opera was staged later with the same disfiguring cuts but in lesser productions than Luchino Visconti’s and with heroines less spellbinding than Callas had been, it was hard to condone the butchery. It was impossible to condone butchery even more severe in New York’s latest revival of “Anna Bolena,” a concert performance given in Avery Fisher Hall last month and carried across the country by television. Joan Sutherland was the star, and her husband, Richard Bonynge, conducted. Will Dame Joan become an Angelica Catalani of our day? Catalani was a prodigiously gifted prima donna of the early nineteenth century who arranged works around her own appearances in them (to an extent that,

as the fifth Grove puts it, “destroyed opera” at the King’s and later at the Théâtre-Italien while she reigned over those theatres). Her proud husband defined the style: “*Ma femme et quatre ou cinq poupées—voilà tout ce qu’il faut.*” The best of the *poupées* in the Fisher Hall “Bolena” was Cynthia Clarey, as Smeaton (a role Janet Baker sang in New York nineteen years ago): she lost half her *romanza* and all her *cavatina*.

Dame Joan had a public triumph and was applauded to the skies. For thirty-three years I’ve admired her, in a variety of roles—among them Frasquita in “Carmen,” Aida, Agathe, Amelia in “Ballo,” Eva, and Pamina. At the age of fifty-nine, she retains plenty of voice and uncommon agility. The lower notes have faded—they were never strong—and some important recitative moments were pushed up an octave. Edward Dent may have exaggerated when, thirty years ago, he said that “the grandeur and genuine passion of ‘Anna Bolena’ and other operas of that type lies not in the arias, but in the force and rapidity of the dialogue,” yet without forceful, passionate declamation a soprano can hardly be a convincing Anna. Dame Joan’s timbre was often clouded. Still, in its way this was an impressive performance. And there is ample precedent for tailoring a role to display the strengths and mask the weaknesses of a prima donna. Other things were more distressing: above all, the sniping away of two, four, eight, eighty bars all over the place, in a manner suggesting contempt for Donizetti’s periods and proportions (Mr. Gossett’s chapters “The Search for Continuity” and “Problems of Balance and Proportion” demonstrate the care the composer took with these), and contempt for musical syntax beyond that of immediate chord sequence. (If a reader cuts from the first “in” of this paragraph to the “in” of the sentence before this parenthesis, the result is still “grammatical,” but it hardly expresses my meaning.)

Judith Forst was a blowsy Jane Seymour. (For convenience, I called this a mezzo role, since mezzos usually tackle it today, but in fact it was written—like Adalgisa in “Norma”—for a young soprano.) Jerry Hadley, once so promising, gave charm and elegance to a few of Percy’s phrases, but much of the time he bawled in the modern manner. “Honeyed elegance” was Henry Chorley’s phrase for Gio-





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vanni Battista Rubini, the first Percy. Gregory Yurisich, an Australian bass-baritone, has a strong, grainy voice; he planted his feet and belted out Henry's music at a monotonous forte, without expression. Mr. Bonyng's conducting was brisk and coarse. It was the sort of performance in which the artists stop singing as the end of a number approaches, gathering strength to scream out unwritten high notes, regardless of harmony, through the final tonic-and-dominant cadences.

DONIZETTI was better served by the Vineyard Opera Shop's presentation of his next opera, "Gianni di Parigi," in its American première. ("Probably his next opera," I should say: the autograph is undated, but the circumstantial evidence is strong.) An avowal that I spent the evening in a state of euphoric delight does not mean that I think the Vineyard singers should forthwith replace Dame Joan and the others on the world's stages. The performance was on a tiny scale: it was given in the Susan Bloch Theatre, on West Twenty-sixth Street, which holds a hundred and thirty-seven people; it was accompanied by an ensemble of piano, flute, clarinet, and bassoon (the work had been deftly rescored by the music director, James Kurtz); and it had a male-voice chorus of three (Gregory Gunder, Paul Shipper, and John Tarr). But there was an imaginative matching of resources to requirements (the three-man representation of a long regal procession was an entertaining tour de force) which brought pleasure in its own right. The singing was perfectly scaled to the space, and therefore made the impact that big voices make in a big house only when they are unforced. (In any case, purity and projection matter more than size: Kirsten Flagstad did not shatter the hundred-seat Mermaid Theatre, and Kathleen Battle fills the four-thousand-seat Met with sweet, true tone.) Not a note of the published vocal score was cut. (I put it that way, cautiously, because "Gianni"—like every Donizetti opera—has its textual problems, and I've done no research on it; for all I know, the published score is accurate.) So one heard Donizetti's carefully balanced periods as he planned them. Above all, there was the sustained enchantment of listening—intently, intimately—to a masterly Donizetti composition for the first time. If "Gianni di Parigi" were as familiar as "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Don Pasquale," one would prob-

ably rate it below them. It holds less of the rich human comedy that (except in performances by buffoons) shines in those works. "Gianni" is a divertissement—but a captivating one.

Donizetti wrote it for Rubini and gave it to him to take to Paris and London as something to sing on a benefit night. In Naples, Rubini had already been the hero of Donizetti's "Gianni di Calais," another romantic comedy based on a French original, and had sung in Francesco Morlacchi's "Gianni di Parigi." Donizetti reset the Morlacchi libretto, which is by Romani, based on Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris." Johnny from Paris is in fact the French Dauphin in disguise as a rich commoner. He has come (like Don Carlos at the start of Verdi's opera) to make advance observation of his destined bride, the Princess of Navarre. She recognizes him at once, doesn't let on, and plays along to the point of responding to Johnny's amorous advances. Consternation on the Dauphin's part yields to mirth and general rejoicing when the Princess reveals that she knew all along who he was. The setting is a hostelry. The innkeeper is a rich buffo role. His pretty daughter, the second soprano, flirts merrily with Johnny's page, Olivier, a mezzo-en-travesti role. The Princess's very proper seneschal, shocked by his mistress's readiness to be familiar with a commoner, completes the cast. He's a fussy buffo, the landlord is a jolly one, and the two have a delightful duet. It's a neat and witty libretto. The Vineyard company sang the piece in Italian, and although much of it was badly pronounced, all of it was clear. The company used the text and made much of it. Another factor contributing to euphoria was the pleasure of hearing a libretto unread in advance—a libretto by Romani, that most graceful of all opera poets—unfold so clearly and intelligibly.

The work to which "Gianni di Parigi" is closest in spirit, musically and dramatically, is Rossini's bewitching late comedy "Le Comte Ory." I have been unable to establish positively that Donizetti knew it. His Neapolitan company did "Ory" while he was in Milan, for "Anna Bolena." On the journey north, he left Rome just before "Ory" was given there (it may have been in rehearsal), and the first Milan run of the piece was over before his arrival in the city. But the score was published, and the opera was making

the Italian rounds. (Giuditta Pasta, the first Anna, had already sung in it.) The evidence of one's ears declares that Donizetti knew "Ory." He didn't simply "copy;" but, for example, the shaping of the soprano-tenor duet, the melodic contours, and the way the voices enter suggest that it inspired him. Bellini was also in his ears; a lovely D-flat period in that duet is in purest Bellinian vein.

The Vineyard has done enjoyable Donizetti before: "Betly" and "Il Giovedì Grasso." "Gianni di Parigi" reached a new level. As the Princess, Ilya Speranza ran through roudades with delicate precision; she shaped and timed phrases, lyrical and brilliant, in a way that made one listen. In the title role, Richard Slade tackled high Rubini tessitura without straining and made it sound easy. He sang gracefully. He was not much of an actor; neither, by all accounts, was Rubini, who, Chorley said, "rarely tried to act. . . . The voice and the expression were, with him, to 'do it all.'" Cynthia Reynolds was the innkeeper's daughter, Alice Lowenhaupt was the page, Wilbur Lewis was the innkeeper, and Peter Ludwig was the seneschal. All had been stylishly prepared by Mr. Kurtz and by Joseph LoSchiavo, the stage director. Whereas the artists of the concert "Anna Bolena" handled Donizetti's work in a largely self-serving fashion, the Vineyard artists, intent on serving the composer, served him well.

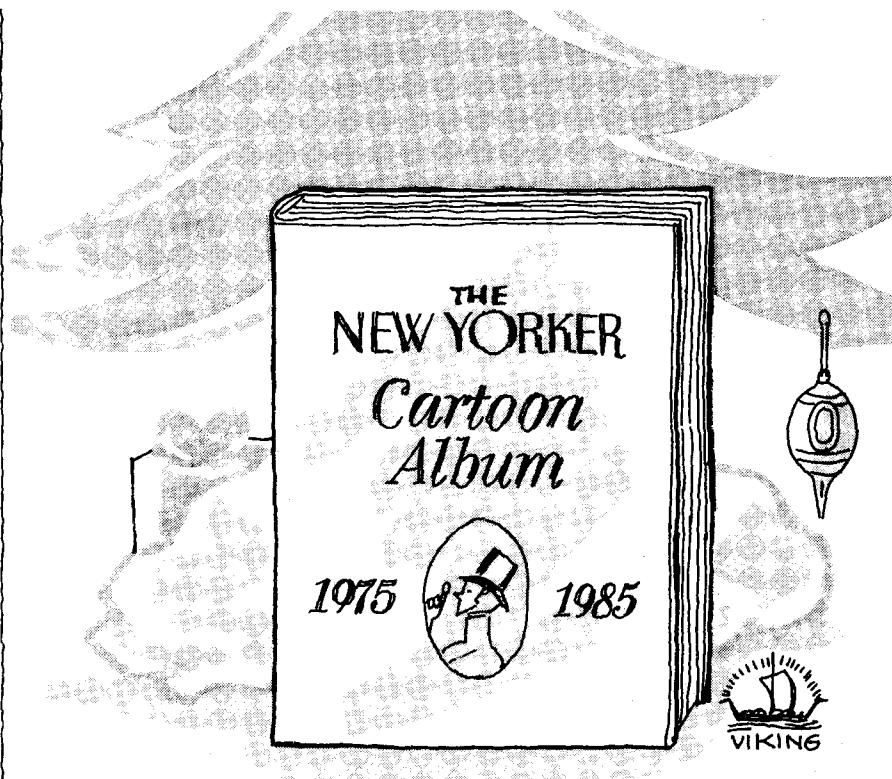
Rubini never sang this "Gianni di Parigi." It reached La Scala, in a production unauthorized by the composer, only in 1839 (the year before Verdi's comedy "Un Giorno di Regno," composed for the same soprano, tenor, and primo buffo). It was heard in Naples in 1846, and the vocal score was published in Italy and France. It seems not to have been heard again until the Vineyard production—difficult to understand why. There are three more performances, on December 20th, 21st, and (matinée) 22nd; the advance box office is not at the Susan Bloch Theatre but at the Vineyard's home base, on East Twenty-sixth Street.

—ANDREW PORTER

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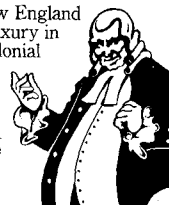
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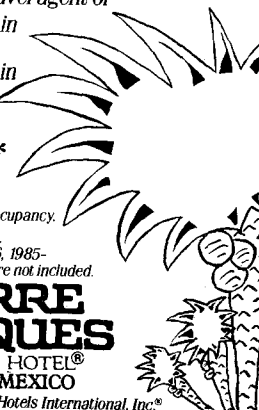
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BOOKS

Exuberance

"IF I answer letters," Bernard Shaw wrote in 1925 to a German playwright and critic who had published a book about him, "I have no time to do anything else." For once in a way, he was being perfectly serious, but the remark sounds like a joke, and must have brought a wry smile to the face of Dan Laurence, who has devoted much of his life to the editing and publication of Shaw's correspondence, and, after twenty years of it, has now reached the penultimate stage, with Volume III—"Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters, 1911-1925" (Viking; \$45). In a more realistic vein, Shaw advised his American publisher, who in 1949 was contemplating an edition of his collected letters, "Put it out of your head. There are billions of them, and I am adding to them every day;" and Mr. Laurence himself estimates that what he intends to print will amount to much less than a tenth of those that survived, and perhaps barely a hundredth of all those that Shaw actually wrote.

In such an output—taken along with a vast, lifelong production of plays, prefaces that were sometimes longer than plays, criticism, large-scale essays, political treatises, lectures, and journalism of all sorts—there is something more than the mere facility, cocksureness, and Irish gift of gab that the casual reader will impute to the writer. It is true that Shaw revelled in words and sentences as the surfer revels in waves and currents, so that the sheer joy of mastery and manipulation is constantly perceptible—sometimes, it must be said, even in letters of condolence. But it was also natural to him to take trouble, out of sheer good nature and innate love of order, with obscure or obtuse or downright tiresome correspondents; he loved to clear things up, to remove confusions, to let daylight into dusty corners. At the outset of this volume, we find him wrestling with the stubborn Archibald Henderson, whose Shaw biography was on the verge of appearing, and who had contrived to change a famous witticism of Oscar Wilde, "Shaw has not an enemy in the world; and none of his friends like him," into the feeble and pointless "Shaw has many enemies, and none of his friends like him." When Shaw protested, Henderson, so far from expressing gratitude, argued his misera-

ble case through thick and thin, and at last began to pierce even Shaw's good-natured armor:

I tell you with brutal violence that not only is the version I gave you the correct one, but that it is well known and has been quoted again and again in its original form. Oscar must have turned in his grave when you not only spoilt it, but turned it into an ill-natured platitude. When you added that Shaw gave it brilliance by turning it into a really witty saying, all Père La Chaise must have rocked.

A still more troublesome and more pertinacious would-be biographer, an American professor named Thomas Demetrius O'Bolger, bombarded Shaw with questionnaires about his mother's relationship with the musician Vandeleur Lee, who had for some time shared the Shaws' family house in Dublin; these drew from G.B.S. long and mainly good-tempered replies, which the would-be biographer frankly treated as though they were what is now called a coverup for an adulterous relationship. Shaw, though in the long run plainly exasperated, treated his persistent questioner with great courtesy; and eventually O'Bolger's early death from pernicious anemia, in 1923, resulted in the non-appearance of his book, which survives only as a manuscript at Harvard.

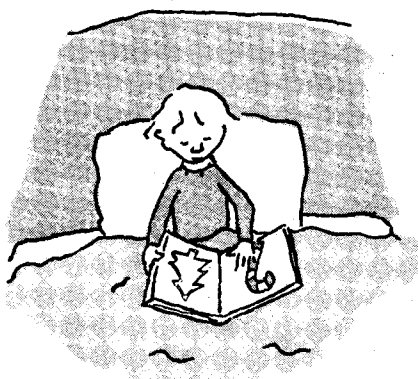
Rarely indeed did Shaw lose a friend through his lifelong habit of jocular plain speaking. There came a moment in his generally admiring relationship with the English actor and war hero Robert Loraine when Shaw feared that Loraine, who was then appearing in "Arms and the Man," was indulging in morphia: he thought that there were signs of this in the actor's febrile brilliancy during a performance he happened to see during the run of the

piece. He wrote gently and cautiously, adding, "What infuriates people is my incorrigible habit of constituting myself, uninvited, their solicitor, their doctor, and their spiritual director without the smallest delicacy. I have no right whatever to concern myself with your personal habits or your private welfare; but you see I do. I treat every one sympathetically as an invalid, injudicious in diet, politically foolish, probably intemperate, more or less mendacious and dishonest; and, however friendly my disposition and cheerful my way of putting it, they don't like it." This time, the intellectual blarney didn't work; Loraine resented Shaw's suspicions, Mr. Laurence says, and told him so "in language that was unnecessarily rude." "There was a rift," the actor's widow adds, in her biography of Loraine; "not an unfriendly one, but a breach which proved permanent."

These were flashes, however, in a predominantly good-humored pan. More typical than such anxious exchanges is a long and spontaneous extravaganza that Shaw seems to have dashed down, extempore, on hearing that Gilbert Murray had been translating the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles; his précis of the plot is as hilarious, and also as accurate, as the Murray family found it, and it characteristically leads into a quite serious eulogy of Euripides as dramatist and thinker in comparison with the supposedly stupid and conventional Sophocles.

Shaw could even make a jest out of what he clearly regarded as his own infallibility. "I am all right about Russia," he wrote to H. G. Wells in 1916. "The longer I live the more I see that I am never wrong about anything, and that all the pains I have so humbly taken to verify my notions have only wasted my time." To the editor of the London *Daily Express*, on the subject of Ireland, he is freely, but still cheerfully, scornful: "The air of good humour with which I write does not disguise my enormous intellectual contempt for you and your mob of idiots on the plane of European politics. Why then drag me on to your stage when I am certain to act you off it?"

In cold blood, it may sound intolerable—and in the long run, after all, he proved to be all wrong about Rus-



meq

sia. In practice, the keen air of good nature and intellectual high spirits was so pervasive that others found it as hard to take offense as he did. He wished to please, and he did. In a trivial—indeed, rather ludicrous—context, I was once myself a beneficiary of his all-embracing good humor. Fifty years ago, I was asked to a literary party given by the publishers John Murray, in Albemarle Street, and was there introduced to an Australian lady; when she asked what work I was engaged on, I replied that I was helping the biographer Joseph Hone with a forthcoming life of George Moore. Glancing across the room, and observing Bernard Shaw in conversation with Axel Munthe, I added that we seemed to be in distinguished company. Whereupon, “Oh, do you want to meet Bernard Shaw?” she said, and, before I could lift a finger to restrain her, had darted across the room with Australian gusto, boldly detached Shaw from Munthe, and led him back to our corner, cheerfully explaining as she made the introduction that I was “writing the life of George Shaw.” “What have I done to deserve *that*?” he genially inquired, and, on hearing my disclaimer and correction, launched into a long and highly entertaining account of the young George Moore, whom he had known in London as long ago as the eighties. Embarrassment was instantly converted into general pleasure.

The present volume covers the period of Shaw’s infatuation with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. In 1952, Alan Dent edited a virtually complete transcript of both sides of their famous correspondence, out of which about a third of G.B.S.’s letters are included here. They are no less remarkable than the rest of the new volume—indeed, rather more so, in that a very real infatuation contrived to coexist, on his side, with a lively sense of the absurdity of the whole predicament. One almost feels that Shaw—though possibly not Mrs. Pat—might have relished even the set of seven wickedly funny cartoons of the pair by Max Beerbohm which are generously included here (five of them reproduced for the first time) among the illustrations.

Mr. Laurence’s editorial hand is light; he tells us, in the main, just what we need to know. Not even a Shavian specialist can be equally expert in everything touched upon in so wide-ranging a text. Mr. Laurence is perhaps a shade less familiar with the Irish background than with either the



“Don’t act Pentagonal with me!”

English or the American, spelling that superb Abbey Theatre actress Sara Allgood as “Sarah,” and regularly using for the writer and artist George Russell the diphthongized form of his nom de plume, A.E., which he himself hated. (“George Moore has turned me into a diphthong,” he used to complain, in speaking of Moore’s Irish trilogy, “Hail and Farewell.”) If Shaw’s sister, Lucy, appeared successfully at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in 1873 in “two acts” of “La Sonnambula,” then she sang the whole opera, for there is no more of it than that; incidentally, she must have been no mean singer. Generally speaking, the whole volume strikes me, like its predecessors, as an editorial triumph.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TREE OF LIFE, by Hugh Nissenson (Harper & Row; \$15.95). Mr. Nissenson’s novel purports to be the diary kept by one Thomas Keene—aged forty-three and a graduate of

Harvard College and now a farmer in a frontier settlement in Richland County, Ohio—from July 1, 1811, to October 11, 1812. One of the first entries reports the death by rattlesnake bite of the husband of a young woman named Fanny Cooper, and the last few tell of the forthcoming marriage of Tom and Fanny. The intervening entries range from the mundane (purchases from the local store, the sale of whiskey from Tom’s still, his sowing and harvesting, his occasional drunkenness and his occasional illnesses) to the violent (Indian raids, death by torture). A typical entry: “23 Sept. While spying out Greentown [an Indian camp] this AM, Phil swapped 2 gall. of watered whiskey for a squaw’s fat dog. The stewed flesh tastes like veal; a welcome change from boiled venison.” The characters include a freed black woman (with whom Tom guiltily sleeps) and the real-life John Chapman (remembered as Johnny Appleseed), a half-crazed mystic who pesters Tom with the “Heavenly Doc-

BOB & RAY

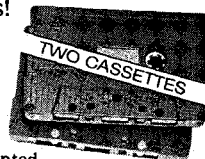


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trines" of Swedenborg. "The Tree of Life" could easily be mistaken for a genuine diary of the period, but it is a work of art. Illustrated with drawings by Mr. Nissenson as Tom Keene.

THE ZONE: A PRISON CAMP GUARD'S STORY, by Sergei Dovlatov, translated from the Russian by Anne Frydman (Knopf; \$14.95). In New York in 1982, a Soviet émigré, writing to a publisher, differentiates between the prison system for criminals, called "the zone," in which he was a guard in the nineteen-sixties, and Solzhenitsyn's archipelago for political prisoners, and hints at a theory that he develops in subsequent letters: that the zone was the Soviet Union writ small, and that the prisoners and the guards deserved each other. (In a shrewd and similarly surprising analysis of "prison" and "police" literature, he notes the naïve idea of good and evil uniting Dostoyevski and Simenon.) As part of the fictional scheme, these letters serve as prefaces to a series of fragments salvaged from microfilm smuggled out of the Soviet Union. (One of these pieces appeared in this magazine.) A fragment that illustrates especially well the tragicomic nature of the zone describes a convoy that pauses, spellbound, for an exchange of love tokens between a withered schoolmistress and a prisoner with fourteen years to go: their first and last tryst. "Any resemblance between the characters in this book and living people," Mr. Dovlatov notes, "is intentional and malicious."

GENERAL

THE HARVARD BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY, edited by Helen Vendler (Harvard; \$20). Thirty-five poets, arranged in a sort of chronological crocodile, from Wallace Stevens (b. 1879) to Rita Dove (b. 1952), who was three when Stevens died. Some poems are old friends, like Elizabeth Bishop's "The Armadillo" and Robert Lowell's "Skunk Hour." Others, neighbors pro tem, are doubly striking: Dave Smith's "Smithfield Ham," say, and Louise Glück's "All Hallows." The "excess of distinctive manner" that Helen Vendler views, in an introduction, as "common to all remarkable poetry" contrasts with the poems' common pool of images: Fords, for instance, from Lowell's Tudor to Anne Sexton's

pea-green model, are the vehicles of choice in the pursuit of happiness. Mrs. Vendler suggests that America's pluralism accounts for the "evenness" of aura that marks most of these poems' endings; it may also account for their plain beginnings—sans serif, as it were. "Why should I have returned?" is how W. S. Merwin begins "Noah's Raven."

F.D.R.: THE NEW YORK YEARS, 1928-1933, by Kenneth S. Davis (Random House; \$19.95). This superb volume continues the biography begun in the author's prize-winning "F.D.R.: The Beckoning of Destiny, 1882-1928," and describes Roosevelt's conscripted return to active political life. In 1928, Roosevelt hoped that if he devoted all his time to physical therapy he might yet regain the use of his legs, which had been crippled by polio seven years earlier; but at the urging of his party and its Presidential nominee, Al Smith, he was persuaded to run for governor of New York. Mr. Davis describes this self-sacrificing gesture without sentimentality. Indeed, his research often uncovers higher motives for Roosevelt's actions than most contemporaries or historians have suggested. He quotes, for example, a family friend who found herself alone with Governor Roosevelt in June of 1932, after the departure of three prominent national Democratic politicians, who had told him that he would never receive the Democratic Presidential nomination unless he immediately removed New York City's scandalously corrupt mayor, Jimmy Walker. Roosevelt said in a fury that he would not climb to power on the back of another man. Though Roosevelt is the volume's hero, Mr. Davis never idolizes him. He is candid about the alienation of Roosevelt's wife, who saw her freedom threatened by his election to the Presidency. (Curiously, the couple's atypical domestic arrangements in the end recruited new sources of political support, as her friends worked for him.) Mr. Davis manages to imbue with suspense a story whose outcome we know, so that the Democratic victory of 1932 becomes an adventure.

ALONG WITH YOUTH: HEMINGWAY, THE EARLY YEARS, by Peter Griffin (Oxford; \$17.95). This first volume of a projected three-volume biography deals with Hemingway's

boyhood in Oak Park, Illinois, and the big woods of northern Michigan, his first newspaper jobs, his experiences on the Italian front in the First World War, his courtship of Hadley Richardson, and their marriage. It is a sympathetic portrait, and an intimate one, for Mr. Griffin has had access to a good number of unpublished personal papers, including Hadley Richardson's complete correspondence. The book also includes, gratuitously, five very early and heretofore unpublished short stories. Mr. Griffin does not tell us much of anything new about Hemingway except, perhaps, in his emphasis on how attractive, honest, and fair-minded he was as a youth, before less admirable traits of character emerged. Oddly, the book's major contribution may be its revelation of what an intelligent, gentle, rather sad, and quite wonderful young woman Hadley Richardson was, as shown in her literate and ardent love letters. Mr. Griffin's style verges on the pedestrian, and he delights in the extraneous detail. A train ride from Chicago to New York City is fully described, for instance ("The train turned south at Albany"), and it is noted that young Ernest rode in the second car "at the last window on the left side." Photographs.

ANSEL ADAMS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, with Mary Street Alinder (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown; \$50). The photographer began this memoir about five years before his death, in 1984, at the age of eighty-two. It is a warm, discursive, and salty document, evoking his San Francisco childhood, his struggle to choose between music and photography, and his pathfinder's role in capturing the wilderness of the American West on film. In separate chapters, he discusses his friendships with Alfred Stieglitz and Georgia O'Keeffe and with Edward Weston, and his championship of "pure," or straight, photography—defined as using no techniques or ideas derived from any other art form. He also discusses his lifelong effort to save the environment, and tells of a tête-à-tête with President Reagan, who had asked to see him to find out why Adams disliked him. The President opened the conversation by saying, "I feel we have a lot in common. I consider myself an environmentalist!"—a remark Adams would have none of.

The book is magnificently illustrated, with many of Adams' finest photographs of the Western landscape and with self-portraits, portraits of friends, and informal shots of family outings.

TELL THEM IT WAS WONDERFUL, by Ludwig Bemelmans, edited by Madeleine Bemelmans (Viking; \$19.95). A garnering of Bemelmans' writing, fiction and nonfiction, selected by his widow and arranged to constitute a kind of history of his life, from his happy, unruly childhood in the Tyrol and his apprenticeship as a hotelier to his blossoming as an author, painter, and illustrator of books that were, like him, sui generis. Bemelmans could draw a knife and a fork lying on a tablecloth and make them funny. He was a connoisseur of the good things of life—or, rather, the best: best wines, best food, best talk, and best ways and places in which to spend your time on earth. Some of his choicest writings, with a sprinkling of his drawings, are here: excerpts from "My War with the United States," about his experiences as a soldier in the American Army in the First World War; his memoir of the old Ritz, on Madison Avenue, where he worked as a busboy and waiter, and which he called the Splendide; his report on a visit to William Randolph Hearst's silly palace, San Simeon; and many others. Three of the pieces first appeared, in full or in part, in *The New Yorker*.

LOVE ABOVE ALL, by George Grosz (Allison & Busby/Schocken; \$5.95, paper). A reissue of an album of sixty drawings originally published in Germany in 1930. Grosz made these drawings toward the end of the twenties, when an illusory calm had settled over German life. They lack the ferocity of his indictments of the generals, business managers, profiteers, and bourgeois of the first years of the Weimar Republic, and are mostly of people seen on the street and in cafés, restaurants, dance halls, and bordellos. Although the title suggests that the drawings celebrate love, there is little about this love that is romantic—lust would be more like it. The captions, which are literal translations from the German, are often ambiguous, but the drawings are not. "Realist that I am," Grosz wrote in a preface to the collection, "I use my pen and brush primarily to por-

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tray what I see and observe, and for the most part that is unromantic, sober and hardly dreamlike."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

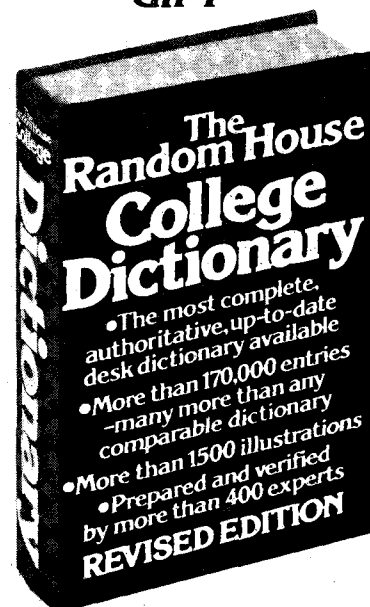
MAIGRET'S MEMOIRS, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$13.95). We have here an interesting convolution: an autobiographical memoir in which Jules Maigret tells us how he and Simenon became acquainted and how his recollection of certain unusual cases became the vast Simenon-Maigret oeuvre. Maigret seems to be pretty much the same person we have known in the novels, but his tone is frequently that of mild annoyance. Maigret feels that only too often Simenon has distorted the facts of a case, or the nature of police procedure, or some aspect of him. "I have felt a certain embarrassment," he notes, "on seeing attributed to me in his books certain smiles, certain attitudes I have never assumed." And "How many times, after the publication of one of Simenon's books, have my colleagues looked at me mockingly as I went into my office!" "Maigret's Memoirs" has not previously appeared in this country. It was first published in France in 1951, and in it Maigret tells us that he has retired with his wife, Louise, to their country cottage in Meung-sur-Loire, but this, of course, is not so. The more agreeable truth is that Simenon kept him vigorously active well into the sixties.

THE HARD KNOCKER'S LUCK, by William Murray (Viking; \$14.95). Another enjoyable evening in the company of Lou (Shifty) Anderson, of Los Angeles—professional magician, addicted horseplayer, and amateur detective. The action here is, as it was in our first meeting with Shifty ("Tip on a Dead Crab"), largely at the track—at Hollywood Park and Santa Anita—but there is also an enigmatic Old Master painting, a couple of murders, and a woman suspected of shoplifting who can dream winners in horse races. Still, as before, it is Shifty himself, jaunty in defeat and relaxed in triumph, who is the real winner.

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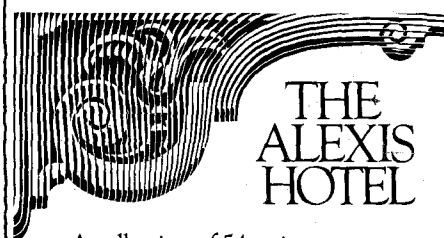
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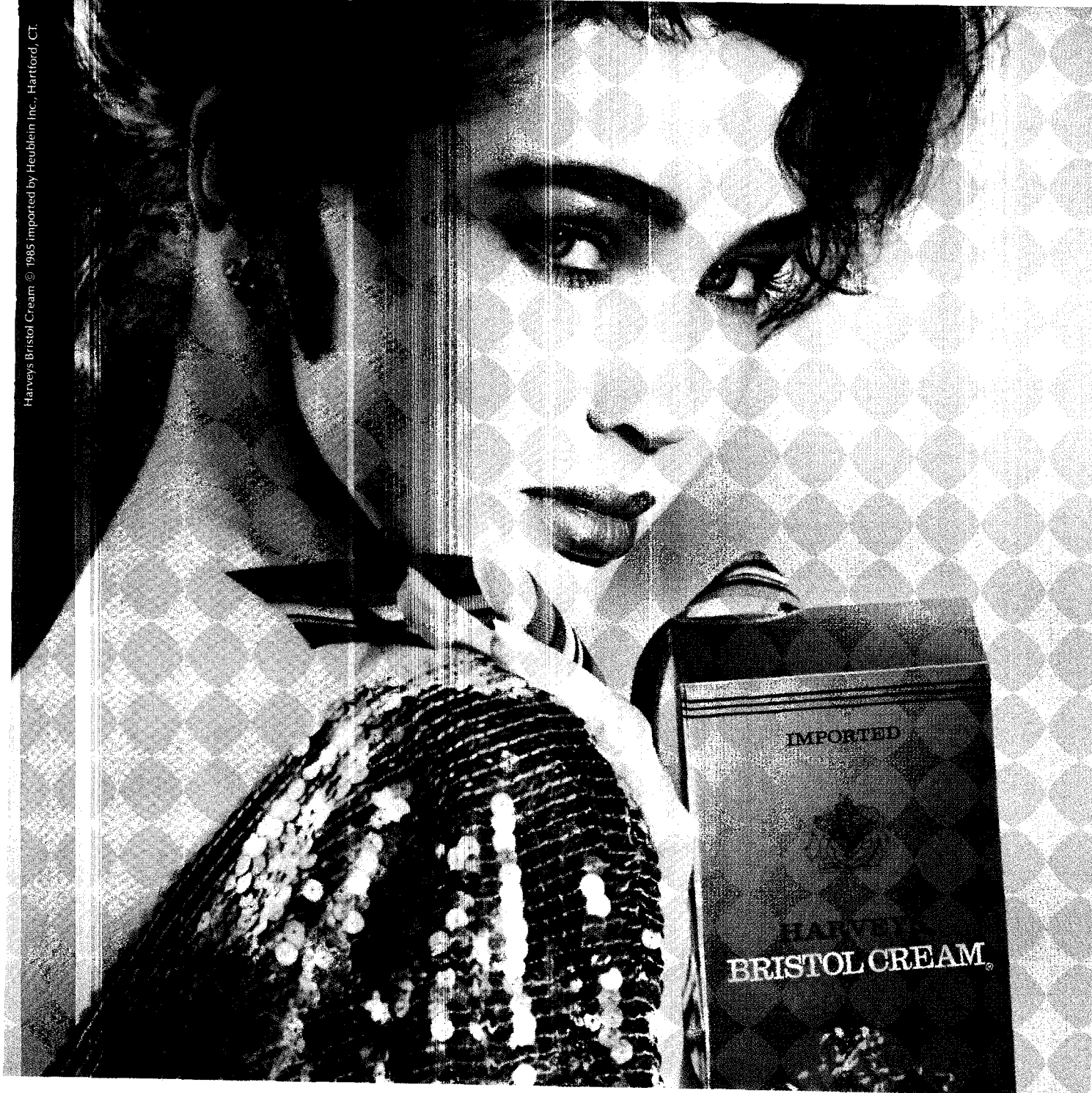


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